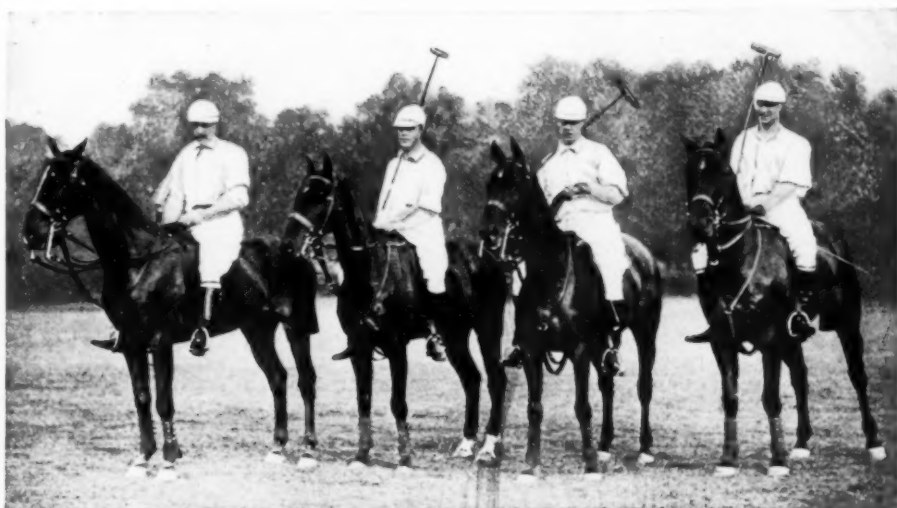


# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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Number IV



THE AMERICAN "FORLORN HOPE" POLO TEAM THAT ASTONISHED THE BRITONS BY REPELLING THEIR ONSLAUGHT UPON THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP. LEFT TO RIGHT, LAWRENCE WATERBURY, J. M. WATERBURY, HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, AND DEVEREAUX MILBURN

*Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York*

## AMERICA'S SUPREMACY IN WORLD SPORTS

BY DAMON RUNYON

THERE was an English newspaper reporter—perhaps I should say an English gentleman of the press—sitting in the press stand at Meadow Brook, Long Island, that eventful last day of the international polo match of 1913.

On the green field below a great mob—fashionables, mainly, given to chilling reserve, but now aroused for the moment into the screeching enthusiasm of a mere rabble—milled about a small band of sweaty horsemen, whose mounts reared and snorted indignantly at the uproar.

Somewhere a band was blaring "The Star-Spangled Banner," while above the hubbub you could hear the steady "clack-clack!" of the telegraph instruments high up in the press stand as the newspapermen hurried off to the waiting world their tales of the victory of America over the flower of the British empire in the greatest international sporting event held in this country in many a year.

The English gentleman of the press picked at a tawny mustache as he watched the beaten English riders forcing their way

toward their stables through a wide reach of hands, offered partly in sympathy and partly in congratulation for the fight they had made—great losers they were, those British cossacks of the tufted field. The English gentleman of the press looked out and away at the hot, green landscape, now hazy under the gray dust of thousands upon thousands of motor-car wheels. He looked up at the long line of alternating English and American flags festooned over the stands and heard them snapping in the breeze like buggy-whips.

Then he turned to Joe Vila, of the New York *Sun*, and said, a trifle peevishly:

"I say, demmit-all, you fellows have beaten us at yachting and athletics and boxing, and now polo—what will you do next?"

"Well," replied Joe reflectively, "I don't know for sure, but if there is such a thing as

a cricket championship, you'd better keep it locked up and never expose it to the air, or we'll take that, too."

It seems unlikely, at this writing, that Mr. Vila's threat will ever be fulfilled—and yet you never can tell. Cricket is so far the one—and about the only one—great sport of another nation that the American has not impinged upon to any extent. Perhaps he cannot stand the tea attendant upon the English diversion, but in any event, cricket remains the property of John Bull. We play it in remote sections of this country,

such as the suburbs of Philadelphia, and parts of Brooklyn, but we do not play it well.

The sun never sets upon cricket, but if Britain desires to keep her national amusement in-

violate, she would best refrain from offering medals, cups, pieces of plate, or trophies in connection therewith, or cricket most assuredly will attract the covetous eye of the American athlete.

Your Uncle Samuel's cupboard is now filled to overflowing with odds and ends of triumphal bric-à-brac denoting the supremacy of America in amateur and professional sport, but there is always room for more.

There is a ton or two of metal of various kinds in your Uncle Samuel's possession, made up into badges and other gewgaws, and representing the astounding American clean-up at the Olympic games in 1912, to say nothing of the Olympiads of previous years, where our athletes established their supremacy both as individuals and in large or small collections.

The Davis Cup, lifted from British possession only a short time ago by the red-headed comet of the courts, Maurice McLoughlin, and his companions, H. H. Hackett and J. Norris Williams, proclaims us best at lawn-tennis.



FRED W. KELLEY, WHO RETAINED THE OLYMPIC CHAMPIONSHIP IN THE 110-METERS RUN FOR AMERICA

Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York



JAMES DUNCAN, AMERICAN OLYMPIC DISCUS-THROWER

Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York





THE AMERICAN TENNIS TEAM THAT WON THE DAVIS CUP FROM THE BRITISH LAST YEAR.  
LEFT TO RIGHT, MAURICE M'LOUGHLIN, H. H. HACKETT, AND J. NORRIS WILLIAMS

*Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York*

We can outfight, outbilliard, and outbicycle any other nation, and we've got stowed away the records, belts, tureens, and other crockery to prove it. We are, in short, the champions of the world.

We have even tried bullfighting, the national pastime of Spain and Mexico, and while I hold that bullfighting is rarely, if ever, a sport, I well recall that an American, Harper Lee, took up sword and cape and came to be called great as a bovine-baiter, thus proving the versatile nature of our American sporting blood.

Perhaps the greatest of all our trophies, and certainly the costliest, is the America's Cup, emblematic of our yachting supremacy. This will soon be the center of the nation's attention again after having been covered with cobwebs for some years.

With cheering persistence Sir Thomas Lipton is coming back to this country in the summer of 1914 to make another effort at lifting that aquatic bauble which has already cost England and America a prodigious price—all in the name of sport.

To retain the cup we will have to spend a sum of money that would probably keep a thousand families in comparative luxury for a year, and none of us will begrudge a dime. You couldn't "hock" the cup, just as a cup, with any pawnbroker in the land for more than a few dollars, but as a trophy we esteem it above the wealth of the United States Treasury. I say we, speaking with that proprietary interest which some ninety odd millions of people feel in the cup.

The curiously carved



H. S. BABCOCK, AMERICAN WINNER OF THE POLE VAULT AT THE 1912 OLYMPIAD

*Photo by Paul Thompson, New York*



THE MASTER OF THE BILLIARD CUE, WILLIE HOPPE, THE AMERICAN WHO HOLDS THE INTERNATIONAL BILLIARD TITLE

*Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York*

tankard that represents the polo championship is said to have cost Harry Payne Whitney and his associates the better part of half a million dollars, but to my mind it tells one of the most thrilling stories in the history of American sport—the story of the forlorn hope that “carried through.”

Polo is not a game that had appealed to the masses to any extent up to the match of 1913. While it has been played in this country for many years, it has been regarded as a sport peculiar to the very rich and leisurely class.

“MATT”  
M'GRATH, THE  
YANKEE  
OLYMPIC  
CHAMPION  
HAMMER-  
THROWER,  
SHOWN HERE  
THROWING  
THE WEIGHT  
IN PRACTISE



*Photograph by  
Brown Bros.,  
New York*

Moreover, it is rather generally looked upon as an English sport, although the international polo cup was originally offered by the Westchester Club, of America.

In 1886 a band of Englishmen came over here and seized the trophy without much difficulty. Whenever we remembered the circumstance during the next fifteen years we said something should be done about it, but nothing was done until 1902, when Foxhall Keene organized a team, only to be beaten.

Then came the rise of the so-called “Big Four” in 1909, under Harry Payne Whitney, and composed of Whitney himself, Lawrence Waterbury, J. M. Waterbury,

and Devereaux Milburn, probably the greatest combination of American polo-players who ever wore boots. They brought the cup back and repelled an English invasion in 1911.

All this led up to the visit of the British in 1913.

Times had changed with the formidable “Big Four.” The years deal no more lightly with polo-players than with any one else, and the cup-lifters of 1909 were just so much older and, perhaps, a bit fat and heavy. Anyway, the gossip ran that





A. L. GUTTERSON, OF VERMONT,  
OLYMPIC CHAMPION IN THE  
RUNNING BROAD JUMP

*Photograph by Paul Thompson,  
New York*

America was in for a fine trimming at the hands of the English horsemen, a carefully picked squad, trained to the very hour.

A few practise games proved that the Americans were far from fit, and the betting odds against them gradually moved up to as high as three and four to one.

Then suddenly, overnight, in fact, came the announcement that the "Big Four" had stepped aside, and that another contingent had been formed to defend the cup, headed by Foxhall Keene, of the 1886 squad, and still one of the greatest polo players in America.

It was said that Whitney—the man who had the right to be most interested—had voluntarily withdrawn himself and his

companions in the belief that it was the wisest move. This shows that our sporting spirit is broad and deep, for it is no light social honor to ride at the head of the American polo team.

For a short time the new squad practised, while the two nations hummed with speculation. The effect of the change will never be known, for just a few days before the first game Keene went down under his horse and came up with a shattered arm. With Keene out of the new alinement, no one conceded the squad the ghost of a show.

Then came a second sensation—the announcement that the American polo authorities had gone back to the original plan, and as a sort of last resort the "Big Four" would defend the trophy.

I doubt if, up to that time, our nation had taken any more than a passive interest in the proceedings. I think that, as a whole, our people viewed the match as something that was rather beyond their ken, but the newspapers were carrying column after column on these startling shifts in the situation until it sud-

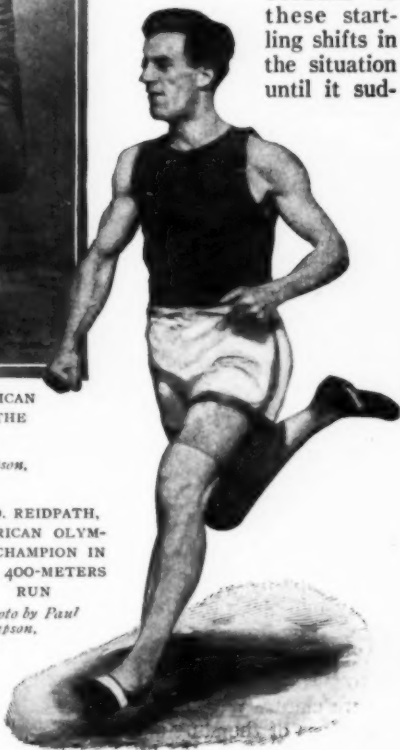


J. E. MEREDITH, AMERICAN  
OLYMPIC CHAMPION IN THE  
800-METERS RUN

*Photograph by Paul Thompson,  
New York*

C. D. REIDPATH,  
AMERICAN OLYM-  
PIC CHAMPION IN  
THE 400-METERS  
RUN

*Photo by Paul  
Thompson,  
N. Y.*





RALPH C. CRAIG, AMERICAN OLYMPIC WINNER OF 100-METERS AND 200-METERS RUNS

*Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York*

by the English—that "Old Glory" was involved somehow or other in a forlorn hope—and thereupon the eagle woke and began to scream.

By the time the booted and helmeted "Big Four" straddled their horses at Meadow Brook that feverish summer afternoon there was behind them the united moral support and sympathy of all our ninety millions, over the whole broad land, from Maine to California.

We forgot that they were rather typical of our despised, but envied, millionaire leisure class. We saw them only as representatives of the stars and stripes.

I have no means of knowing what went

denly dawned on the populace that this was a sporting proposition wherein American prestige was threatened

on in the dressing-room of the "Big Four" prior to the game, but in the light of subsequent events I should say that some one made a speech—Mr. Whitney, perhaps, or maybe Larry Waterbury—and I should say, offhand, that the substance of his remarks was about as follows:

"Boys, we to do, and

have only one thing that is to give 'em Hail Columbia!"

And, in a general way, that's what they did. The ride of those Americans on their spindly legged ponies will long be remembered by those who saw it, and even by those who read about it. They swung up and down the



PATRICK M'DONALD, AMERICAN OLYMPIC CHAMPION AT PUTTING THE WEIGHT

*Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York*

wide field like troopers gone amuck. They rode those lean-drawn, wiry Englishmen into the



PLATT ADAMS, AMERICAN OLYMPIC CHAMPION IN THE STANDING HIGH JUMP

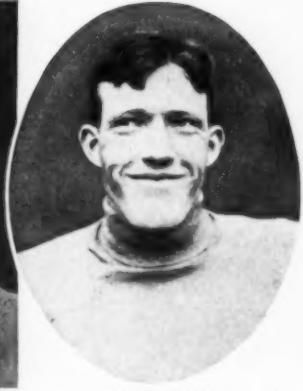
*Photograph by Paul Thompson, New York*



Photograph by  
Brown Brothers, New York



Photograph by  
Paul Thompson, New York



Photograph by  
Paul Thompson, New York

THREE ATHLETES WHO PROVED AMERICA'S PROWESS IN ATHLETICS. LEFT TO RIGHT, DUKE KAHANAMOKU, OF HAWAII, OLYMPIC CHAMPION SWIMMER; JAMES THORPE, THE OKLAHOMA INDIAN, GENERALLY REGARDED AS THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE; AND A. W. RICHARDS, OLYMPIC RUNNING HIGH JUMP CHAMPION

ground before the British fully realized what was happening. They put polo on the American sporting map as the most spectacular game ever seen in this country—bar none—and to-day, if you try to tell a man who saw that battle about some exciting event, he will listen with a *blasé* smile and say:

"Ah, yes! But you should have been at Meadow Brook!"

That was a terrific wallop at the British pride, in view of what it had been led to expect, but it was nothing to the smash delivered a few weeks ago, when a slender Boston lad named Francis Ouimet—twenty-one years old—met and bested the great British professionals, Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, in the national open golf championship.

That was indeed a blow, a trespass upon the most sacred of British sporting preserves, and one productive of editorials in the London newspapers; but, as I have said before, the British are the best, as well as the most frequent losers in the world, and they have given the slim Massachusetts lad full meed of credit for his astonishing feat.

We are great lovers of the dramatic in our sport—of the

unexpected—of the home run in the ninth inning with the bases full—in fact, it's the unexpected that makes sport, and Ouimet's victory was certainly unexpected.

Vardon and Ray are the stars of the British professional golf flock. Their admirers naturally looked for them to march triumphantly

across the American links, and it must be admitted



FRANK KRAMER, THE AMERICAN HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S TITLE IN BICYCLE RACING

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York



that Americans also anticipated such a procession. Out of utter obscurity leaped the lad whose name few of us can correctly pronounce, and his victory was so spectacular that thousands of new recruits seized putters and drivers and hastened to the holes. America seems in a fair way to become a great golfing nation.

Ouimet's victory does not mean

that America has quite absorbed the British prestige on the links, however. The mother country still holds quite an "edge" on us. England beat us last summer when only one of our four crack golfers could qualify against the British stars, and he finally finished fifth.

Not long ago Gladys Ravenscroft, a quiet little Englishwoman, came to this country and defeated Miss Marion Hollins, an American, for the woman's golfing championship. That was the first bright beam of sunshine that had fallen across the British sporting world for many a day.

England is not singled out for American shots when it comes to sport—the whole world is our target—but it so happens that England is most often hit because England presents the largest mark. England used to be some pumpkins herself, in a sporting way, and possessed a large trophy-chest, but the Americans have gradually filched her dearest prizes until now there are mighty few left.

Following the sweeping American victory at Stockholm, in the 1912 Olympiad, the Duke of Westminster, a notable sportsman, proposed the raising of a fund of half a million dollars in England to aid the

British athletes in redeeming the lost prestige of the empire in Berlin in 1916. The British public has so far regarded this idea with apathy, and only about sixty thousand dollars has been raised, but the movement is certain to gather impetus as the meet draws near.

The trouble in England is said to be that the selection of the

athletes who compete in the international games

is governed too much along class lines. In America it makes no particular difference who a man is, so long as he can do a thing better than the next fellow.

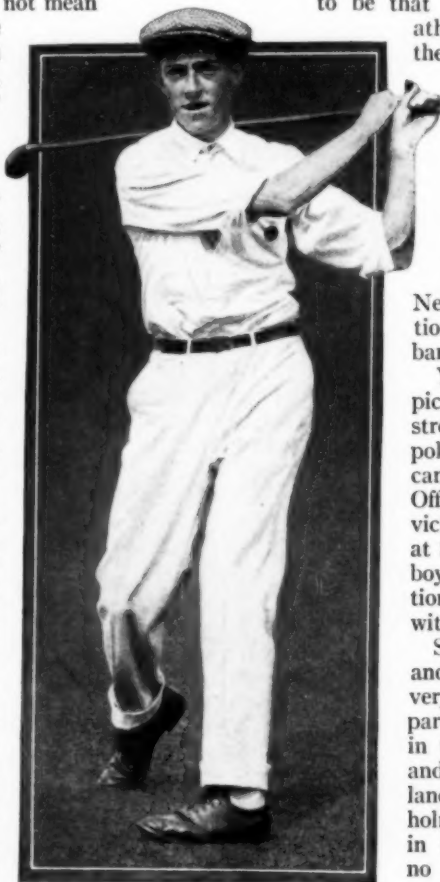
Neither color nor station in life acts as a bar.

You can find Olympic heroes walking the streets of New York as policemen. When word came to Manhattan of Officer Pat McDonald's victory in the shot-put at Stockholm, the newsboys decorated his station at Times Square with American flags.

Scions of great wealth and the offspring of very poor and humble parents were mixed up in that cargo of brawn and sinew that the Finland carried to Stockholm from these shores in 1912, and there was no appreciable difference when they stripped to their gauzy track trunks.

The gathering in Sweden left our athletes, as a body, in a class by themselves and

it also produced a man generally recognized as the greatest individual athlete in the world—a man who comes about as close to being a real American as Americans come at all. I refer, of course, to James Thorpe, the Oklahoma Indian, who is generally ascribed to what we rather in-



FRANCIS OUIMET, THE 21-YEAR-OLD BOSTON BOY WHO DEFEATED VARDON AND RAY, THE BRITISH "CRACKS," FOR THE GOLFING CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA

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correctly call the Fox and Sac tribe, but who is said to have a strain of Caucasian blood in his veins. Thorpe was once a student at Carlisle.

At the Olympic meet he won a combination event known as the penthalon, made of the running broad jump, javelin throw, 200-meters race, discus throw, and 1500-meters. Then he won the decthalon, another combination of events that were designed to try fully the athletic prowess, and, perhaps, the very soul, of the competitor.

Thorpe came home with an armful of trophies and received great acclaim. Then some one discovered a dark secret in his life. Back in 1909, or 1910, he had played baseball for a wage with a bush-league team down South. Thus he was a professional in the eyes of the amateur athletic world, and consequently had been ineligible when he competed with amateurs at Stockholm.

Our amateur athletic authorities hurriedly not only relieved Thorpe of all his prizes, records, and what not, but they apologized profusely to the nations that had competed in Sweden. Thorpe's trophies and titles reverted to the men who had finished behind him—and mighty few people can recall the names of those men. The lay mind persists in regarding Thorpe as the greatest living athlete, regardless of his "excommunication."

This recalls the story of a meeting between Terry McGovern and Young Corbett, the fighters, after Corbett had knocked McGovern "cold" one dour Thanksgiving afternoon up in Hartford, Connecticut.

"Anyhow, you're not the featherweight champion," said McGovern, who had been the possessor of the title at the time of the battle. "You're not the champion, because we didn't fight at the featherweight limit."

"All right," replied Corbett, "then I'm not. But when I go down the street people will point at me and say: 'That's the fellow who beat Terry McGovern'—and that's credit enough for me."

This is not said in disparagement of the action of the amateur authorities in Thorpe's case. There was nothing else for them to do to preserve the letter of the amateur law and the integrity of amateur sport.

As the Britons' prestige in cricket will

probably not be disturbed for many years, so will America probably long remain supreme in baseball, for no other nation takes to this game like America. And yet baseball is being played by more men of foreign extraction—Germans, Swedes, and the like—than by men of purely American origin. It is the most cosmopolitan of all sports, and is being taken up by the Japanese and Chinese, who frequently send their college teams to this country, and by the Kanakas, of Hawaii, the Filipinos, and the Cubans. The latter have become quite proficient at the game, and there are several Cubans in the big leagues of the United States.

For some years the baseball promoters in Cuba sent for the best of our American teams to play winter engagements in Havana with the native nines. The American players regarded these barnstorming junkets in the light of joy-rides, with the result that the Cubans defeated them with astonishing ease. Wherefore, the Cubans became very chesty about the matter.

Finally they induced John J. McGraw, leader of the New York Giants, to make the jaunt to Cuba. The Giants lost the first game or two. McGraw called his men together.

"Let me tell you something," he said wrathfully. "I know you don't think I have any authority over you down here because you are not under contract, but you fellows are either going to play ball or this trip is off right now and you don't get a nickel. There'll be no more foolishness in this club."

The Giants thereupon cleaned up the Cubans so handily that it almost knocked the interest in baseball down there galley-west.

A. G. Spalding, a former ball-player, who has made millions out of the manufacture of sporting goods, and who was a commissioner to the Olympic games at Paris in 1900, takes the rather unique view that our prowess at the Olympiads is due largely to our baseball.

"There is food for thought," says Mr. Spalding, "in the uninterrupted succession of American triumphs at these games. Athens in 1896, Paris in 1900, St. Louis in 1904, London in 1908, and finally Stockholm in 1912—why do our athletes always win? All other things being equal, the contestants in the country holding the event should come to the front.

"Measured by scale and tape, our athletes are not so much superior as a class. The theory of 'more beef' must be discarded. We may not lay claim to having the best trainers in the world. We must look to some other source for American prowess.

"I may be a prejudiced judge, but I believe the whole secret of this continued success is to be found in the kind of training that comes with the playing of America's national game, and our competitors in other lands may never hope to reach the standard of American athletes until they learn this lesson and adopt our pastime."

Mr. Spalding argues that our youngsters begin playing baseball very early in life, and that the game tends to sharpen their eyesight, quicken their wits, and shape their muscles, besides giving them a sense of confidence in competition which is of great value to an athlete. He points out that the national sport grounds our boys in running, jumping, and throwing.

In boxing—that polite term for glove-fighting—America has been supreme for years. From bantam up to heavyweight, all the so-called titles are held in this country. Only England has ever been a serious competitor to America in this respect, and England has gone far from the days of Cribb and Sayers and Mace. The decadence of the British prize-ring is the wonder of the English people.

In racing we used to hold our own against any other nation, both in breeding and track competition, but racing became undesirable in this country for one reason and another, and so they do it better—and perhaps they always did it better—in England, and even in France. Yet it was an American jockey, Tod Sloan, who revolutionized race riding in England, and for many years Danny Maher, an American, was the king-pin of jockeys on the English turf. And in France to-day the racing-stables are filled with American riders and trainers.

We have never been equaled at harness-horse racing, or breeding, and we have sent our stallions and our brood-mares to France and Russia and Germany and Belgium until now their get are the best in those countries.

We demonstrated at Stockholm that we have the best marksmen in the world with rifle, pistol, or shotgun, and we showed

them some of the greatest swimmers, although we had to go to the outermost fringe of the flag to get one of our star men, Duke Kahanamoku, the young wizard of the Hawaiian waters.

Our Frank Gotch, of Iowa, holds the wrestling championship. The billiard title rests in America by grace of Willie Hoppe, once the boy wonder, and still wonderful, but no longer a boy. Frank Kramer, the bicycle sprint champion, is aging, but seems good enough to stave off attacks on the wheeling crown, over the short routes at least, while our automobile drivers suffer in no way by comparison with the motor mahouts of other lands.

This coming summer fifty American bowlers will visit Berlin to compete in the tournament for the German championships. True, the names of some of these bowlers sound as though they are merely returning home, but they are Americans none the less. In 1904 a band of twenty of our bowlers went to Solingen and won the international cup, while a Brooklyn man, Frederick Schwartz, carried off the individual trophy.

Now I do not mean to imply that Americans hold all the championship titles, or trophies emblematic of championships in all lines of competitive sport—not all of them. For instance, we have no distance runner who can take the measure of Hans Kolehmainen, the great Finn, one of the winners at the Olympiad, who is now in this country.

We are no great shucks in the matter of professional rowing, the individual title in that respect being held in England, and the craft, if I may call it such, practically lost in this country, although we claim to produce the best amateur crews in the world at our Poughkeepsie regatta.

There are probably other scattering instances that might be cited to show vulnerable spots, but take us all around, I think it must be universally conceded that we are *E Pluribus Unum* in the world of sport.

There is one trophy that we do not hold at this time. There may be others, but the one I refer to is held in England. It is not a well-known trophy, perhaps, but it is none the less a trophy, and it stands out in the semiemptiness of the English chest like a bright light shining in a dark corner.

I am speaking of the motor-boat trophy.

# THE MEANING OF THE THEATER

WHAT IT SHOULD STAND FOR TO PLAYWRIGHTS AND TO  
ACTORS, WITH A CONSIDERATION OF A PHASE  
MOST IN NEED OF ATTENTION

BY DAVID BELASCO

THE GREAT AUTHOR, MANAGER, PRODUCER

IN these days, when overspecialization is rife in the arts and crafts, the personality of the specialist is an important, if not an essential, factor to be considered. Of necessity it must obtrude itself in his chosen work, especially if he is serious in his endeavors and calculates upon his labor bearing fruit. I am afraid that his personality will also obtrude itself in what he has been asked to say about his conception of that work. So that, if he appears somewhat overweening, let him reply at once in the words of a great man: that it matters not who is right or who is wrong; it is what is right and what is wrong that matters.

The meaning of the theater.

Few realize the import of this simple phrase, and yet it signifies much. To the aggregate public the theater only too often spells entertainment. But just as one reads many books—not consciously, to accumulate a collection of encyclopedic facts, but rather, all unconsciously, to absorb a certain culture—so the theater should stand, not for dry-as-dust instruction, or as a medium for the morbid and the vicious, but as a teacher without any of the airs of the magistrate. To the theater belongs the duty to inform without proselytizing; it should link into a lovers'-knot the strings of the heart with those of the intellect and the understanding.

If this be true, then those whose life is pledged to the theater—the dramatist, the actor, and the producer of plays—have very grave responsibilities indeed.

Let me first consider the dramatist. His first requisite, after the ability to write, is

that he be honest with himself. Sincerity and success, while they are not synonymous terms, are so nearly related that they might almost be said to be twin-born. Unless one sets down the written word with conviction as to its intrinsic worth, be sure that the word will have but an ephemeral existence, that it will not sound a true note.

The playwright may have a big theme, but if, in his desire to cater to fashion or to a fad of the hour, he says: "I will subordinate my idea so as to catch the mood of the multitude," he will fail in his endeavor. For unless he has chanced at the same time to tear open some immediate social evil, he will never accomplish his object. It is well for the young writer to remember that a prostitution of the truth which is in him will lead but a very little way toward fame or wealth.

MUST FEEL THE PULSE OF LIFE

Every dramatist, first and foremost, should question his own experience, should always be asking himself the eternal questions of the creative artist's craft: "Where have I witnessed such an emotion? Where did I experience such a passion?"

The much-talked-of "psychological moment" is a combination of effort, aptitude, and sincerity. The really great play, after all, is the one that makes choice of a universal subject, touching all creation. It may not be any more brilliant or holding than the play which fits the passing hour, but it is superior to such a play in its universal character. And again, it is well for the young writer to remember that the man of the theater who writes from the box-



office standpoint fails in the universal and true appeal, and so fails as an artist.

Of course, all managers wish to please the public, and where large capital is involved a long "run" gives one a respite for preparing future work. Little does the public realize how often a manager, for his elaborate pieces, is obliged to stake everything he owns on the venture. He cannot afford to fail, for failure would mean destruction. The attitude of the manager toward success, therefore, is commercial only in so far as it protects and assures his future artistic efforts.

#### THE DRAMATIC INSTINCT DEFINED

Curiosity and sincerity should be the watchwords of the young playwright. From the very first his desire should be to gain a wide and catholic knowledge and understanding of men and women and events. The dramatic instinct, after all, is the gratification of an insatiable curiosity.

He who writes for the theater should seek to penetrate the mysteries of existence; to fathom the motives which impel unfortunate beings to take their own lives or which force them to commit violent crimes. He should mingle with all sorts and conditions of men, enter palaces when that is possible, and spend hours with the peasant in his hovel. He should hold converse with the Sister of Charity, and seek to grasp the necessity which dogs the footsteps of the girl on the street; he should be familiar with the asylum, the hospital, and the morgue, as well as with the changing humors of the sea, the gleam upon the mountains, and the shifting lights and shades on meadow-land and stream.

To strike one key in character is a gift common to the most inexperienced. It is not a great accomplishment. Light and shadow are the ingredients of the theater. The big plays of literature will show you this. The psychology of audiences is never constant to one mood; and modern comedy takes that into account. I find it necessary to keep abreast of the modern stage, and my advice to the young playwright is to go to see not only the successful play, but the play that is not successful. From disaster he will find much for him to avoid.

#### WEAK SPOTS IN AMATEURS' WORK

A deficiency of imagination and an entire lack of familiarity with life are the earmarks of a thousand plays submitted to

me. The college man, with a gift for writing, fancies himself able to cope with any problem, provided he has a climax sufficiently startling to attract the multitude. You will notice that in a certain class of somber play, dramatists look at life simply as a fact; there is no spiritual understanding of the men or women in the story.

Generally speaking, the inexperienced rush upon unpleasant problems. The amateur, the tyro, invariably feels himself better able to write a problem play than a comedy which presupposes an intimate understanding of life. We have different schools of playwrights in the theater, but no school will ever supersede life. This is indisputable. The hour of the faddist is of brief duration, his work ephemeral, a feather in the wind!

It is only the earnest student who is content to work "without haste and without rest," undisturbed by any thought of the box-office. If he has any realization of what stage dialogue is, he will strive to do away with furbelows, Spencerian flourishes, electrical shouts, unnecessary detail. He should not depend upon his scenery for success, save in so far as the scene is an inherent factor in the play. Perspectives have nothing to do with the emotional values of the character, or of the actor portraying that character. A strong play will create the same emotional impression without a stitch of canvas on the stage. Realize that most rehearsals are carried on in a bare room.

Even as the dramatist should get into the hearts and souls and brains of the characters he conceives, so the manager, who ought likewise to be stage-manager, should get into the hearts and souls and brains of the people working for him. Having done so much, it is an easy matter to send the feeling, the imagination, or the reality—as the case may be—across the footlights into the hearts of an audience.

#### GOOD WORK ITS OWN REWARD

The young playwright should strive for spiritual rewards, and the practical ones will follow. His path is one of roses if he be the master of his soul. He must have a love for his work. He will spend months in pleasant byways, reading everything available upon the subject he has selected, like a student preparing his thesis.

I look back now with pleasure on my preparations before writing "Du Barry"



and "The Girl of the Golden West." One literally has to absorb the atmosphere of a period, and so my library contains ample material on the France of Du Barry's time and on the California of 1849. Literature stimulates the imagination. But where it is possible the young playwright should go to the fountainhead, whether he be concerned with a historical subject or with a comedy of manners.

Then it is essential that technique should be studied in the theater. Let the amateur come to the theater as a property-boy, a scene-shifter—in any capacity whatsoever. Does not the doctor have to work in the hospitals? Does he not have to watch famous specialists operating? A painter must copy the masters to make surer his own originality. In every artistic profession there is the general belief that the artist must begin at the very foundation. But the embryo playwright considers himself superior to such apprenticeship. Yet how can a general win a battle in Africa and remain at headquarters in London or Paris?

The remarks that apply to the playwright should as well be considered by the young actor. He, too, should be, above all, an earnest student. For him, also, the watchwords of sincerity and curiosity should mean very much. When an actor is given a part he should lock himself in his room and live with that part until it is thoroughly understood. Let him read anything and everything bearing upon it and tending to give life and naturalness to his portrayal. He may beat the floor or demolish a sofa, and so lift his audience through sheer physical exertion. Or he may turn his back to the auditorium and give a scarcely audible sigh as he stands perfectly still.

In the latter instance the applause will not be quickly gained, but he will have the consciousness of realizing that he has reached his goal by way of nature and of truth. The last method may be as theatrical as the first, but it is something much more, because it is also the method of life. It is simple! It is natural! All nature, in fact, is simple, and all acting should be.

Given the play—the human document—it is these things I have always depended upon: the naturalness of my players, the tones of a voice, the thousand trifles of manner and personality, together with the spirit and atmosphere which these give to

the locale in which the characters move and have their being.

#### CREATIVE STAGE-MANAGERS WANTED

I can look back on the period of arrant melodrama in the West, when ranting was the fashion. Yet when the natural method came in during the Madison Square Theater days, they used to call it "milk-and-water" acting, so quiet were the effects. In those early days I was brought up in an atmosphere which taught me that a stage-manager, and a manager as well, should do his own work in all departments of the theater. A manager's abilities are effective only in so far as he is personally responsible for the production. Daly did his own work, so did Wallack and Irving. A manager should never depend on others without keeping in close touch with all things. Garrick was not alone an actor; he was also stage-manager and dramatist. Kean and Macready, the Kendals and the Bancrofts never left to others the management of their stage.

The truth of the matter is, it is a common conception that managers of theaters are like the heads of big business corporations. Many of them sublet their contracts for production, and at the end give hasty touches here and there, believing that such a method is sufficient. This condition has resulted in a dearth of creative stage-managers. The latter should be trained to do more than ring up a curtain and follow the formula of stage directions.

An audience should never make a stage-manager alter his conception, provided that conception be well founded. A play should never be rehearsed from the orchestra standpoint. That is why I keep my auditorium so dark during a performance. The actor must play his part as he conceived it, just as the playwright should write the part in justice to the humanity he seeks to portray. No actor should ever think: "Is that getting over?" He should rely upon the stage-manager conducting the rehearsal.

Of course there are details over which the stage-manager should consult with people better informed than himself. Interested as I was in dual personality, I could not trust my knowledge entirely while rehearsing Miss Starr in "The Case of Becky." I had some one, skilled in psychic phenomena, to teach her the way of going into and out of a trance. While preparing "The Rose of the Rancho" a

Catholic priest taught my actors the correct way of reading their beads and drilled them in the necessary genuflections.

No one would think, either in a play or in a story, of discussing a legal point without consulting a lawyer as to the correctness of every detail. So that the young playwright and the young actor should make sure of themselves in the small things which go to make the whole impression.

The meaning of the theater!

#### COMPETITION AND ART

We have much to learn in America. While healthy competition is to be welcomed, the business of the theater has produced no loyalty in the theater. Everywhere you go abroad there is the feeling that if a man succeeds, his success not only redounds to the credit of himself, but to the credit of the nation as well. Unfortunately business competition creates rivals, and

it is the business of the opposition to crush, if possible, and not to applaud.

It should be the aim of every producer to create an artistic success, and if he fail he should not have to lay it at the door of the opposition, but to his own limitations as an artist. Remember that the noisy melodramatic writer is not the one who easily makes his way in the theater. Remember, also, that the scene-eating actor is an abomination. If there be such a thing as the strictly commercial manager, these are the two elements he relies on.

The theater signifies much; it should, and I believe it will, signify more in the future which is hidden from us now beneath the drifting clouds of immediate interest. That future is in the hands of the earnest few who, before all else, work for the love of working, and in whom the spirit of curiosity in human concerns leads ever to the door of truth:

### THE VIOLIN

*(Ballade with Double Refrain)*

THERE is dirge or a fling in the bagpipe's whine;  
There is shuffle and swing in the banjo's thrum;  
In tantara of horn leaps the fire of wine,  
As in blare of trumpet and rumble of drum:  
But sweet are the delicate melodies from  
The lute and flute and Chinese kin,  
Yet all are silenced or overcome  
By the velvet voice of a violin.

The organ and harp are of tone divine;  
Soothing if sharp is the zither's strum;  
In shriek of fife sounds the battle-sign,  
As in blare of trumpet and rumble of drum:  
But joyous and zestful the bombulum  
And zel and bell and reed-notes thin,  
Yet all are made heavy or hollow or dumb  
By the velvet voice of a violin.

At the lilt of guitars true lovers pine,  
While they dance like the stars to the clashing sum  
Of cymbals and gong, with eyes that shine—  
As in blare of trumpet and rumble of drum:  
But peaceful the bow's caressing hum—  
The mellow cello's relief from din;  
Yet less than is given, when hearts are numb,  
By the velvet voice of a violin.

#### ENVOY

Prince, whatever the depths I plumb—  
As in blare of trumpet and rumble of drum:  
Let me be called to your Golden Inn  
By the velvet voice of a violin.

*Richard Butler Glaenzer*

# THE SHOP

THE SHOP—this particular shop—means The Munsey Publishing House. Whatever it says now or at any other time is the utterance of The Munsey Publishing House.

As the owner and editor of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, however, I dare say I shall talk to you mainly in the first person whenever I say anything under this heading. Sometimes, perhaps, some one else will represent The Shop in these talks. Whenever that happens he will admit the responsibility by writing over his name, quite as I shall do when I speak for The Shop.

It was I, by the way, who initiated the innovation of a publishing house talking to its readers through the columns of its magazine. This was twenty years ago, in the early days of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Then I called the department "The Publisher's Desk." But The Shop is simple and homely and to the point, so I like it better.

A department of intimate talks forms a link between publishing house and reader that brings them nearer together and kindles a closer relationship, which is the best thing that can happen to both. Indeed, the chief reason why publishers so often fail to give their readers the kind of magazine they want is because of the indifference of readers themselves. Readers in this country rarely write letters to publishers expressing their wishes, their tastes, and their ideas or ideals.

Magazines in America circulate over a vast territory, so it is impossible for a magazine publisher to know actually the wishes of his readers. Magazine editing is, therefore, a guessing game at best.

An intimate correspondence between editor and public would relieve the publishing business of this, its most trying phase and give the public vastly better magazines.

Of course the advice of every one could not be followed, but out of thousands of letters from readers, all interested in a magazine—interested to have it the best of all magazines—the editor could easily gather the wishes of the general public and would get the most valuable suggestions for magazine making.

No editor, I care not who he is, perched high up in some tall New York building can think as well for the readers of a magazine as a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand readers can think for themselves. The fact is that you readers know what you want, and the best an editor can do is to guess at what you want. And magazines are made for their readers, not for editors or hypercritical critics—are made for the great big public of a great big country of a hundred million souls.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have somehow or other said a good deal more about letter-writing than I had thought to say, but I make no apology for it. It is very pertinent, very much worth while. The English public, by way of contrast to our own, takes a keen interest in its publications and is on the most intimate terms with their editors and publishers.

An English magazine receives thousands of letters to our one—letters of advice, of discussion, of suggestions, and cordial good-fellowship. This makes magazine publishing easy and interesting in England.

Of course, I am not complaining because we get so few letters from our readers here in America. It is the reader's privilege to do whatever suits his convenience or fancy in the matter of letter-writing. I do, however, wish to make the point clear and to emphasize it good and plenty that you would get far better magazines if each of you were to take a genuine, live personal interest in the making of them, and, may

I add, with diffidence, in the circulating of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

This department dropped out of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE years ago—a dozen years ago, I should say. It never was our intention to discontinue it, but the fact is that there never was any one around our shop breaking his neck to get a chance at it. So when I drifted more and more away from the intimate work of editing the magazine *The Shop* fell out for a month, and then another, and another, and finally stayed out altogether.

But now that I am back on the editorial job again—very much on it—I am reviving these offhand shop talks which contribute an important feature to a magazine if the publisher has anything worth saying.

I am not committing myself to write this department every month, but as often as I have anything to say concerning our mutual interests I will say it here.

To say something every month simply for the sake of keeping the department up isn't good enough and won't be done.

With the addition of other magazines a dozen or fifteen years ago, and with the taking on of several daily newspapers, the demands on my time were so many and so insistent that I gradually drifted away from the direct work of editing MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE and turned the responsibility over to Mr. Richard H. Titherington, who had been associate editor of the magazine from its inception.

But there has been no time when I have not kept in close touch with our editorial plans and policies. As a whole, however, my editorial work for the last decade or more has been through Mr. Titherington and his associates. Mr. Titherington has gone abroad on a long holiday, a well-earned holiday after a quarter of a century of strenuous application.

His absence brings me back where I must do things direct, and that is always the best way. No man ever does as good work through somebody else as he does with his own hand on the plow. And, too, no man, interpreting another's policies, does anything like as good work as he

could do for himself—does anything like the decisive, incisive work, as with a free expression of himself.

There is another very good reason why I am now doing things first hand editorially, and that is because I am tremendously interested. A new idea always interests me, and we have a very big new idea just now in the complete novel—full book-length novel, mind you—that we are carrying in each issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

I regard this move, initiated by MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, as the biggest and soundest thing that has ever been done in the whole history of magazine publishing. It not only solves the magazine problem at a time when magazines are losing their grip on the public, but solves as well the problem of furnishing new books to the public at a price easily within the reach of all.

With the exception of the all-fiction type of magazine which I created in *The Argosy* in 1896, there has not been one distinctly new big idea developed in magazine publishing within twenty years until the idea we have just launched in the publication of complete book novels.

There have been, it is true, two deviations from the general type of magazine of the last two decades—side-light ideas, perhaps—the one the publication of the so-called muck-raking articles, and the other the publication of intensive fiction.

The muck-raking articles were introduced by Sam McClure in *McClure's Magazine* and for a time gave a good account of themselves in the increased circulation of the magazine. Then they were taken up by one publication after another, finally reaching the greatest height of their run in the Lawson articles published six or eight years ago in *Everybody's Magazine*, which suddenly lifted the circulation of that magazine to very big figures.

Following this spectacular success, every publication, I might almost say, struggling for life or supremacy, plunged hysterically into the business of attacking everybody and everything. But muck-raking had begun to pall upon the people. The tame writings of others, after the graphic and highly seasoned products of

Lawson's pen, were flat and purposeless. Moreover, the public was beginning to realize that character slaughter and the destruction of institutions wasn't the best thing for the country and wasn't the best thing for them.

That was five or six years ago; to-day muck-raking has flattened out altogether. The people of this country have come to realize that prosperity rests in upbuilding, not in destruction. That these muck-raking articles, taking them as a whole, did some good as well as a lot of harm, there can be no question. But MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE never went in for them. Its whole attitude has been for constructive work, for upbuilding.

Intensive fiction, the other side-light idea, has proved a big circulation maker and it still has a large following, though I should say a dwindling following. I may, however, be wrong in this conclusion.

The point I wish to make to-day and to bring out sharp and clear is that, apart from the natural, spontaneous circulation gained by the muck-raking articles in their heyday, and the publication of intensive fiction, there has been nothing done within a dozen years by the magazine publishers of America that has brought any considerable permanent normal spontaneous circulation to standard illustrated magazines.

Mark my distinction, standard magazines, because the all-fiction type of magazine has been making great strides in circulation, while the standard illustrated magazines, resting entirely on spontaneous circulation, have constantly sagged in circulation. Some have made temporary spurts on certain names or certain articles, but the results have not been permanent.

The success of the all-fiction magazine shows clearly that fiction is the big thing that the American readers want in their magazines. More than a quarter of a century of experience in periodical publishing convinces me that the magazine circulation of the country, all magazines combined, would shrink approximately eighty-five per cent if all fiction were eliminated from the magazines. I mean, of course, natural, spontaneous circulation, not the kind the

publisher goes out and buys. I have said this many times before, but it fits this particular discussion and so I am saying it again here.

But with short stories of little consequence and the serialization of stories in monthly form a dead letter, and they are a dead letter, something new had to be done to save the magazines, and MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has done something new—something very new and very big.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE goes farther. It not only gives you a complete book in every issue, but a complete magazine as well, with a big measure of short stories, with a wide range of articles, with miscellany, poetry, and illustrations—everything that goes to make a well-rounded-out magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of course, it is no boy's job to make such a magazine, so overwhelmingly big and so overwhelmingly expensive, with novels costing as much as ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand dollars each—costing this, mind you, just to appear in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE alone, the copyright reverting to the author immediately after publication in THE MUNSEY.

It follows naturally that all novels do not cost us these toplofty figures, but it may well be, and frequently is, that the less expensive stories are the best stories. A novel has two measurements of value. The one, its merits as a story independent of any commercial value in the author's name; the other the commercial value of the author's name in addition to the merits of the story. For example, a novel by a new writer, absolutely unknown to the public, has no other value than its genuine worth as a novel. A novel of equal merits, no greater, by an author of great name would cost a vastly bigger price and solely because of the commercial value of his name and his great public following.

Of course MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will not give you each month a twenty-thousand-dollar novel, but it will aim to give you just as good a novel in the genuine merits of the novel itself as one that would cost us twenty thousand dollars from a man of great name and fame.



It by no means follows that a little known or entirely unknown author should not produce just as good a novel as the man who stands highest in the fiction world. The unknown men sometimes, very frequently, in fact, turn out much better stories than the books of authors who have been producing for years. After all, there is only about so much in a man, and when he has written himself out he is finished; the well is dry.

If this were not so there would be no new authors, and without new authors we should have none at all after a few years, with the passing of the old ones.

Here is where the magazine publication of novels has an immeasurable advantage over the book. The book of an unknown author has no introduction, no reputation back of it that guarantees its sale. As a consequence, it perhaps never gets any considerable sale—may not even be published. On the other hand, the publication of a novel of an unknown writer in a magazine of strong position at once gives to that author both an indorsement and a wide reading, and establishes his name with the reading public as a man worth while.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have always conducted my publishing business on different lines from that of other publishers. I make a magazine and leave it to you to buy it if you want it—to buy it by the month on news-stands, or by the year as you prefer.

By this means we are able to determine accurately and quickly whether we are giving you what you want or not. The publishing house that covers the country with agents, or the house that buys its circulation with prizes and premiums or induces it by ridiculous clubbing rates has no such gage of public taste as we have.

Our circulation is purely spontaneous. It comes to us without inducements of any kind. We have no agents in the field, we do no clubbing, and sell no circulation on the instalment plan. A man who has to buy a fifteen-cent magazine on the instalment plan isn't a very hot proposition for the magazine advertiser.

I have always worked on the theory

that my magazine should be fully independent of the advertiser. That is to say, that without a cent of income from advertising it would be a profit-bringer, and such it has been in fact, such it has been in very large measure. Let me make it stronger:

If MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE had never taken in one cent for advertising it would have earned me far more money in the last twenty years than I should have had any right to spend.

The solution of the magazine problem has been reached, after many experiments, with a lot of evolution thrown in.

I could have gone out and bought circulation as a man buys fertilizer or coal or corn to pad my circulation figures, but this wouldn't have revealed the trouble with the magazines. Worth-while discoveries rarely happen. They are dug out of the solid rock. We have been digging in this rock ten years.

\* \* \* \* \*

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is now showing by its increasing circulation, wholly spontaneous, that we have again struck the right note in our complete novel idea.

The very first number, the June issue, in which we published the complete novel, the circulation of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE began moving upward, and ever since has shown a steady, gratifying, satisfying climb.

This means that we are giving the reading public what it wants—not everybody, because no magazine ever suits everybody, but we are giving a wide number of readers what they want.

This issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE contains 226 reading pages which makes it much the biggest magazine in the world—a hundred pages bigger than some of the magazines.

One word more to you. If you like MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE as it is now, with its complete novel, won't you do us the favor of telling your friends about it? It takes a long time to make the general public understand and appreciate a change like this. You can help tremendously.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

# THE GERM AND ITS RELATION TO HUMAN LIFE

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

EVERY age has its pet bugaboo. Ours—with apologies to the shade of Lindley Murray—is “bugs.” There are, however, two good things about bugaboos—one that, although they are always just about to devour you whole, they never do; the other, that, running away from them furnishes splendid exercise. Thus a good lively bugaboo, like an enterprising enemy, is rather an advantage in the race of life, providing you don’t let him chase you too far off the track.

On the whole, the bacteria bugaboo is far and away the best and most wholesome scare that we have ever had. At least two-thirds of the scurrying we have done to escape has been in the right direction. He is a true, sure-enough bogey, even in our most panicky paroxysms, at least half real; while most of the other terrors that were just about to devour us, from the Evil Eye and the End-of-the-World to nitrogen starvation and the Yellow Peril, were at least nine-tenths moonshine.

The dread which the germ inspired has been a genuine “fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom,” and his wholesome worship has resulted already in such splendid triumphs for human health and happiness as the practical wiping out of smallpox, cutting the death rate from tuberculosis in two, an antitoxin charm that actually “works” against diphtheria, an increase of nearly fifty per cent in the average length of human life, and the opening of the tropics to white colonization by the conquest of malaria, yellow fever, cholera, and the black death.

But even the best and most helpful of things may be carried too far, and there is no sense in letting an orderly and rational movement to avoid the dangers of infection by germs degenerate into a panic of retreat or stampede.

The first thing that we want to get clear-

ly in mind is that germs, like the eye of the Lord, are everywhere. And the faster we run away from one kind of them, the more certain we are to bump into another. The heavens above, the earth beneath, the waters under the earth are all swarming with them, and the only way in which we can possibly live an absolutely germ-free life is by being born under water in a hermetically sealed chamber, drawing every breath of air through layers of cotton-wool and absorbing our nourishment in liquid form through a porcelain filter.

Life is just possible under such circumstances, for kittens and guinea-pigs have at enormous trouble and expense, been so born and nourished in laboratories, and have survived, existed, and even grown for weeks under these conditions. But they did no better than their plebeian fellows under the barn or in the manger, who were swarming inside and out with their regular population of bacteria in countless millions within forty-eight hours of birth. In fact, they grew much more slowly, were weaker and less energetic, and most of them could be kept alive for only four or five weeks.

Life without germs is possible, but it is absolutely impracticable under ordinary conditions, and it certainly wouldn’t be worth living.

## THE BENEFICENCE OF GERMS

It is almost a pity that the term “germs” ever came to have such a sinister meaning attached to it. For it is really most unfair and unjust to ninety-nine per cent of the busy little organisms which bear it.

While germs are incredibly numerous and ubiquitous, scarce one in a thousand is harmful to the human race. The popular impression to-day is that germs are to be mentioned only to be led out for

execution at once. Yet germs are the secret and chief ingredient in the richness of our soil; germs purify the water in our lakes and ponds; germs flavor our butter, ripen our cheese, raise our bread, and tan our leather. They purify our sewage and turn every kind of waste and refuse into harmless plant food.

We make no distinction whatever between the myriad millions of blameless and self-supporting germ citizens and the mere handful of their criminal relatives, the cut-throats, the stranglers, and the poisoners. They are called, indiscriminately, "germs," "bacteria," or "bacilli," both of which last mean simply "little rods," in Latin and in Greek respectively, on account of the fact that a long, slim capsule or a very small-headed comma is the commonest shape among them.

According to their shapes, they are also called "spirilla" (corkscrew); "cocci" (berry), if round; "diplococci," if dumb-bell shaped, and so on. But none of these terms help in the least in dividing them into the harmless—yes, beneficent—and the harmful.

#### SEPARATING SHEEP FROM GOATS

Of course this bad odor attaching to the very name of germ or bacterium or bacillus grew up in a perfectly natural way. The first "bugs" that we discovered, or knew anything about, were the bad, or, as we pompously termed them, "pathogenic" kinds, because they were the only ones that we were looking for in the beginning. They were making trouble for us, and they were the criminals that we were after. Our entire early study of the science of "bugs," or bacteriology, was a regular Sherlock Holmes, Scotland Yard piece of work—hunting down and arresting one bad bug after another.

The first one we captured was the *Anthrax bacillus*, simply because he was the giant of the family and could be seen with the earliest, weakest microscopes. Then came the germ of silkworm disease, the coccus of surgical fever and blood-poisoning, and the bacillus of tuberculosis. The spirillum of cholera, the "little rod" of diphtheria, and the "dumb-bell" of pneumonia quickly followed.

It was several decades before it occurred to us that there were other good "bugs" besides dead ones. Gradually, however, it dawned upon us that it was not necessary

to declare war upon the whole universe of germs in order to protect ourselves. We settled down to the task of dividing the sheep from the goats.

It was not long before we got them split up into three great groups or clusters. One, by far the largest and most numerous, were those "bugs" that never, under any circumstances, became definitely harmful to the body, such as the soil bacteria, the water bacteria, and animalcules. A second small, definite group were "bad medicine" wherever found—the germs of the various infectious diseases. A third group, really more indefinite and, in certain respects more puzzling than either of the other two groups—those germs and bacteria which lived in our houses and barns, on the surface of our bodies, in our mouths and between our teeth, in our stomachs and intestines, and upon our food—were of uncertain temper and disposition, mostly harmless, but capable, under certain circumstances, of going on the war-path. It gave us almost a shock at first to find that the bacteria which produce putrefaction in carcasses and manure-heaps, for instance, were practically not injurious to health, and still more so that the fascinating little wigglers and scullers and whirligigs we had watched with such horrified interest in a drop of ditch-water under the microscope were really harmless.

#### IN THE DANGER ZONE

The only germ which can hurt the body is one which is capable of growing and multiplying inside it. Not even the most voracious species is big enough to be able to bite holes in it from the outside. And as our body temperature averages from thirty to fifty degrees higher than that of the soil, water, or air outdoors, the vast majority of these agricultural and aquatic microbes simply get sunstroke as soon as they are swallowed into our torrid stomachs, where they are attacked by the digestive juices and eaten alive.

The group of out-and-out enemies, the open "hostiles," the germs of the various infectious diseases, while most to be dreaded, were found, in one sense, next easiest to fight. They were of a considerable variety of species, some of them even outside of the vegetable kingdom—to which all true germs belong—very low-grade and disreputable animals, or "animalculæ," as we used to call them in an earlier day,

such as the plasmodium of malaria. They all, however, have one weak point—being adjusted to and capable of living in an animal body, they cannot very well flourish outside it. In fact, many of them rapidly die if thrown into the soil or water or air. So that the majority of them have to be brought to us directly by human beings or other warm-blooded animals, or, indirectly, through the medium of insects which have bitten diseased persons or animals.

It was gradually discovered that our disease germs were not only hothouse plants, but a very delicate variety of the same, sensitive to a change of only a few degrees in temperature, and as, fortunately, no two warm-blooded animals have exactly the same temperature, and most of the animals or birds with which we come in contact have temperatures from three to fifteen degrees higher than our own, our human germs for the most part died of heat-stroke if they got into the blood of an animal; while most of the animal germs which had become acclimated to their higher temperature died of frost-bite if they got into our blood. Although no unnecessary risks of this sort should be run, there are now practically only four or five infections out of the numerous germ diseases to which animals and birds are subject which we are in any serious danger of catching from them: anthrax, tuberculosis, tetanus (rabies), and possibly the plague and infantile paralysis.

#### THE DEADLY INSECT

In this sense we are literally our own worst enemies. But, on the other hand, it is a great relief and simplifies the problem considerably to know that we may concentrate our attention for protection against the wholly "bad" or criminal germs, principally upon two sources of infection, viz.: human beings and insects. From an infection-bearing point of view, we are perfectly justified in classifying ourselves as "worms of the dust."

Keep away from sick persons and from food which has been handled or coughed over or sneezed into by them; and from insects, particularly the biting kinds, and you will avoid at least two-thirds, if not three-fourths of the infectious diseases of all sorts.

Once more science has justified one of our most deeply rooted and primitive in-

stincts, viz.: to mash, squash, or otherwise slaughter every flying, buzzing, crawling, or wriggling thing that we could get our hands or feet upon. It is not cruel to kill insects. On the contrary, it is necessary self-defense.

The real struggle for the possession of the earth is not between Jehovah and Beelzebub, but between man and the insects. Ninety-nine times out of every hundred that you kill an insect you kill an enemy, past, present, or future. If he isn't going to bite you, he is going to devour your trees or crops, lay worms in your apples, sting your plums, or deposit germs on your food.

There are estimated to be nearly a quarter of a million different varieties of insects. And of all those which are commonly met in the temperate zone, not more than twenty or thirty orders are in any way beneficial to man.

In fact, in this country and in Europe the only insects which are entitled to exemption from this war to the death are the honey-bee, some species of ants, the silkworm, "ladybirds," or "ladybugs" (which feed upon the larvæ of other insects), and a few other insect-eating families like the hornets. The only way in which insects are useful on any broad scale is by killing and eating other insects.

We should kill all the insects that come about our houses and barn-yards and keep away from people who are sick, making it a cast-iron rule that any one who begins to show a flush or a temperature or develops severe headache, backache, red eyes, sneezing, or coughing—for by one or all of these manifestations nine-tenths of all infectious diseases, from the least to the greatest, begin—should be promptly "sent to Coventry"; put to bed in a well-ventilated room and well cared for until the acute symptoms have disappeared. In this way we should avoid easily eight-tenths of all our infectious diseases, from the mildest to the most malignant. Even if the attack turned out to be nothing but a "common cold," we would save five times as much as the loss of time by preventing the pestilence from spreading further and by returning the patient to full working power in less than one-third of the period usually required under the "wearing it out" and "keeping on at work" method.

It is good public policy to utilize such



means as we possess of getting ready-made immunity against some of the more serious infections. This is now insisted upon by every civilized government in the case of smallpox by compulsory vaccination; and I think it is only a question of time when the same measure will be taken against typhoid fever, for which we have a most efficient and practically entirely harmless vaccine, which has been utilized with splendid effect in our armies.

The reserves of Shafter's army, intended for the invasion of Cuba and held in camps in our Southern States, numbered about 12,000. Among these men, in a single summer, 2,560 cases of typhoid fever developed, with 550 deaths. Fourteen years later, in the summer of 1912, an army of almost exactly the same size was held in camp along the Mexican border for the same period, viz.: about six months. In that time, among those 12,000 men, exactly three cases of typhoid fever developed, without a single death. The only difference between the two campaigns was that, while the troops in 1912 had been vaccinated against typhoid before they went into camp, those in the campaign of 1898 had not been.

Climatic conditions and water supply were, on the whole, rather worse along the Mexican border.

Three practically painless injections at intervals of a week will render you safe from typhoid for at least two to five years, and probably longer. A newer vaccine, consisting of sensitized bacilli, instead of dead ones, devised by Bezredka, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, is claimed to produce immunity for life.

#### CAUTION RUN MAD

The third great group of bacilli, bacteria, and germs generally, which lies, so to speak, half-way between the entirely harmless and the utterly depraved, is even more puzzling to fight. It is in handling these Sometimes - One - Thing - and - Sometimes-Another bugs, these "*amigos*" that carry knives in their boots, that some of our most difficult problems in the protection of the public health arise, and in which there is the greatest danger of going to unnecessary and irrational extremes.

In fact, it has been over the presence and possible dangers of these non-paying guests upon our food and in our interior that the most panicky excitement exists.

For instance, one of our most eminent and brilliant bacteriologists, Metchnikoff, of the famous Pasteur Institute, is quoted in a recent Paris interview as follows:

"Never eat uncooked food. I plunge bananas into boiling water before eating. I always pass my knives, forks, and spoons through a Bunsen (gas) burner before using. Strawberries ought to be plunged into boiling water a few minutes before consuming. It sounds troublesome. But it helps to avoid the cancer germ."

With all due respect to the distinguished authority quoted—provided that he said what is attributed to him, and he has not denied the interview—this is certainly caution run mad, science stampeded. This is "throwing the baby away with the bath," as our German friends quaintly say.

In the first place, there is no known cancer germ. Indeed, the overwhelming majority of those expert bacteriologists who have made a lifelong study of cancer are strongly inclined to the opinion that it is not a parasitic disease at all. Not infection and attack from without, but revolt and assault within, are the main-springs of this grim plague.

In the second place, such extreme precautions are sure to get beyond the bounds of endurance and to result in recoil. That is to say, that beyond a certain reasonable degree of apprehensiveness and antiseptic precaution, the more we force the observance of extreme measures the more certain we are to give rise to equally extreme lapses in the opposite direction.

An amusing, if somewhat trivial, illustration of what is meant was furnished by Metchnikoff's predecessor, the founder of the institute, the immortal Pasteur himself. He was dining one day with an American friend and carefully explained to him that it had become such second nature to him to take laboratory precautions against germ infection or contamination that he carried them into his home life, particularly at meal-times.

The cooked dishes he ate as they were offered because they had been sterilized by heat. But when, for dessert, grapes were served, the master picked up his cluster, dipped it into a glass of water, and rinsed it thoroughly before he ate. When he had finished he pushed back his chair and began an animated conversation with his guests. Then, as he warmed up to his theme, feeling thirsty, to the intense



amusement of his friends he picked up the glass of rinsings and swallowed half before he noticed what he was doing!

In the third place, plunging bananas into boiling water is certainly a superfluity of precaution, because bananas, like many other fruits, are hermetically sealed inside of a germ-proof and water-proof skin. And if made ordinarily clean, by dipping in cold water or wiping with a moist cloth and then carefully peeled, the pulp can be eaten either directly, or with a knife or spoon, without the slightest risk.

Nature has been most foresighted about these matters in the majority of fruits. Apples, for instance, have not merely a germ-proof skin covering them, but that skin is coated with a peculiar fatty or waxy substance which is water-proof and highly resistant. If washed before eating, or even thoroughly polished upon a clean cloth, such germs as may be present will either be rubbed off or burnished into the surface of the skin so firmly that the apple may be peeled and eaten in a state of practically absolute purity.

The whole *raison d'être*, for instance, of the thick, leathery peel of the orange and the lemon, with its intensely pungent and irritating oils and bitter extractives, is to protect the fruit against all attacking germs of decay. Plums, apricots, and peaches are not so well protected, and should be handled with greater care.

Berries, however, have a coating over their surface which, in thoroughly normal conditions, is almost impervious to germs, but this is so readily torn in handling and shipping that they are quite liable to become contaminated. However, there is no need for us to forget our common sense even here. If berries are properly picked, carefully packed, and carried to the consumer within two to four days without cold storage and three to six days with it, then the risk of contamination is slight.

There are germs on them, of course, in plenty, but those germs are almost exclusively our harmless and, indeed, beneficent good friends of the soil and of the air, such as yeasts and molds. And while we should keep a sharp lookout against the latter, and avoid eating berries which are affected by them in any way, the utmost we have to dread from such accidental contaminations is a mere temporary digestive upset.

The certainty of impairment of health

which will follow any marked restriction of fruit in the dietary is at least fifty times as great as the possibility of infection through this source. Always avoid, of course, all fruit which is soft or decayed, and don't imagine that mere cooking, boiling, or flavoring it with sugar is going to make it wholesome. We are coming to the conclusion that we will not even get ptomain poisoning in the case of spoiled fruit, meat, or milk unless the substance has become inoculated with one or another species of the so-called typhoid-septicemia group, which can come only from the intestinal discharges of other men or of some of the animals.

We cannot have our foods or our bodies too clean for health and comfort. But the present demand for absolute sterilization has been urged by some pure-food hysterics with about as clear an idea of what the term actually means as was exhibited upon the bill of fare in a Filipino restaurant in Manila. It was a smart-looking, well-managed establishment, and very anxious to be strictly up to date and secure American patronage.

So at the bottom of the menu was the legend in red letters:

Rest assured, O Guests, that all whatever water be served upon these table has been thoroughly fertilized!

#### THE GERMS WE HARBOR

But it is when we get inside our own breastworks that the most puzzling phase of the problem of these "neutral" bugs confronts us. We are literally swarming with bacteria, bacilli, and germs in countless millions and scores of different species. In fact, bacteriologists speak—germs, you will recall, being "vegetables"—of the "flora" of the human intestines or the flora of the human mouth.

No less than thirty-six different species of bacilli inhabit our mouths, teeth, and gums. Nearly an equal number habitually live in our stomachs and intestines; and as many more are casual visitors and non-paying guests. What they are doing there the Lord only knows. We have never been able to discover yet that they have any real utility or do anything in return for their board and lodging.

But, on the other hand, we can console ourselves with the reflection that there is an equal lack of evidence that, except under certain peculiar and rather excep-

tional circumstances, they ever do us any particular harm. The Metchnikoff following, however, will admit no such compromise with the enemy. To them bugs are like Mr. Artemus Ward's "Injuns"—"pisen, wherever found," and a war of extermination has been declared with a loud flourish of trumpets against each and all of these infesting species on the ground that they "produce old age, manufacture in the intestines poisons which, when absorbed, cause hardening of the arteries, deterioration of the nerves and brain, baldness, cancer, rheumatism, neurasthenia, and insanity." Busy little bugs!

The first line of campaign was to destroy them utterly by endeavoring to discover and introduce into the alimentary canal germ poisons which would kill them off utterly. However, it wasn't long before they discovered, while it was possible to kill off all these bugs with sufficiently strong germicides, the method was attended by the trifling drawback of killing the patient at the same time—in fact, usually first.

Milder germicides were then employed, but on continued use these were found to interfere more with the processes of digestion than they did with the bugs.

Then the brilliant idea struck the Metchnikoff adherents of "fighting the devil with fire," and a search was made for some sort of germs which would destroy those germs of putrefaction in the intestines and yet be harmless themselves to the organism.

#### THE SOUR MILK BUBBLE

Just about this time Professor Metchnikoff happened to spend a summer in the Balkans and the Caucasus. There he discovered, as is usual in remote and country districts where no records are kept, a very large percentage of "centurions," as Mrs. Partington called them. Without stopping to test the claims of these dodderers, he began hunting about for the cause of this excessive longevity, and stumbling upon the discovery that the inhabitants of the Balkans (in common with peasants all over the world) consumed large quantities of sour milk and clabber cheese, he jumped to the conclusion that the sour milk was the cause of the centenarians.

He thereupon launched that furious epidemic of the Bulgarian bacillus, which is just now beginning to subside and collapse.

Post-mortems are not agreeable, but they are sometimes interesting, and the abstract of the autopsy and findings on the Bulgarian bacillus is somewhat as follows:

First, the Bulgarian bacillus would not live and grow in the intestines, consequently had to be perpetually introduced afresh.

In the second place, while it killed off certain of the groups of bacilli after its use for a month or more, other bacilli, equally undesirable, came to take their places. In other words, it gave the intestines only a change of vegetation.

Third, precisely the same results could be got by the administration of ordinary sweet milk.

Lastly, experiments failed to show that these intestinal bacteria had any injurious effects. In fact, the whole theory that chronic self-poisoning, or auto-intoxication, termed, by its supporters, "*stasis*," plays any important part in the production of the innumerable ills attributed to it, from consumption to baldness, is utterly without experimental basis.

These bugs have been in our interior for at least 50,000 years, and if we had not got adjusted to them the race would have become extinct centuries ago. Under certain conditions some of them, particularly the group known, from the fact that it chiefly inhabits the large intestine, or colon, as the colon bacilli, may become a source of danger. But this is probably only when the alimentary canal has become injured, as by the swallowing of corrosive poisons or of sharp-pointed particles or by the bite of parasitic worms.

The last absurdity, however, of the "self-poisoning" group of enthusiasts led by Metchnikoff has been to declare war, not merely against the germs in the colon, but against the entire colon itself! Surgeons are now actively at work on both sides of the Atlantic removing the whole four and a half feet of the large intestine *in toto*, and suturing the end of the small intestine, or ileum, into the lower part of the alimentary canal.

Considerable improvement has been attained in some cases thus operated upon, but the vast majority of these patients appear to be of that type who go from one doctor to another and from one school of medicine to another.

However, we shall soon have a sufficient mass of material upon which to judge of the actual net value of the procedure.



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"LIKE THIS, GRANDMA"

*From the painting by Maude Goodman*

## CHILDREN IN PAINTINGS

BEARING ON THE DISTINCTION IN METHOD BETWEEN THE  
SCHOOL THAT ACCENTS THE TYPE AND THAT  
WHICH EMPHASIZES THE INDIVIDUAL

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

AUTHOR OF "THE THEORY OF THE THEATER," ETC.

(SECOND PAPER)

**I**N painting children the artist may employ either of two methods of procedure: he may depict them as types or he may portray them as individuals. He may choose to emphasize those common

features of his sitters which make them similar to other children, or he may decide to accentuate those stronger features which make them different from any other children in the world.

The first of these methods is the more popular of the two. The artists who employ it appeal to that almost universal instinct which makes us love children merely because they are children and for no more personal reason. But the second method

phrases, "Sweetest little fellow—mighty like a rose." Every one must feel at once the emotional appeal of such phrases as these; and the reason for their popularity is that they are sufficiently general to apply to any child. Every mother in the



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"MANY RETURNS OF THE DAY"

From the painting by Maude Goodman

is more highly esteemed by specialists in art, because a more penetrant insight is required to portray the particular characteristics of a single child than to exhibit traits which are common to an entire class of children.

The force of this distinction may, perhaps, be made more evident if we apply it for a moment to the allied art of literature. In the refrain of a negro lullaby which was very popular a few years ago occur the

world may easily imagine that her own child is "mighty like a rose"; and the song suggests a different image to the mind of every listener because the writer has refused to introduce individual traits to limit the application of his poem.

But consider, on the other hand, these lines of Mr. Kipling's—"But Teddy would run to the rainbow's foot because he was five and a man." Here is an example of individual characterization. Teddy is not

every boy; he is only one boy in ten thousand. These phrases are not applicable to the generality of children; they are, therefore, not so popular as those of the negro lullaby; but any literary specialist would insist that they exemplify a more difficult and delicate exercise of art.

Of course the highest triumph for an artist is to achieve both of these effects in a single work of art. This feat has been accomplished by Mr. Kenneth Grahame in those exquisite stories of children which are gathered in his lyrical and lovely volumes entitled "Dream Days" and "The Golden Age." The children in these stories are richly endowed with typical traits, which make them representative of the entire world of childhood, and at the same time they are clearly endowed with individual traits which distinguish them sharply from each other and from the myriad other children who fare forth forever upon similar adventures.

This artistic triumph occurs more rarely in painting than in literature; but we have before us in New York a notable example of this unusual achievement. Among the many wonderful pictures which were loaned to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by the late J. Pierpont Morgan, the very finest, to my mind, is a portrait of a little child. This canvas is



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"ADIEU"

*From the painting by Maud Goodman*





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"HELPING MOTHER"

*From the painting by Maud Goodman*

the work of an unknown painter, and even the experts have not yet made up their minds whether it was executed by a Spaniard or a Dutchman. Yet it is a very great work; and it is great mainly because of its enchanting combination of typical and individual traits. This wonderful little child is sufficiently like other children for anybody to feel motherly toward it at a glance; but it is also very different from any other child, so that the observer may remember

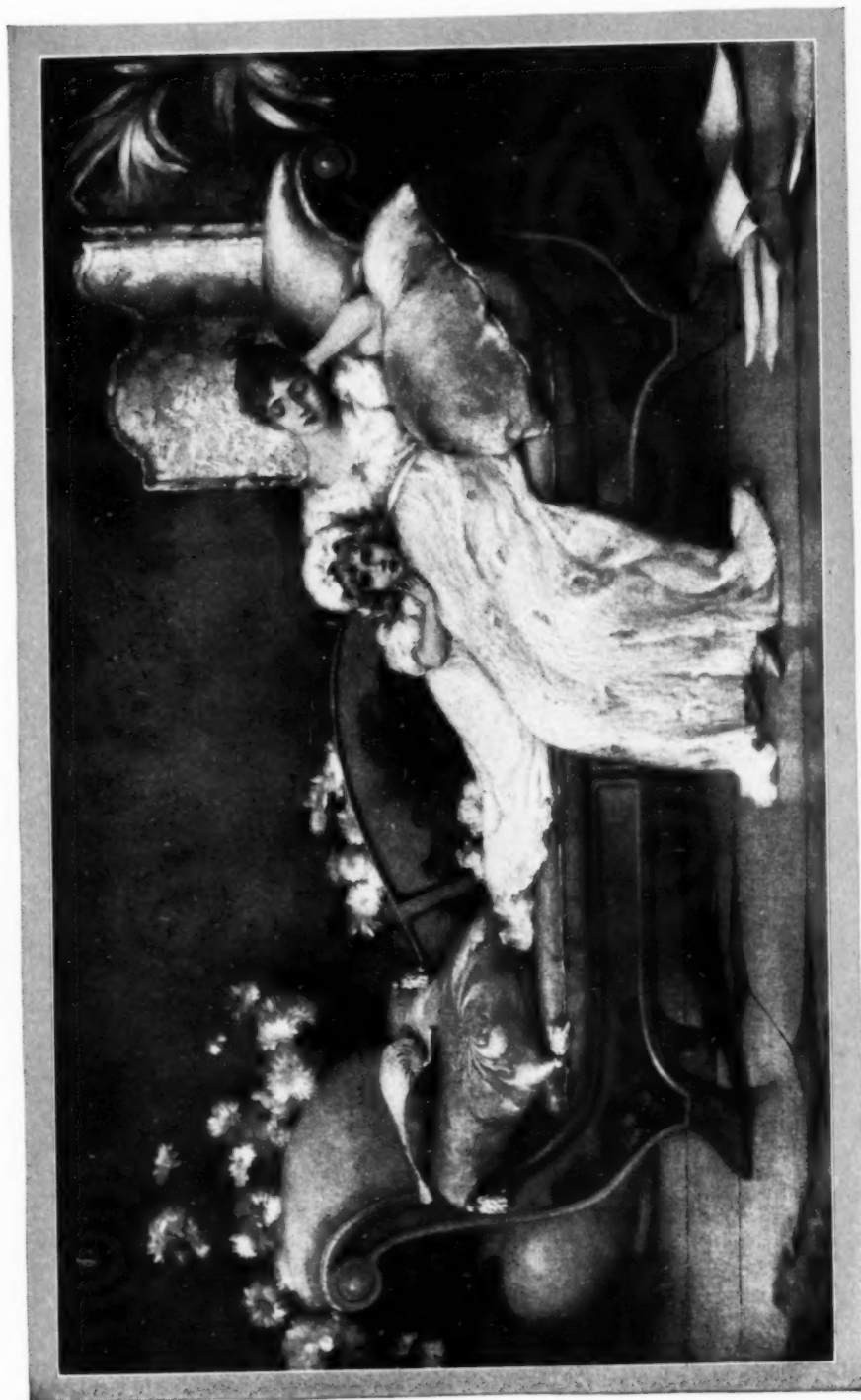
it forever after as what Walt Whitman called "a single, separate person." Immortality has been conferred upon an individual—an individual who also is representative of an entire class; and this dual and very difficult achievement has never been accomplished by an artist less than great.

In actual life any person we observe intently will interest us by his combination of typical and individual traits. The majority of his features will be representative of his class, but the minority of them will distinguish him clearly from other members of that class. To suggest this quality of characterization is one of the chief preoccupations of novelists and playwrights.

Suppose that a writer is working on a story whose hero is a college senior or a stock-broker. His first duty is to make his leading figure representative of the entire class of stock-brokers or of college seniors; he must exhibit traits that are immediately recognizable as to the manner born. But his

second and more difficult duty is to distinguish his hero from other college seniors or stock-brokers so clearly as to convince the reader that this creature is not an allegorical abstraction but a concrete person made of flesh and blood.

A similar preoccupation is imposed upon the portrait-painter. When the great Van-dyke accepted the task of rendering immortal the aristocracy of England, his first concern was to depict his sitters as gentle-



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"HUSH" 19

*From the painting by Maude Goodman*



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"A LABOR OF LOVE"

*From the painting by Maude Goodman*

men and ladies, and his second concern was to portray them as individuals. It would be impossible for us to confuse one of these individuals with another, and yet the examination of a hundred of these canvases gives us an emphatic impression of the recurrent characteristics of an entire social class.

But the painter of children is not necessarily constrained by this preoccupation. He may, if he chooses, regard his work as a department of portrait-painting and exert himself to render the particular characteristics of individual children; or he may, if he prefers, consider his task more broadly as an effort to render those more general characteristics which are common to the class. The former method, as has

been stated, is the more artistic, but the latter is more popular.

The paintings which are reproduced in association with the present article belong to the more popular category. An obvious feature of these pictures is their deliberate avoidance of characterization. The children represented in them are exhibited generically as children rather than particularly as individuals. Each of these paintings reminds us of some common phase of childhood, but none of them attempts to acquaint us with a single child whom we may remember clearly as distinct from any other. None of these children gives evidence of an impulse to "run to the rainbow's foot because he is five and a man"; but each is "mighty like a rose."



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" KITTENS "

*From the painting by Maude Goodman*

These paintings are the work of Maude Goodman—or, as she is known in private life, Mrs. Arthur E. Scanes. This artist began exhibiting in London in 1874, and since that date she has shown half a hundred of her canvases in the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. This fact is in itself an evidence of the popularity of her method—the method of celebrating childhood in general instead of centering studious attention on the character of one child in particular.

Certain other features of Miss Goodman's work may be considered, not unprofitably, in detail. It will be noticed that she prefers to represent children in association with their elders. Thereby she attains the easy emphasis of contrast. Her

grown-up people are usually depicted in repose, whereas her children are necessarily exhibited in action. This detail is a further illustration of the point which was discussed, a month ago, in the first of the present series of papers. She has also accentuated the activity of her children by the introduction of animals that are represented, likewise, in moments of characteristic action.

In these pictures the primary figures are treated actually, in reference to life; but the accessory details are treated formally, in reference to art. Miss Goodman's people are such as might be encountered anywhere in aristocratic English families; but these people are exhibited in environments which are by no means actual, but are,



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"GIN A BODY KISS A BODY"

*From the painting by Maude Goodman*

instead, conventionally decorative. This artist evidently follows Alma-Tadema in the studious care which she expends upon the painting of such secondary details as formal furniture, musical instruments, vases, flowers, and even marble pavements. And behind these details, which are rendered with the utmost actuality, she hangs vague backgrounds which suggest the decorative effect of half-obliterated tapestries.

Like most artists of her class, Miss Goodman is more successful in the technical task of painting silken gowns and filmy laces than in the more human one of building bodies and modulating faces. Her work is indubitably pretty; but, in the high and delicate sense, it is scarcely beautiful. It is difficult to put into words the distinction between these similar but different effects; yet some attempt at definition must be made to justify the present criticism.

There is no mystifying and alluring strangeness in these pictures. For this reason they might not be denominated beautiful by specialists in art; but the same point accounts for their undeniable prettiness. They are carefully pretty in detail and pleasantly decorative in their general effect. The artist's avoidance of individual characterization may be regarded as a defect or as a merit, according to the point of view of the observer. She has not attempted to make us remember any of her children as an individual, but she has succeeded in giving us a general impression of the charm of childhood which may remain with us after looking at her pictures, even as "music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory."



# A LITTLE COMMON PRODUCT

BY MARY LAVINIA BRAY

AUTHOR OF "FORTY MILES TO FALMOUTH." ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY THE KINNEYS

THE professor walked to and fro upon the terrace before his home, his hands clasped behind his back. His erect figure and bristling eyebrows suggested a militant spirit. The twinkle of his eye, the attitude of repose in which he paused occasionally to contemplate the view, indicated that for the moment, at least, he had no quarrel with the world.

The ground sloped gradually from the house to a low cliff overhanging a small lake, at the right of which stood the stone buildings of the university, their dark red roofs glowing warmly amid the thick green of great elms and maples. Commencement Day was just past, the business of the school year was ended, and the professor was entering upon the comparative freedom of vacation with the same energetic eagerness with which he would welcome the returning duties of the autumn.

He stood surveying the pleasant scene—the placid waters of the lake reflecting the June sunshine, the green basin in which they lay, the golden line of the encircling shore—which was lost to his vision where it met the cliff—the occasional figure strolling across an almost deserted campus.

The professor was satisfied with the world and with his place in it. He was honored in his calling, respected and beloved by his students. The principles and ideals for which he had striven all his life had been maintained. His career was a worthy record of struggle and achievement, his health perfect at sixty. How many men had so much reason to thank God?

In contemplating his blessings, his mind naturally reverted to Eurydice. Where was there another such daughter?

As if his thought had been echoed, a voice at his side said:

"Good morning, professor! I'm looking for Eurydice. Can you tell me where she is?"

He started.

"Ah, Howard! Good morning, my boy! Eurydice is taking a walk—along the shore, I believe. Part of the summer schedule—exercise, communing with nature, eight to nine. It is a stimulus to body and mind, at the same time uplifting the soul. Though Eurydice has now finished her work at the university, she will continue for a long time the system of education we have planned together."

"It is a wonderful system!" the young man answered, thinking of Eurydice, slender, beautiful, exquisitely feminine, yet with an amazing thirst for learning and a remarkable ability to acquire it. "You began very early with her, didn't you, sir?"

"Strictly speaking, her education began at three," said the professor. "At five she could read almost anything. At seven she understood concentration, and was capable of systematic thought and logic. That is the foundation of all study. When the mind is at work, teach it to labor; when resting or at play, to relax consciously; but let there be no time wasted without direct aim. Eurydice has hardly wasted an hour in her life."

Howard remembered his wasted hours, his actual pleasure in dreamy idleness, the difficulty he had found in keeping abreast of his class. He knew better than any of his fellows, who loved to rally him upon the subject, that had it not been for the fascinating influence and example of the professor's daughter, he would have "cut" the university one year after an insistent father had started him there.

"I wonder," he said soberly, "if a sys-

tem of that kind would have been a good thing for me!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the professor. Then, observing the reddening tint of his ex-pupil's face, he added, kindly but decisively: "It would have benefited you, no doubt; but you have not great natural ability, and Eurydice has." He changed the subject. "What are you going to do with yourself, now that your school-days are over?"

"Going into my father's business—to learn it from the ground up. Father has offered me a year abroad, but I believe I'd rather start in at the works first thing. He has been so generous that I'd like him to begin to see returns."

The professor looked at the young man thoughtfully.

"If it is your father's wish that you should have a year of travel before beginning work, my advice to you is to follow his wish. He may know better than yourself what is good for you. He might prefer waiting a year for the sake of better returns. Now, if I had a son—"

He paused and in a moment had slipped into a state of mental detachment that caused him to forget Howard's presence.

The professor had longed for a son in whom to demonstrate his original theories of education. It was with misgiving, at first, that he had applied these to his daughter; but she had not disappointed him. He began to meditate upon her future, again pacing to and fro, completely oblivious of young Howard, who, after a respectful interval, departed to find the sweet object of his inquiry.

"The girl is equipped to begin special training for almost any career," thought the professor. "She would make a splendid head of a woman's college. Her natural inclinations are toward languages, astronomy, philosophy. Might make an astronomer of her. Or, why not the law? She has a remarkably logical mind."

The professor's one relaxation was classic drama, particularly the plays of the three great tragedians of ancient Athens. He had given much thought to the possibility of reviving their immortal works. In such a revival, perhaps, Eurydice might become one of the world's most wonderful interpreters of heroic feminine rôles.

However—his eye brightened, his heart grew warm—there was no need to settle these matters immediately. Summer was before them, with a great delight in store.

He had been invited to head a party going to one of the islands in the *Ægean* for archeological research. Had the offer come a year earlier, he must have refused, rather than interfere with the exact curriculum for his daughter's study. Now he had earned a vacation, Eurydice a reward. She should accompany her father as his secretary. He would tell her that morning. What rejoicing should be hers!

## II

THE professor emerged from his abstraction, and looked about for Eurydice. He consulted his watch, and found that it was fourteen minutes past nine. What? Not returned yet! He walked about impatiently for some moments, consulted his watch again, and called peremptorily:

"Eurydice!"

There was no answer. Such tardiness was unprecedented and unaccountable. His impatience was succeeded by some alarm. Shading his eyes with his hand, he followed carefully the line of shore from the point where it ran out from under the cliff, describing a dazzling arc to the point at which the cliff swallowed it again. Not a creature was visible.

On the water a small sailboat rode at a distance; Eurydice could not be in it, or, at the worst and latest, it would be approaching the shore. She must be coming now with some explanation of delay.

Expectantly the professor went across the green lawn toward the edge of the cliff, down whose rather precipitous incline a trail wound to the beach. His daughter was not to be seen from the head of the path, nor to be heard approaching.

Frowning, he clambered to a projecting rock from which the scene directly below was visible, and there, steadying himself by the aid of a stout, overhanging limb, looked down. As he looked, a swift, spasmodic tremor shuddered over his body, causing even the branch to which he clung to sway. Nevertheless, he kept sure footing, and stood there, leaning over, motionless, like some grim carving suspended from the rock.

He saw why Eurydice had not come!

There, fifty or sixty feet beneath, sat the two of them—the girl with her lap full of wild roses, her head upon the young man's shoulder, his arm encircling her waist, his face against her hair. A stray word or sentence drifted up to the professor. He

saw Howard lift a rose and hold it beside her brown hair, saying:

"Just the color of your cheek!"

An expression of extreme disgust stiffened upon the professor's face. Presently he heard his daughter's clear voice murmur:

"I don't want to be kissed!"

"Thank Heaven for that!" her father exclaimed to himself.

A moment later, however, he felt that he could have dislodged a stone and sent it rolling down upon the hapless pair, for he saw Eurydice gently gathered into her lover's arms and kissed, unresisting.

There were further murmurs, so soft as to be unintelligible to the professor, further tendernesses, until his exasperation made it dangerous to continue observation from so insecure a perch. His impulse was to roar a command to his daughter; his instinct of dignity would not permit an act so ridiculous. Carefully he retraced his steps, intent upon descending the path and confronting the two in their ignoble occupation.

Meanwhile, a sudden terrifying recollection had come to Eurydice—that she had overstayed her time, that she had kept her father waiting. Hand in hand, the pair sprang to their feet, scattering a shower of roses, which they rescued hastily, unmindful of scratches, and scrambled up the path.

Hand in hand they were when, at the top of the cliff, the professor met them. Before his expression of amazement and the wrath of his gathering brows they stood dismayed, bewildered, mutely confessing, defenseless and appealing.

For an instant the professor could not find words. Then, in a voice sounding to their ears like thunder, he demanded:

"What does this mean?"

The young man answered bravely.

"Eurydice and I—we love each other."

"What?" cried the professor.

Her lover turned to Eurydice, who blushed rose-pink, the while her eyes looked as if they saw a glimpse of heaven.

"Yes, papa," she said demurely.

"What?" her father exclaimed again, unable to believe his ears, fighting against the evidence of his eyes.

"I want Eurydice to go abroad with me," said Howard, "if you will consent. I know that my father will be glad to have us marry, and—"

"I suppose you mean that he would be

glad to know that you had a wife with you to keep you out of mischief!" the professor interrupted furiously.

A dull color flamed in the suitor's face.

"No, sir," he answered quietly.

"Bah!" said the professor. "I know young men!"

But all his indignation was nothing to the grief with which he regarded his daughter.

"Eurydice," he said, "is it possible that you wish to marry? To give up your pursuits at the very threshold of life? To—leave—me?"

The girl threw herself into his arms, sobbing incoherently.

"No! No! I have no wish to leave you, father! We can all live together, and I will keep up my studies. While Howard is in town, you and I will work together every day—"

Her father put her from him almost roughly.

"Your studies are ended. No married woman continues systematic development of the mind. I had hoped to prove something to the world through you; but you have proven yourself unworthy. I have nothing further to say. Do as you please!"

He strode from them angry and unforgiving, as they knew. They did not know that behind the locked doors of his library his gray head was buried in his arms, and he wept.

### III

THE professor declined the invitation to accompany the archeological expedition. All his life he had looked forward to such an opportunity; but now that it had come, he had no heart for it.

At the wedding he fulfilled the time-honored rôle, bade his daughter farewell with apparently little emotion, and retired into contemplation of the futility of life and the consolation of the classic sages.

It was a lonely summer for the professor. The bridal couple sent him constant messages. Eurydice wrote long accounts of their travels, to all of which he replied briefly at long intervals. He did not know that each one of his formal letters brought pain to the daughter who would have had him share her happiness. Had he known, he would not have cared.

Eurydice longed for the reestablishment of their old sympathetic relation; yet day by day she grew conscious of the restraint

between them. Her letters, too, grew briefer, and became dutiful instead of intimate.

The summer passed, and after it another full season of work at the university. Again the professor was entering upon vacation, this time without plans and with complete indifference.

He was seated in his library, reading Aristophanes, when a cable message was delivered with appropriate excitement. Seldom did he receive such a communication, yet before giving it attention he finished a passage at which he chuckled appreciatively. Then he opened the yellow envelope and read:

Eurydice and baby born Tuesday well.

The professor read the message once more, adjusted his glasses, and remarked aloud:

"May the Lord have mercy upon its soul!"

Then he calmly returned to Aristophanes.

But the even tenor of his mind had been disturbed. Conscience told him that the message ought to have a reply. For a time he ignored conscience, but its persistence affected his enjoyment of reading, and presently, somewhat testily, he put down his book.

"Answer it?" he asked of himself. "What have I to say? What does she expect me to say? I congratulate no child upon being born into this world. Does Eurydice want congratulation? She ought to know better. She has no more than achieved the ordinary result of marriage. Babies are the commonest product of humanity. Almost everybody has one—or a dozen!"

He picked up his book again, as if dismissing the subject; yet he gazed thoughtfully at its pages without reading a line. A captivating idea had come to him.

Since Eurydice's desertion, he had lost interest in educational theory or practise. Now, of a sudden, the old zest revived. If, perchance, Eurydice had given birth to an infant of the sex whose life pursuits are not wrecked by marriage! If he had a grandson!

The professor began to pace the floor. He glanced again at the cablegram. No! It gave incomplete information, in perfect accordance with his son-in-law's stupidity.

If he had a grandson, one of exceptional

mind! This infant had an exceptional mother and an exceptional grandfather. It also had an average father and three average grandparents, common sense reminded him. Nevertheless, an extraordinary mother. Since Eurydice had chosen not to fulfil her own promise, the least she owed to the world was to present it with one who could atone for her. And Eurydice, except in one glaring instance, had always shown a keen sense of duty.

In great excitement the professor seized a pencil. He wrote:

If a male infant, and you wish me to undertake his education—if a male infant of sufficient brains—

Just then a second cable message was delivered. He tore it open with eager fingers, to read:

Forgot to say handsome little boy.

An expression of gratification stole over the professor's face, though it was one which he did not intend to indulge. He laughed loudly.

"Handsome! Ha, ha! I defy any new-born infant to be handsome. When it is old enough to exhibit signs of dawning intelligence—"

He scribbled a new message and sent it off:

Bring child home for education under my guidance.

When Howard read this to Eurydice she cried for joy.

"He has forgiven us!" she said.

Her husband looked slightly uncomfortable.

"You don't suppose your father is merely interested in using the baby for purposes of experiment?" he asked doubtfully.

"Howard!" she exclaimed. "So far as that goes, wasn't I an experiment?"

"All right," he responded cheerfully. "But suppose it isn't a wonder like you? Suppose it's like me?"

Eurydice laughed, and her eyes were full of tenderness.

"How could our baby be anything but a wonder?"

In the morning the professor received a final line:

Sailing Lusitania June 28.

"I am sixty-one," he thought, solemnly serene. "I can do it in twenty years. God give me twenty years!"

# AS HAVING NOTHING

BY JANET PRENTISS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

**I**F the 3rd of May promised to be the most momentous day of Miss Philippa's whole life, it was not Providence, but Mr. Norman Whittredge, yearling widower and one-time lover of Philippa, who so ordained it! Norman had planned for her approaching birthday a threefold surprise made up of the three things which Philippa all her forty years had lacked. Money first, of course; then fame; and last, if not least, love. Certainly the day promised well, Providence or not, for Philippa.

But as she got out of bed that morning Philippa had forgotten that it was her birthday; and if she had remembered it, she would have been indifferent to what the day might bring forth. Hadn't she seen forty other just as promising days end in disappointment? Besides, there was nothing now that she wanted.

It was only yesterday, in the little church where all her pious Sundays had been spent, that she told herself that now she was perfectly happy. "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things," droned the minister over the heads of his congregation, and Philippa jumped. "That's it!" she cried. "That's just it! As having nothing—"

And certainly, had she stopped to consult her rich and respectable neighbors at this point, midway between the sermon's thirdly and fourthly, they would undoubtedly have agreed that she had nothing! What, pray, was a house worth only six hundred and an income of five hundred dollars a year? Nothing, most assuredly! But that she possessed all things! All things! What insufferable presumption! What had she? they would like to know.

Fortunately, however, Philippa hadn't

consulted anybody, and was, therefore, mightily pleased with herself and her discovery. The next morning, as she fastened her last button, she set her coffee to boil and let the idea simmer. "There's nothing in all the world that I want!" she mused. "And, certainly, I've nothing to lose!"

This last was true beyond all cavil. When she was a mere child her father, poor in every sense, had passed out of life as unobtrusively as only the poor can, leaving five hundred dollars a year and an invalid wife in Philippa's weak hands—but before many years her mother, too, slipped out of their eager clasp.

Then Philippa had filled her empty hands with paint-brushes. She aimed high (mural decoration was the mark), but she never succeeded. With a hundred futile Pratts behind her, how could she hope to succeed? her friends asked.

It was at this time that Norman Whittredge first came into her life—and, having won her love, went out of it again without a word of explanation. But now—well, forty years can do a good deal for one, and those forty kind years had reconciled Philippa to her loneliness, had tempered her intemperate ambition, and had completely healed her broken heart. Or so Philippa often told herself.

"As having nothing!" she mused as she went to the door and took a letter from the box. As she had nothing and wanted less, there could be, of course, no such thing as bad news for her. She opened the letter indifferently. It read:

MISS PHILIPPA PEASE PRATT,  
DEAR MADAM:

It is my duty and privilege to acquaint you with the honor which your native State has con-



ferred upon you. You have been chosen to decorate the entrance hall of our beautiful State building at the approaching World's Fair at Oklahoma.

Congratulating you upon your success, and hoping for a favorable reply, I am

Yours very truly,

JOHN W. WESTON.

"Did you ever!" she cried first, quite inadequately, considering that this belated honor would once have topped her highest ambition. "Fame!" she added, five minutes later. "What do I want with fame now, after all these years? Why, that's so! To-day's my birthday! I'm forty years old!"

She ran to the quaint little mirror hanging between the windows and looked herself over at length. A delicately oval face crowned with misty hair floated and swam in the dark shadows of the dim old glass, which portrayed brutally enough the few signs those unlamented years had left.

"And I don't *feel* forty, either!" was the brief result of her long cogitation. Then she went back to her letter, reread it, and, picking up a portfolio from the table, she began hesitatingly to write. She wanted to tell Mr. Weston about her discovery, but her New England reserve stood in her way.

MR. JOHN W. WESTON.

DEAR SIR:

Thank you very much for your kind letter. Though I appreciate, I hope, the honor that you meant to show me, I shall be unable to undertake such a large piece of work this summer. I am too busy.

Yours very truly,

PHILIPPA PEASE PRATT.

When Philippa had finished and sealed her letter she looked herself squarely in the face again, only mentally this time.

"That sounds awfully like a lie! A downright lie!" she admitted. "But what would the good man have thought if I'd told him the whole truth? Suppose I'd said, 'Dear Mr. Weston, please don't bother me again with such futile things. I'd rather work out a color scheme in my garden than cover the walls of the whole State building with fugitive paint!' Besides," she added, as she set herself diligently to weeding carrots as a sop to conscience—"besides, I *am* too busy, you see! How impossible it would have been to decorate a whole room! Besides, I

wouldn't do it now for anything in the world you could give me!"

She was interrupted just here by the postman, who brought her a registered letter to sign. It was a long business envelope, and Philippa had had small dealings with such. As she opened it somewhat gingerly a slip of paper fluttered to the ground, where it blew to and fro unnoticed in the breeze.

MISS PHILIPPA PEASE PRATT.

DEAR MADAM:

Since I am now wealthy and have presumably but a short time to live, I wish to return a sum of money which, beginning many years ago, I borrowed (we will call it borrowed) from time to time from your father. It is not much, but it may add to your comfort the rest of your life.

Please find enclosed a five-thousand-dollar bill.

The letter was typewritten and unsigned.

"How terrible," cried poor, rich Miss Philippa, "after all these years!"

Then for a long time she sat staring blindly at the letter. A gust of wind whirled the bill farther and farther away, but she still sat immovable. Then she burst into tears.

"It isn't fair!" she sobbed. "It isn't fair! When mother needed it so! What did she ever have to make life sweet—except her garden? And as for father—he died before he had ever lived—what wouldn't this money have done for him?" The wind blew the bill back against her skirts, but she shuddered away from it. "Why should I be left with all this blood-money? I wouldn't keep it for—for—for a million dollars! I can't touch it! I won't touch it!"

After a long time she lifted her bowed head. "It's father's own money, after all—honestly earned! I'll have to do *something* with it. What? I'll give it away!" Her face lighted wonderfully at this easy solution of her difficulty. "But where—where?"

At first she meditated endowing a bed in a hospital, in memory of her father, for the use of unsuccessful and indigent men; but then, she reasoned, if a man could steal five thousand dollars from him, her father couldn't, after all, have been unsuccessful. She discarded that plan.

Just then another and apparently more satisfactory idea came to her—for she smiled delightedly. Just the thing! Pleasure, above all things, was what her mother and father had lacked. "It shall go where



PHILIPPA RESTED HER CHIN ON HER HANDS AND FACED HIM SQUARELY

it will give the most pleasure—what? Of course!” Once again she got out her portfolio, sobbing softly the while, “Mother was so fond of flowers!”

MR. GEORGE D. COFFIN.

DEAR SIR:

Please find enclosed a five-thousand-dollar bill. I wish to endow a bed for flowers in the department of agriculture, Gordon College, in memory

of my mother, Philippa Dawes Pratt. Please fill the bed with everblooming roses and have a border around it of old-fashioned flowers, such as mother loved—phlox, gillyflowers, spice pinks, and forget-me-nots—especially forget-me-nots; they were her favorite flower. I should think five thousand dollars would keep up such a bed forever.

Yours sincerely,

PHILIPPA PEASE PRATT.

Though the five thousand dollars was thus satisfactorily disposed of, Philippa found herself quite spent with her extravagance. She was tired to death! What a nerve-racking day this fortieth birthday was! Did fate always put one's philosophy to the test so promptly? She had snapped her fingers in the face of fame without turning a hair; but the return of the conscience money had shaken her more than she realized. It called up bitter, unforgettable memories—memories she had told herself she had forgotten.

The hammock hanging invitingly near suggested a moment's respite, and Philippa was soon fast asleep. But even in her sleep her memories pursued her. This time it was her old lover, Norman Whittredge. He was trying to explain why, having won her love, he had left without a word of explanation.

"I beg pardon!" he said, as his young, boyish figure came toward her down the slope of years, "I beg pardon!"

Philippa opened slow eyes. It was a far cry from the youth of twenty years ago, who had worn so gracefully her silken cloak of dreams, to the large, portly man standing before her, yet the likeness was unmistakable. It was Norman Whittredge himself who bent over her.

"I beg pardon!" he said again, loudly.

"Norman!" she cried.

"Philippa!" was all he could say. They looked long at each other. "I came to you as soon as I could—" he went on. "My wife died a year ago—I was engaged to her when I met you, and I thought I ought to marry her. It was foolish, perhaps—"

"It was splendid!" cried Philippa excitedly. "Just splendid!"

Norman took an eager step forward. "But it was you I loved, Philippa—and I lost you! Did you love me?"

"Yes, Norman," she admitted shyly, the delicate color tingeing her cheeks at the belated confession.

"But now—is it too late? Do you still love me?" He bent over her searchingly.

"I—I—I—" Philippa stammered. Events were moving too rapidly for a woman who had spent her days in a feminine backwater. She looked up dubiously at his six feet of masculinity and put out a restraining hand. "I've always loved you, Norman—"

He sat down heavily beside her in the hammock, and with a smothered cry of

protest Philippa toppled over into his arms.

"Then we must make up for lost time, dear!" he cried, and folded her close. Again and again he kissed her, for Philippa, flushed with sleep, was beautiful. But when she had yielded a shy, reluctant kiss to her old love—surely one kiss was enough for any one—she pulled herself weakly out of his engulfing arms. A long, enchanting silence fell between them—broken at last by Norman.

"Philippa, I'm hungry as an ox! I haven't had a bite since morning."

"Hungry! Hungry!" Hunger and romance rarely go hand in hand with women of Philippa's type. Thus summoned, she came slowly back those twenty years. "Come in—then—I'll get you some lunch."

As she walked absently up the garden path beside him, Norman spoke again:

"Popovers?" he asked.

"Popovers?" she repeated blankly.

"Popovers? What popovers?"

"Yours, of course!" Norman laughed.

"I've never forgotten them! Jane couldn't make 'em!"

"Your cook?"

"My wife. You're a famous cook, Philippa! No one can make popovers like you!"

"I've always wanted to be famous, too!" smiled Philippa rather wanly. She hardly knew whether to be pleased or not. It was pleasant, of course, to be remembered—but *would* he have remembered her if Jane had made good popovers?

"By the way," broke in Norman, "you must be a famous artist, too! You're to decorate our State building at Oklahoma, I hear! I don't know as you'll want anything to do with a plain coal-broker like me!"

"Why—who told you that?" Philippa felt for the letter in her pocket.

"Oh—er—a little bird—"

"A little bird! Really, who did tell you?"

Norman pulled himself together. "John Weston. I know him."

"Oh! But I'm not going to do it!"

"Not going to! *Not going to!* Why aren't you going to? You surely aren't thinking of throwing away such an opportunity! Besides—some one has got to do it—now! I—I—" Norman was purple with dismay.

"But I haven't got to!" laughed Phi-

lippha blithely. "You act as though I had. Mr. Weston can find plenty who will, I dare say, if that's what bothers you. Why should I do it, when I'd so much rather weed—carrots? And I don't need the money, you see, so why should I?" Looking confidently up at Norman, she caught a glimpse of his red face. "Oh!" she cried sympathetically. "You feel the heat, don't you? It's cooler in here."

Ignoring her sympathy, Norman sat down limply in a chair.

"I see! I see!" he said in a moment, comprehension dawning in his eyes. "You mean that you have enough money now—you don't need to work any more—I see!" His second surprise had not missed fire, at any rate. "But the name—the fame—is that nothing to you?"

"It would have been once—but not now," and Philippa turned to look at him.

He seemed, to her feminine eyes, to fill her tiny house; to fill it and to elbow her out in the process. It was the genus *man* that he stood for, to her, just then; and though poor Norman couldn't be supposed to know that he stood for the whole masculine gender, he did realize how much room he took up, for he said, in a stifled tone, as he looked around him:

"What! Just these four little rooms! Have you been as circumscribed as all this?" The State building was forgotten. Norman, radiating beneficence, assured Philippa fondly: "I'll change all this at once! At once!"

Philippa's countenance fell this time. She thought her little old-fashioned house as large as a perfect house should be; was there not room enough for her pictures, her books, and herself? What more could any one wish?

"But I don't want it changed!" she cried out. "There's plenty of room for me!"

"For you, yes! But how about me?" queried Norman somewhat petulantly, and as he spoke Philippa realized that if he expected to live there, too, one of them would have to room out. Then, of a sudden, a yet more horrid thought assailed her. Not under another roof only must she exist hereafter, but under another name—even Philippa Pratt Whittredge!

While she was picking herself up from that blow she was knocked down another time by Norman, who said in his most positive and masculine tone:

"How unreasonable you are, my dear! You can't live in this out-of-the-way place! after we are married. I must be near Boston, of course. But you'll like Boston," he added, with an appraising look about him. "Just the thing for you! Pictures, books, hand-bags, and spectacles! You aren't a blue-stocking, are you, Philippa?" Norman asked suspiciously.

Tucking her toes modestly under her chair, Philippa disdained this charge with a haste which engendered doubt. "No! No! I'll run and make you your popovers!"

What she wanted more than anything else was time to think—time to take account of these promised changes.

In spite, however, of her misgivings, Philippa set the table daintily with her grandmother's blue china and thin silver spoons; then she made half a dozen popovers, put on the remnants of a cold chicken which had already served for two or three dinners, and added the white heart of a head of lettuce and three small preserved plums! A very dainty lunch it was—for a woman! When the six popovers were done she called Norman.

"I'm desperately hungry," he said, falling to—and straightway off his pedestal he fell in this most trying test of a would-be husband.

Philippa's first thought, as the chicken vanished, was, most naturally, of the morrow—what she should eat; her second, that never, even when it was alive, had she seen a chicken disappear so rapidly; her third, that it would have been well had she kept that five thousand dollars.

While Norman was eating, Philippa, with white elbows upon the table, took her courage and her chin in both hands and faced him squarely for the first time. What was this man like—this man she was going to marry? She was going to marry! Philippa forced the thought home to her benumbed senses. He was a fine-looking man; she saw that. And yet—

He loomed so; he was so big, so imminent, so inclined, moreover, to be—well, *plump*! "Especially," thought Philippa modestly, "in his middle front. But small wonder!"

His hunger satisfied for the moment, Norman picked up Philippa's big Maltese cat and made himself thoroughly at home; while Philippa, in the kitchen, was lingering as long as possible over the work of



clearing up, which Norman had so greatly simplified for her.

"No scraps!" she murmured. "What will the chickens do?"

"Philippa!" The huge sound reverberated through the little house, and Philippa, who had for the moment mercifully forgotten him, jumped. "Haven't you a newspaper?"

"Want to light the fire?" she called back.

"No! I want to read it!" said a surprised voice.

"There's a last week's one in the wood-box. Won't that do?" She started to search for it under the wood, but Norman stayed her hand.

"How in the world," he demanded querulously, "do you know what's going on? What do you do for news? You can't afford to—"

"I could afford it, if I wanted to!" Philippa broke in. "I've five hundred a year!"

Norman stood stock still.

"Did you say—did you say that you had only five hundred a year?" he asked in pitying amazement. "I'd no idea that one could live on that!"

From his expression, as he looked around the room, it was plain that he understood at last why she had so little to eat; why she didn't take a newspaper; the poor little cottage; everything! All was clear to him! Then—he smiled.

"But is that all you have—now?" he insinuated with a fairy godfather look.

Philippa nodded as she choked back a nervous laugh. "It's all I have now. Oh, Norman, I didn't mean to tell you—you won't understand, I'm afraid—I had five thousand dollars given me this morning, and—"

"How generous!" Norman rubbed his hands delightedly. "That's great! Who—who gave it to you—if I may ask?" He burst into a great laugh.

"I don't know. He didn't say. But that doesn't matter—I've just given it away."

"What!" shouted Norman. "What!"

"There! I was afraid you wouldn't understand!"

Still doubting the evidence of his own ears, he turned upon her. "Did I understand you to say—"

"That I've just given it away—yes."

"Given it away? Given it away?"

Given away five thousand dollars? Impossible! No one in her senses—impossible!" he repeated over and over. But the calm confirmation on Philippa's face at last convinced him. He sat down suddenly, as purple as a plum. "What for? For Heaven's sake, what for?"

Very, very quietly Philippa said: "I endowed a bed with it—in memory of my mother. Good gracious! Are you subject to apoplexy? Sha'n't I send for the doctor?"

"Endowed a bed!" repeated Norman dully. "I should have thought you might have endowed a whole dormitory with all that money!"

"A conservatory, you mean, don't you? I never thought of that! And mother was so fond of flowers—"

Though Norman had never had the pleasure of knowing her mother, he could hardly voice his regret at this particular use of his money. All he trusted himself to say, as he laughed ruefully, was:

"You haven't the faintest idea of the value of money, have you?"

"Perhaps not," assented Philippa dubiously; "but I can make it go farther than most!"

For several minutes Norman circled the room like a caged lion, muttering: "Five thousand dollars! Why, the interest on five thousand dollars would be—" Suddenly he came over and took Philippa's hands in his.

"Tell me, Philippa," he said wonderingly, "why did you throw away all that money and refuse to decorate that room? I—I got John Weston to give you the chance. I can't understand!"

"Did you? It was very good of you!" Philippa liked him just then more than she supposed was possible. "But don't you see? Five hundred dollars a year is all that I need—and Norman—What's fame if you don't want it?"

Though she supposed that she had explained perfectly, Norman still shook his head; and yet, in spite of her monstrous folly, he still wanted to marry her.

"What's done's done!" he sighed as he sat down beside her. "I, for one, sha'n't cry over spilt milk. Only, I shall hold the purse-strings after we are married!" He picked up the cat and leaned back comfortably in his chair. "Read me something, Philippa—you used to read. Read me something quieting."





SHE THREW THE BOWL WITH ALL HER MIGHT AGAINST THE HEARTHSTONE

"Poetry or the paper?" queried Philippa soothingly.

"It's a week old!" he groaned.

"So's the poetry!" She was too tactful to draw the moral.

As Philippa, leaning over her book, became oblivious of Norman's presence, in some hardly more romantic love than theirs, he studied her. Her dark hair, hardly touched with gray, fell in soft loops away from her broad forehead; the fire-light played fitfully over her intent face; and her mouth drooped sweetly, yet a little plaintively, at the corners. Finally satisfied, or, it may be, a little dissatisfied, with the changes twenty years had wrought, he settled himself more comfortably in his ominously creaking chair and said:

"Isn't this cozy, Philippa? Aren't we going to be happy together?" Then, not awaiting an answer, he fell asleep. Whether this fact hastened the end or not, it certainly gave Philippa time to collect her scattered thoughts.

"Happy—happy *together!*" she mused.

But who could have been more happy than she *alone*? Had she ever complained of loneliness? She was a thousand times more lonely now with Norman there beside her! He seemed to her as extraneous—as extraneous and as unwelcome—as a cinder in the eye. She could as soon forget one as the other. Given time, one could usually get a cinder out; but Norman was there—there for eternity. Not the question whether we shall recognize our friends in heaven troubled her now, but whether we *must!*

"Happy together!" From the depths of the big chair a snore, faint at first, yet ever increasing in volume, aroused Philippa from her reverie. She cast one frightened glance in Norman's direction, and as she looked the cat, aroused by the noise, jumped down and made for shelter under the sofa. Crash! Boom! Crash! The wave of sound retreated to break again with redoubled force upon the pained silence.

"How dreadful he is—like that—asleep!" Philippa whispered, and, jumping up hastily, she paced the floor, casting timid glances in Norman's direction. She wanted to join the cat under the sofa. "Must I bear this forever and ever and ever?" she demanded of Heaven; and by way of answer, perhaps, a sudden happy

thought arrested her on her way across the room.

"Why," she gasped, "that's so! I haven't *got* to marry him—and I needn't stand this another minute, either!" And catching up a precious green Grueby bowl, she threw it with all her might against the hearthstone.

"Ah, Jane!" murmured Norman. "Ah, Jane!"

"It isn't Jane! It's Philippa!"

"Oh!—ah!—yes, Philippa!"

"I'm too old to marry!" she cried passionately. "It's too late! It's too late!"

"Too late?" Norman's waking look consulted the clock, which stood at quarter to five. "Too late for what?"

"Too late to marry. Please—please go home."

"Why, certainly, dear," Norman said in some surprise. "It has been a trying day, first and last—"

"Oh, it surely *has*, now hasn't it?" agreed Philippa.

"And we can be married to-morrow just as well," Norman added.

"No! No!" It seemed to Philippa that she shrieked, "No!"

As soon as he crossed the threshold she locked and bolted the door, and, wiping the cheek where his kiss had fallen, she sank wearily into the nearest chair.

"Suppose I had married that—that—*man!* Where would *it*—Philippa Pease Pratt—have been now?"

She took heart after a while, when she realized that she was still single—with the quality of her femininity untainted by the recent proximity of man. Then, for the third time that day, she got out her portfolio and wrote:

DEAR NORMAN:

It was all a dreadful mistake! I can't possibly marry you! I'd rather die!

Until we meet in heaven, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage—

I remain,

PHILIPPA PEASE PRATT.

Having run to the corner with her three letters, Philippa came back, hastily undressed, and, early as it was, got into bed.

As she stretched herself among her pillows she murmured: "As having nothing, and yet—goodness knows, I don't want another thing! Except," she added piteously—"except another nice green Grueby bowl."

# GREEN BLINDS

BY ELIZABETH HUTCHINSON

"YOU'LL be back to-night?" my sister questioned me from the station platform.

"Yes," I said, "I'll be back to-night." And almost as I said it I knew I lied.

I felt I had lied to myself all along in thinking I wouldn't see Will. Ever since his letter had come I had been deceiving myself—my delay had not been because I couldn't decide, but because the opportunity was lacking. He had written that he hadn't expected an immediate reply—he may have realized my difficulties—also the delicacy of his position.

My brother's letter had come on Christmas Eve; at first I took it to be merely in place of the card he generally sent, wishing us to be merry. I never could help thinking how much merrier we might have been except for him; our merriment could have been almost figured by the dollars and cents we had sacrificed to save him from prison stripes.

We had paid back to his employer the money he had stolen, and all we had left after that was our house and our hands to work with. Our hands were worn after twenty-five years and our house was in disrepair.

And now Will wanted to repay us what was ours; for years it had been in his mind to do, and now the time was here. He had sent for me to come to the city to see him. It was as well he hadn't sent for Ida, for she wouldn't have gone. She couldn't bear to think of him, and now that she did bear to, she thought of him as a thief.

"Once a thief," she said, "always a thief." And questioned the origin of the money he was offering to pay us. Under no circumstances would she accept it.

I had tried to break down my sister's prejudice.

"Suppose you find you're wrong," I asked, "and he isn't a thief now, but has

made his money honestly, wouldn't it make a difference?"

"I won't find I'm wrong," she said, "so there's no use going into that."

Ida was vindictive.

I had the fancy that she embroidered her vindictiveness into the delicate stuffs which were her share of our burden. She would sit by the hour, her embroidery-ring held close to her near-sighted eyes, the motion of her needle-hand a succession of stiff, accurate jabs.

She embroidered. I kept chickens. It was a source of considerable comfort to my sister that I confined myself to Plymouth Rocks. It was far better to be a chicken fancier than to be merely a keeper of hens, just as it was far better to embroider than to sew. Both were honest. We were two honest old women living by the work of our hands, not—as Ida pointed out—luxuriating in ill-gotten ease. Yet Ida loved ease. It was for her I most minded our not having it.

There were many things which wouldn't have made any great difference to me but made a great deal to her. Neat new blinds for one, freshly painted, she considered an accessory essential to every house—and the blinds of ours were loose on their hinges and had slats half gone. She always noticed them when she came back from the post-office with the evening mail; she could see from the sidewalk the light within shining through brokenly—she said it was like the infrequent teeth of a gaping mouth.

She might have noticed them so the night she brought me Will's letter—at least it seems on that occasion as though the unpleasant association might have been more than usually heightened.

She had come in all atremble. When I saw the envelope I had steeled myself for a shock, and then the shock was on the side of immeasurable relief. It was for her

I had been glad. But I looked and saw her small, lined face was alight with anger.

"It's for the good of his own soul," she had said, "not for us, he does it."

Our Christmas had been a day of talk. The dinner I was always at some pains to prepare was eaten without taste, the meat I let burn in the oven, some holly neighboring boys had brought us remained stacked in the corner. But I never knew before exactly how it was that Ida had regarded her brother. The way she couldn't face the disgrace he had brought us amounted to a physical disability.

I admit that the case could hardly have been worse. Will had become a thief in order to gamble in the city—the sort of gambling which has no saving grace. He had staked all he had on the turn of a wheel or the chance of a card, and lost and stolen and lost—finding plenty of low men who had been glad to make their profit from his folly.

These were beneath blame. The person—outside himself—whom Ida most denounced was Everett Ely, the son of Will's employer.

From the first she had held him responsible for Will's offense; though now it seemed hardly credible that he should have any connection with it. And this, too, irritated Ida. For Everett Ely's wild oats were all sown and covered deep; his whole weight, as it were, was on the side of law and order.

People had mostly forgotten the days when he had been a wild young man, casting a glamour and setting a pace. But he had through his wildness a steadiness which saved him. For my brother his example wasn't fair. He had pulled himself through, while Will was still a sort of ghost in the void, a name not mentioned in full breath.

This last was a side I began to realize as my train neared town. I had had a minor errand there which now didn't matter—all my thoughts were gathered to my meeting with my brother. I telegraphed him as he had directed—he had given a big hotel as his address. All I had to do was to set an hour, and then, on my arrival, wait in the lobby while a bell-boy called his name. He didn't expect me to recognize him after twenty-five years.

"A boy to page Mr. Hodge? Certainly, madam," said the clerk.

He had no sooner finished speaking than

I heard my name, Katherine, and turned to face him whom I knew must be my brother.

"Will!"

He didn't look like a thief. He was smooth and rosy as a fine winter apple, and met my eyes with the frank smile of honesty. His clothes outlined his plumpness with almost too loving an exactness; in spite of his smile, there was something about him almost too subdued and fine.

He repeated my name. I couldn't help wondering if he was as nervous as I was—at any rate, he didn't show it.

"You're hungry," he said; "we'll eat while we talk."

"There'll be a great deal of talk," I prophesied as he led me to the dining-room.

"That's what I want—I must hear all about Eastport. When I left the town was growing. I suppose it still is."

It was an odd line for him to take. And before he was through with his suppositions it seemed to me still odder. He had a memory for the details of Eastport history and asked me questions which I couldn't possibly answer, as I didn't know the founding facts. I ate; he talked.

Once he asked for my sympathy.

"Katherine," he said, with his hand across the table to me, "I don't think you realize how lonely I've been."

I had realized it very much. I had been all along extremely sorry for him. But now, in seeing him, my pity was dulled. He was so sleek, so prosperous, and yet had no visible right to these conditions. That he seemed to have nothing in the world to do was, according to my provincial admiration for labor, the most damning evidence against him.

We talked of Ida. Her brother remembered her as an exceedingly pretty girl in white muslin and blue ribbons.

"You've taken care of her?" he pressed me. "You've kept her from harm? She could never bear anything evil. Her whiteness was so fine a smirch would show." He remembered her singing in the choir at church. "Her voice," he said, "floating out through the open windows on a summer Sunday—it was the nearest to religion most of us young men ever came."

"Why didn't you ask Ida to come to see you here along with me?"

"I didn't want her."

"Why not?"

"I wouldn't care to say to her what I'm going to say to you."

Again he put me off. He put me off for the rest of that day and the beginning of the next, during which time he paid me devoted attentions. He procured a room for me at the big hotel. In my name he kept Ida informed of my whereabouts.

At last he was ready. He came to me at noon of my second day in town. "We'll take a taxi through the park," he said, "and go into everything."

I always associate that rapid, dodging course with revelations even more momentous.

My brother began by repeating a good deal of what had been in his letter—he told me how for years he had waited to square his accounts, and now he was in a position to do so.

"I want to pay you back every cent you paid for me, with a good fat interest added. I want to give you a little comfort for the rest of your life. If it wasn't for what you did, I should be—well, you know where."

"We don't wish thanks," I said. I was gazing out through the cab window at the bare branches of the park trees. I felt he had something more important to say than a reiteration of payments made and promised. I turned to him: "Will, you must tell me what's the matter!"

My demand took him by surprise. He looked up sharply. "I'm telling you now."

There was a pause between us.

"I suppose," Will said at last, "that in Eastport they don't mention my name."

"No," I had to admit, "as a matter of fact, they don't."

"And Ida feels the same?"

"Yes," I said, "the same."

"I suppose she wouldn't have come to see me even if I had asked her; but if she knew the truth—"

I waited. "Yes—"

"Why—if she knew—she would refuse to accept my offer."

I had nothing to say—all I could think of was that Ida had been right.

"You know," said Will, "if I hadn't taken that money from old Ely I should have been working in his dry-goods store yet." He spoke as if this happy theft had put him on his feet, and then: "Do you believe in tainted money?"

I didn't understand.

"Money come by not quite according to the rules of Eastport. The money I stole was tainted because I stole it, but what about it when it reached the men who took it away from me?"

"You mean the gamblers?"

"Yes. You see, they didn't care where or how I got it, all they cared was to get it themselves."

"They were thieves."

"Oh, no; they were straight enough"—my brother's tone changed—"we all have our living to make."

I was suddenly filled with the knowledge that he was defending himself.

"Have you?"

"What?"

"Your living to make?"

"Why, of course."

"And in that way?"

"Yes."

I recalled a bit from an old song of the Mississippi River:

The ship went sailing round the bend,

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Her decks were covered with gambling men—

It surely wasn't as one of these that my brother presented himself before me. I thought of flashing steel, scattered cards, loud voices and trappings; I saw Will, who reminded me—more than of anything else—of a successful undertaker turned jolly.

"I have a place," he said. "A house where my customers come," he presently elucidated.

"And you want to give us the money you've made there?"

"If I do, it will make me feel right."

It was for the sake of his conscience, as Ida had said. All along I kept seeing the thing with her eyes, thinking of her—what she would think and do. I asked him if he didn't want Ida to know. He wanted her to take the money—that was all he cared for—he talked about the justice of it—justice all through. He wanted me to smooth over the truth. He spoke of it as a favor to himself.

"It isn't much to ask," he said.

All that afternoon he begged me and prayed with me. He had the money ready—a great roll of new bills which I could deposit in the nearest bank. Ida's share I could take to her by check.

I could make Will out any occupation I chose. He suggested real estate.



If she accepted what I told her it would solve our difficulties. That night, in my room where Will had left me while he attended to his affairs, I went to sleep still not knowing which of us would be more benefited by the transaction—myself, who would no longer have to worry; Ida, who would have her rightful comforts, or my brother, who would be made to feel right.

I was so taken up with my own part in the situation that the mere fact of Will's profession didn't trouble me as it should. I had to recall to myself that he had again stepped outside the law. He was outside, and he had prospered—just as we should prosper with his money in our pockets.

Was all prosperity so founded? I began to question the smug success of Everett Ely. I had new problems to face.

The next morning Will came for me. He was worried, he said, about the money which he still had with him.

"I thought men like you carried immense sums all the time!"

He laughed. "That may be so, but this is different."

I went with him to a bank and he placed the money in my name—merely for convenience, he said; it didn't bind me to anything. I knew I was being maneuvered, but I had a few hours of extreme richness.

Will left me at the station. "Don't spend more than your own share," he admonished, "before you give Ida her check."

"I haven't spent any of it yet," I said. "I sha'n't until I decide what to do."

His last words were like some he had used in his letter: "When you come to a decision, let me know."

I saw to it that my new bank-book was safe in my bag and, thus armed, went on to the last stage of my journey. I kept reiterating: "Real estate—that's what he does—real estate."

I was all prepared with my lie.

I wanted to get it over as soon as possible. "Ida," I said, "I have a confession to make—I've seen Will!"

Ida was sitting in her place by the window, making good use of the last hour of

daylight. She was quiet, and yet quite visibly agitated.

"I thought you had," she said, "as you were gone so long. But Will doesn't matter now."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean he can't tempt us now. You haven't heard the news."

"What news? I walked from the station; I've seen no one."

Ida folded her embroidery in her lap.

"Everett Ely's dead. He died the night of the day you left. His heart was weak. I didn't send for you because there's hardly been time. The funeral is to-morrow. But that isn't all," said Ida; "that isn't the news."

It seemed to me news enough, but my sister was inexorable: "The news is that he's left us money—the same amount we paid his father back for Will. His widow came over and told me. She said his father had always felt badly about letting us pay, but at the time he couldn't afford to refuse, and when the old man died he couldn't take the money out of the business. But they've plenty now, and Mrs. Ely fully consents to our having it—she told me so soon, so that we shouldn't be too surprised when it comes out. Of course, its being a legacy makes all the difference. You'd better write to Will that he doesn't need to bother."

She didn't take any further interest in hearing about Will. She once asked me if I had written him, and I said I had.

I go to town occasionally and see him. I keep him informed of our new comforts, and it gives him much pleasure to think that he had been able to help us. My money I've removed to a bank he doesn't know, where it lies almost undisturbed among its accumulating interest. It gives me, I know, a sense of great richness, and I buy presents for Ida from the proceeds of the chickens I continue to keep. She has stopped embroidering. In the spring we are to have our house repaired—we'll have new blinds. Will suggests that they be painted green, as green is for him a lucky color.

#### EVIDENCES

Dawn's gold, the violet's tender eye,  
A star, a thrush's vesper cry,  
Bear evidence enough for me  
Of God—and His divinity!

Clinton Scollard



A SKETCH OF PHIL MAY  
BY HIMSELF

# POSTHUMOUS SKETCHES

BY

PHIL MAY

WITH AN APPRECIATION BY

HY-MAYER

The discovery of new and unpublished drawings by Phil May, perhaps the world's greatest master of black and white illustration, and one of the most famous caricaturists for *Punch*, makes timely an article of uncommon interest by Mr. Hy. Mayer, the noted American cartoonist, who knew May well.

May's work enjoyed world-wide vogue fifteen or twenty years ago, and the artist himself was received with open arms in America, which he toured in 1893 for the *London Graphic*.

The unique illustrations which accompany this article, now published for the first time, include some of the sketches that May made during his American tour. They are the property of Mr. Mayer, whose story casts new light upon the fascinating and odd personality of his celebrated friend.—EDITOR.

IN 1893, while making illustrations for American newspapers at the Chicago World's Fair, I visited a private Sunday afternoon view of a special feature of the exposition to which distinguished wri-

ters and artists from all over the world had been invited. I exhausted myself meeting literary and artistic dignitaries and finally retired to a remote corner of the German Village to sit with some friends.



IN THE GLADSTONIAN ERA

I set him down as some amateur artist seizing an idle moment in which to practise on my defenseless face.

That night, at the Chicago Press Club, I was presented to Phil May, but not until then did it occur to me that earlier in the day I had sat as a model for this man, who, more than any other artist of his day, redeemed black and white illustration from overelaboration and recalled it to paths of simplicity.

Whistler was once asked his opinion concerning black and white illustration. "I know nothing about it," replied the great cynic, "but Phil May."

At that time May was in his twenty-ninth year. Fame had already placed her laurel wreath on his banged brow and he was on a trip around the world for the *London Graphic*, the World's Fair being merely one point at which he touched and left evidence of his incomparable power. He had just come from Canada, where he had received all the honors due a man who could make an entire nation laugh. Previous to that he had toured Europe, with rich results to his sketch-book. His globe-girdling trip ended abruptly at Chicago.



A WISE MAN

After a time a young man, noticeable for his outlandish nose, and with a sketch-book on his lap, began to help himself to my features. Familiar with the artistic temperament, I facilitated his work by sitting motionless, a condition of which he quickly took advantage.



HIS LORDSHIP

Club, the night that my long friendship with Phil May began, occurred an incident over which May and I had many a chuckle in after years. Incidentally, it affords a characteristic glimpse of his unique personality.

The entertainment for the evening was furnished by a group of Egyptian fakirs. To see them perform the throng of members and guests swarmed into a room so small in comparison with their numbers that when the jugglers began their weird tricks they were surrounded by banks of humanity four or five tiers deep. May was jammed against the wall near one of the doors. I was not far from him. As usual, May had with him the sketch-book that so seldom left his hands. The fakirs had no sooner begun their tricks than May's pencil was out and he was transferring their lean, hook-nosed faces to his paper. "They're interesting - looking beggars, at least," I heard him remark to the man at his left, as he rapidly drew a crop of Egyptian physiognomies on the white sheets.

The fakirs gave, on this occasion, an exhibition of tricks that would have been prohibited in public, but which they ventured to display before the hardened nerves of the newspapermen.

One swarthy, ugly faced scamp, for example, placed a long sword with the hilt on the floor and the point resting on his bare abdomen. Then he allowed three men to clamber upon his back, their weight increasing the ter-



THE JOCLAR TYPE



A WISER WOMAN

rible pressure that he already was exerting with his own body on the exposed sword-point. It was an almost incredible exhibition of the extent to which it is possible to toughen one's muscles. With a few bold strokes May's pencil caught the scene. He had the photographic eye of accuracy.

How the fellow was able to sustain the pressure without being slit in two by the sword was a thing that May and I often debated in after years, never reaching a wholly satisfying explanation. However, let us return to our muttons.

As the jugglers went on with their marvels, May's pencil flew across the paper, catching the varying expressions that flitted over the faces of the wondering spectators. All were swiftly recorded in that book that held more of life than most men live.

Over in one corner crouched a greasy negress with the slashed cheeks common to the slave negresses of the Upper Nile region. These slashes are their "beauty spots." She was chanting a doleful ditty that she repeated until it began to get on our nerves, meanwhile constantly prodding with a short, blunt stick a tarantula held captive in a basket of osiers. It was explained that she was getting it ready as a titbit for the dessert of an iron-stomached fakir, a modern Moloch, who was making a meal of hot coals.

Such "magic" as was shown that evening I have never seen before or since. With the exception of May, whose pencil was all the time flying and whose eyes were less on the tricks than on the crowd and the jugglers, every man in the room

was utterly absorbed in watching the seeming prodigies the members of the troupe were performing. Suddenly, with a warning shriek, the negress discovered that the harassed tarantula had escaped. In her excitement she tried to hurdle the rows of spectators who jammed the nearest doorway, but merely succeeded in landing sprawling on top of those who were sitting cross-legged on the floor, almost plunging her head into May's anatomy.

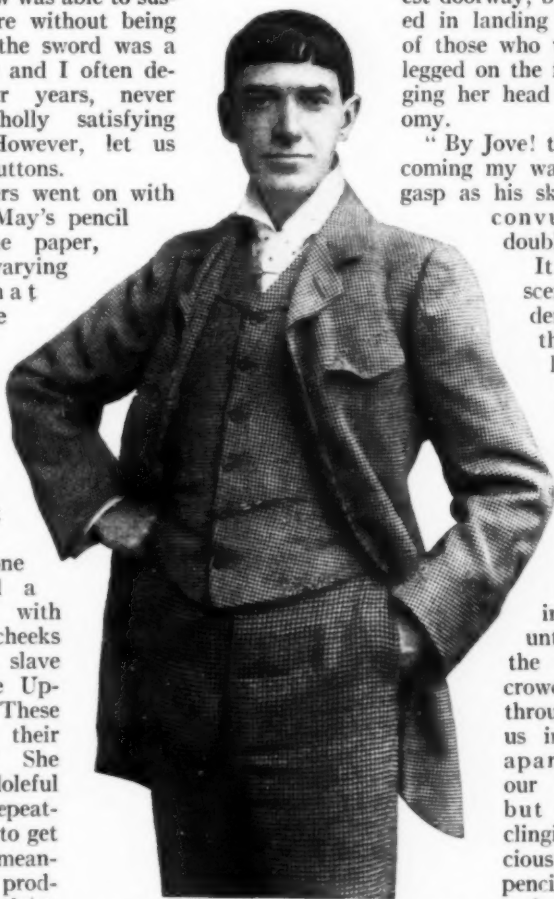
"By Jove! things are certainly coming my way!" I heard him gasp as his sketch-book closed convulsively when he doubled up to escape.

It was a wild, wild scene. Every one suddenly discovered at the same time that he had important business elsewhere. You never saw a room emptied in swifter fashion. May and I met again, this time jammed together in the doorway until the pressure of the terror-stricken crowd behind forced us through and spewed us into the adjacent apartment with half our clothes torn off, but with May still clinging to his precious sketch-book and pencil.

An instant later, as I looked around, I was amazed to see May

standing in a corner and sketching, with a broad grin, the faces of the terrified crowd that poured out before him.

"There's nothing so funny as fright, when it's the other man that is frightened," he explained to me a little later. "That was too good a chance to lose. Those were the first absolutely natural expressions that some of those men had worn in years. It takes a tarantula to turn dignity into a fast runner."



THE LATE PHIL MAY, TAKEN THE SAME YEAR HE VISITED THE UNITED STATES

When it was all over everybody laughed at himself, but the fact remains that no stampede was ever set, staged, and enacted more speedily. Incidentally the tarantula was never found, except in Phil May's sketch-book.

The striking pictures May made on his American tour, including that of the bomb-



REHEARSING FOR THE 'ALLS

bastic West-erner into whose mouth he put the words, now known all over the world, "He plucked the rose from the brow of innocence and set a blister there," were first published in color in the *Graphic* and later in

book form as "The Notes of a Globe-Trotter."

After he left Chicago, the next time I met Phil May was at the Savage Club in London. Soon after that, during my stay in the British capital in 1898-1899, May and I became close friends, and at his home on Holland Park Road I passed many an enjoyable evening. I recall with especial pleasure a series of weekly dinners that May and a trio of friends, of whom I was one, used to hold at Pagani's. We—May, A. B. Wenzell, the American illustrator, Bertram Mackennal, the Australian sculptor, whose statues of Queen Victoria have made him famous in every British colony, and myself—met every Tuesday evening in the celebrated little upper room whose walls are covered with the autographs of many distinguished visitors. May at that time was on the staff of *Punch*, filling the place made vacant by the departure of Du Maurier.

At these dinners, and during the evenings spent at his house, I grew to know May well. He had the most charming, lovable personality of any man I ever knew. He was spare and pale and not so tall as he often represented himself in his sketches. Not a trace remained of the bitterness and cynicism one might have expected his terrible early struggles to have engendered. He smoked quantities

of huge cigars, and, being a good horse-man, in his days of prosperity enjoyed riding to hounds. Curiously enough horses and hunting incidents figured little in his pictures.

He had a large nose, which he often exaggerated in his sketches of himself. The most striking feature of his appearance, however, was his hair, which he wore cut short and as one huge bang. This grotesque fashion was due, apparently, to some whimsical impulse which finally grew into a habit. That nose and bang enabled May to be singled out instantly in any company.

May's speech was always quiet, but often exceedingly droll, for he was a man of infinite wit and humor.

It was the custom at the weekly dinners of the *Punch* editorial staff, after the viands had been cleared away, to set the tables with an enormous array of wines and liqueurs, from which each might help himself as his taste dictated. At one of these dinners, the story goes, May stared for some time in silence at the array of bottles and decanters and then in an audible aside to Bernard Partridge, illustrator of Jerome K. Jerome's books, who sat beside him:

"I say, old chap, let's go out and get a drink."

The company roared.

Another of his little jests was made at the opening of the Spanish-American War. May laid in a gigantic stock of Havana



THE COPPER OFF HIS BEAT





THE STAGE

cigars and told his amazed friends in explanation that the war would undoubtedly end the exportation of cigars from Cuba, and he proposed to try to corner the London market and tie the price to a balloon.

"How's the cigar market to-day?" was all he heard for a fortnight thereafter.

May was a frequent diner at the Savage Club's Saturday night dinners. In anticipation of his visits a drawing-board, ready for use, was kept ever available. When the feast was over there would always be a call for May to take the board and delight the members and guests with an illustration of his art. The rapidity and sureness with which he drew were remarkable and never failed to excite surprise, even in those who had often seen him work thus. No English draftsman surpassed him in vigor and vivacity.

That drawing-board is still kept by the club. I myself have used it. Once Tom Brown and I sketched on it, our strokes alternating, pictures of Uncle Sam and John Bull.

Always genial, May was so good-natured that the latter part of his life was saddened by the "sharks" who preyed upon him, and, trusting to his kindness not to prosecute—he was so good-natured he could not say "no" for fear of giving pain—forged his name to checks and other documents. Once, when shown such a signature, he said quietly, as he stared at it:

"I'm annoyed—I'm really very much annoyed; it's so badly done."

May's *Punch* editor, Sir Francis Burnand, used to tell this story to illustrate the artist's gentleness and generosity, which

really amounted to weakness. Asked by a fellow member for a loan of fifty pounds at his club one day, May gave him all he had with him—about twenty-five pounds—and then remained away from the clubhouse for a time for fear of meeting the borrower again, "because he felt he still owed him twenty-five pounds."

One of the artist's hobbies was the composition of lyrics, some of which were set to music. More than any other artist, he had a habit of introducing himself often in his pictures, usually with a whimsical, sidelong glance at his own foibles.

He was usually careless of convention,

which he regarded merely as a sham, not recognizing its uses as a lubricant to oil the wheels of life. For example, he might often be seen afoot in riding-boots. His check coats could almost be heard, and his flaming red waistcoats with gilt buttons were familiar to half of London.

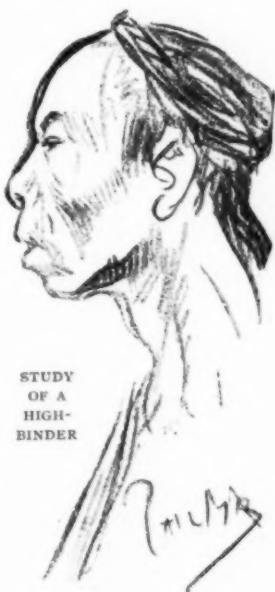
Soon after the series of dinners at Pagani's began May took me under his wing and became my guide to that London which he loved. His discoveries of queer haunts and odd nooks in the teeming East End, whose life he knew so well and sketched so faithfully, he shared with me. Some of these unusual places are shown in the series of remarkable sketches that he published in 1891, under

the title, "The Parson and the Painter," and which readily found an enormous sale.

This paper-bound book also contains caricatures of Salis, of the far-famed Chat Noir in Paris, of Nat Goodwin, always a London favorite, to whom May introduced me; of the London tavern, the



THE LAW



STUDY  
OF A  
HIGH-  
BINDER

Cheshire Cheese, and of Fairyland, an East End resort to which May once took me. Fairyland was a sort of prize-fight pavilion where bouts were staged every Saturday night. In the intervals between the rounds cockney venders squeezed their way among the spectators—a very “mixed” crowd—to say no more—with cups of eel in jelly, an East End delicacy. It was by frequenting such places as this that May learned every phase of the pulsing human life of Lon-

gave every one of them a penny to go away, and a bit later was besieged by additional throngs of little ones, who also wanted to be paid to leave him in peace.

When he quitted that quaint Dutch town the children gathered on the quay and shouted “Good-by, Phil!” as the steamer moved out.

The children of the slums he has immortalized in “Phil May’s Gutter-snipes,” a collection of sketches published in 1896.

Many of them show his talent at



A HOLLANDAISE SOUSE



WHISKERS—THAT'S ALL

don, from Fairyland to Ascot.

No man knew so well the street life of the town. His kingdom was that of rag and tatterdom, and there he ruled supreme. A serious man himself, he was quick to see humor, and too deeply humorous not to recognize the tragedy that so closely underlies life.

His humor, moreover, as expressed in his sketches, was always di-

rect and rich. His art he never sullied with an unworthy subject. He was an apostle of sunshine, seeking to brighten life with gladness and laughter and pity.

He loved children, and all his life children loved him. This was his greatest consolation. I remember he told me that once, when he was sketching in Holland, the little Dutchies swarmed into his studio—a cottage room he had hired—in such numbers that he was unable to work. He

its ripest and emphasize the qualities of sympathy and kindness that always marked his work.

Once, I remember, I told him that to me his “gutter-snipes” seemed provincial rather than metropolitan. He smilingly admitted that the whole series was done from memories of the slums of Leeds.

“I was a ‘gutter-snipe’ once, myself,” he added quietly.

In a sense that was true. May was born in Leeds in 1864, the son of an English engineer and of an Irish actor's daughter.

From his mother's side of the family he probably inherited that love of the stage and its people that lasted all his life. Her father was a man of some consequence in his chosen field, being at one time manager of the famous Drury Lane Theater. From his father's side flowed May's genius for the pen and pencil. His paternal grand-



JUST DUTCH

father, squire of Whittington, was noted not only as a sportsman, but also as an amateur caricaturist. His talent, skipping a generation, flowered full-blossomed in his famous grandchild.

When May was nine years old his father died, leaving his family in poverty. Phil's ambition at that time was to be a jockey, but fate thwarted it, and instead gave him a humdrum position as timekeeper in a factory. The job and he were divorced when his employers found that he gave more time to making sketches than he did to the duties for which they paid him.

Then the future artist got his first taste of the stage, becoming assistant scene-painter and playing small parts at the single theater in Leeds. The "cat" in "Dick Whittington" was one of his "strong" rôles. Leaving the theater, Phil embarked on the sea of Bohemianism, joining a troupe of wandering burlesque players. For three dollars a week he painted window-bills daily and "doubled up" in minor parts.

At fifteen years of age he made his first assault on London, suffering great hardships before his return to Leeds. Much of the weary way back home he was forced by his pennilessness to walk. At this time, when he was about seventeen years old, he saw his true vocation and devoted himself in earnest to his art. In 1881 he advanced on London again with little more than half a pound in his pockets.

Going to the home of an aunt who had been married to an actor, he met a cold reception. In fact, his uncle bought him a ticket for Leeds and put him on a train. It was characteristic of May that he got off at the first station and walked back to London. There he set up as a portrait-painter, but his poor studio seldom had any sitters, and for two years the artist nearly starved. Some have told me that at times he was obliged to beg in the public bars for bits of broken biscuit to keep life in him.

Then the tide turned. A sketch May had made of Irving, Bancroft, and



KUNNEL SOMEBODY  
OF SOMEWHERE

O'Toole leaving a Garrick Club supper, published by a print-seller in Charing Cross, caught the eye of Lionel Brough, the actor. He sought out the artist and introduced him to some of the London editors. *Society*, a periodical, gave him work, and was quickly followed by *St. Stephen's Review*. Soon afterward the *Sydney Bulletin* in Australia made him an offer and, his need of greater compensation

having been forced upon him by his marriage at nineteen to a young widow with whom he eloped, he quickly accepted. In Australia his work found instant recognition, and when he returned to England a few years later he was already famous. In Sydney he made nine hundred drawings for the *Bulletin*. After a stay in Melbourne he went to Paris, where he studied for a time.

Despite his work in Paris, May was entirely self-taught, but was a master of the most difficult field of draftsmanship. Few have succeeded so well in combining the minutest observation of nature with the sketcher's terseness of treatment. His command of his medium and his economy of expression were marvelous. His sketch-book was



"WHO WANTS THE HANDSOME  
WAITER?"



A HOLLAND DÉBUTANTE

really his only teacher. Even after he had become famous, it was rarely that you could find him without it. He would use it with absolute indifference to place, time, or circumstance — in the police-court, at the ringside, or in a tram-car. Whenever he came across a type that interested him he sketched it.

"All that I know about

drawing came from Edward Linley Sambourne," May once remarked to me, but that was not true. The methods of the two men are diametrically opposed. Sambourne advanced by multiplying his lines, May by cutting out every line that was not absolutely needed.

His humor was real. He worked on the principle, as he often told me, that it is funnier to see the solemn, dignified professor stumble, jarring his hat awry and sending his books helter-skelter, than it is to watch a clown go through a similar performance, every move of which is anticipated. The first is truly humorous, being based on an accident and introducing the element of surprise.

May drew real people. His hard-won knowledge of human nature, together with his marvelous power of observation, almost X-raylike in its intensity, enabled him to express the real character of his figures in a truly wonderful way. The faces of his characters are always immensely expressive. Behind his sots you can almost see the sodden brain.

May was really a very careful draftsman, but the excellence of his completed work usually looked so spontaneous that it concealed the real labor that lay behind

it, for May had a wonderful facility with the pen that made his finest results seem almost accidental. He spurned every unnecessary line and used light and shade effectively in new ways. His work was of the greatest importance to the world of art, inasmuch as it was a controlling factor in determining the trend that modern illustration was to take.

May's methods of work were exactly and carefully formulated and were really laborious. As I saw him, he usually first made a careful drawing, with every detail supplied. Then, over the whole, he would place a sheet of tissue-paper and, determining what the essentials were, would begin a process of elimination. Any elaboration was at the end confined to a single point in the picture, for it was May's theory that when one looked at, say, a woman's face, he saw but a single point in detail; the rest was outline.

All the sketches that accompany this article were given to me by May himself. Some of them were drawn in my presence when we were lounging at Earl's Court or at Verry's.

The success of May's illustrations all over the world was amazing. They made the whole of Britain and of Europe laugh, for their humor was universal.

A tablet stands to-day on the house in Leeds where May was born. It was subscribed for after his death by his admirers, and the inscription it bears calls him "The great black and white artist" and "A fellow of infinite jest."

When May died, in 1903, in his thirty-ninth year, partly as a result of his irresponsible Bohemianism, but more as the consequence of his early hardships, the whole world mourned one of its blithest spirits. I mourned him as a friend.



"WE HAVE WITH US TO-NIGHT—"

# THE COWARDS OF HEBRON HILL

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

WITH A DRAWING BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

THE town was the county seat, and the white-pillared, wooden court-house faced the village green, which lay at the intersection of two broad and dusty streets, like a huge emerald enfolded by gigantic gray ribbons.

Young Joel Cleeve, leaning against a pillar of the court-house, moodily stared at the crowd in the little park, where a man on a rude platform was finishing a speech. The orator shouted hoarsely, bending and straightening his knees at regular intervals, as if immersing himself in water. On the platform behind him the dozen members of a rural brass band picked up their instruments.

"Three cheers," bawled the speech-maker, "for Abe Lincoln, George McClellan, and the Union!"

He waved his right arm and with his other hand applied an enormous red, white, and blue bandanna to his streaming forehead. The musicians played "Rally 'Round the Flag," while a table was shoved to the front of the platform, bearing the enlistment-rolls. Men began, one by one, to mount the steps to the table. The crowd cheered raggedly.

Joel crossed the fenced yard of the court-house to the highway. He was a tall, stalwart young fellow, with high cheek-bones and an obtrusive chin. As he passed through the gate a crinolined woman beside the post nudged her neighbor.

"One o' them Hebron Hill copperheads!" said she, loudly and contemptuously.

"They ain't all copperheads on Hebron Hill, in spite of their Quaker blood," retorted the other matron. "Take Wellington Bryant, Cornelia's brother. He's with the army now, ain't he?"

"Yes," admitted the first; "but the rest

of his folks and the Cleeves, and—look! Look a yonder in the park! There's Bill Kellogg, enlistin'! Hurray! They won't need no draft here in Meadowedge."

Young Cleeve shrugged his shoulders, turned his back on the park, and walked along the western road. Measuring the blue space between the afternoon sun and the green and distant summit of Hebron Hill, he quickened his pace. He would have to hurry in order to be in time for the evening chores on his father's farm.

He had trudged about a mile over the turnpike when a brisk clatter of wheels caused him to look around at an old-fashioned buggy. The pretty girl on the seat pulled down the spirited horse with difficulty.

"Why, Joel! I didn't know's you'd been to Meadowedge. Get right up!"

"Thank you, Cornelia," said Cleeve.

Miss Bryant tucked in her ample skirt of flowered muslin, making room for him. The horse snorted.

"You hadn't ought to be let drive that sorrel alone, Cornelia," said Joel. "He'll run, some day, like as not."

"I guess I can manage," the girl replied.

"I guess you can manage 'most anything you put your mind onto, Cornelia," he said, smiling.

Her handsome face, indeed, although delicately featured, was the face of one who decides and enforces the decision.

"What took you to the village, Joel?" she inquired.

"Oh, curiosity!" explained Cleeve. "I just wanted to hear one of them speech-makers that's paid by gover'ment to drum up recruits. But shucks! He didn't really say nothin'."

"How could he?" she derided. "No-



body can argue this wicked war into being right."

"That's so, Cornelia, and yet—"

"And yet what?"

"A fellow sort of hates to be called a coward," he murmured.

"A coward?" she protested hotly. "The biggest coward—the coward I can't respect—is the man who's drove against his belief of what's right and what's wrong. Isn't it cowardly to be drove by Washington politicians into murdering and robbing folks down South—folks same as you and me?"

She waved her whip southward, toward the purple rim of Pennsylvania mountains.

"Our belief about the war—yours and mine—may be mistook," Cleeve ventured to suggest.

"Yes, Joel; but until we know it's mistook, we've got to abide by it, else we are worse cowards than anybody. We've got to reason about things, and not act just accordin' to our feelings."

They had passed the limits of the straggling village, and now they began to ascend the long, three-mile slope of Hebron Hill, where the Bryants and the Cleeves had worked adjoining farms since the Revolution. On either side of the road a low screen of foliage and wild-flowers almost masked the rail fence, beyond which dozed placid pastures and fields of sleepily whispering corn.

"So's you don't call me a coward, Cornelia, I don't care. I've argued it out, same as you, and this war's *wrong*, and nothing can make me enlist against my convictions. But you remember when your brother went off, he—he said I—you remember what he said I was."

"Pshaw!" broke in Cornelia. "No matter what Wellington said—a wild, foolish boy that doesn't stop to think before he speaks."

"Have you heard from him lately?"

"Father had a letter," the girl answered. "Wellington wrote how the colonel had given him the flag to carry."

Joel closed his hand over his knee.

"That's fine!" he muttered.

"Why, a body might think you're as silly as Bess Tyler!" jeered Cornelia. "When I told Bess about Wellie, just now, she said that Hebron Hill had ought to be proud of him, carrying the flag of his country."

Cleeve, with his eyes fixed reflectively on the peaceful countryside, was silent.

"I went to Meadowedge this afternoon to reason with Bess," resumed Cornelia; "but 'twasn't any use. The old ninny is bound to start off to-morrow, going for to be a nurse in a soldier hospital in Harrisburg. My land! She can find enough sick folks 'round Meadowedge, same as I do, if she's so set on nursing. Joel, just look at those wild roses! Whoa! I've got to have some."

Joel accordingly dismounted from the carriage. He was stumbling among the roadside bushes when a rabbit jumped out of them under the sorrel's nose. The trembling horse crouched and leaped forward, jerking the reins from Cornelia's careless grasp.

Cleeve flung himself at the sorrel's head. It was a close shave; for an instant he was almost beneath the hammering hoofs. But the girl, snatching a rein from the dashboard, helped him to saw the runaway to a quivering halt.

"Are you hurt?" she asked coolly.

"Not a mite!" panted Joel.

"And they call you a coward!" said Cornelia, with shining eyes. "Thank you, Joel. I—or you—might have been killed."

He met her glance and looked immediately downward. The little episode of the rescue was the first one approaching the romantic which they had ever shared; and, being practical-minded young people, they were somewhat embarrassed.

"Well," said he, in a matter-of-fact voice, "here's your pocketbook, Cornelia."

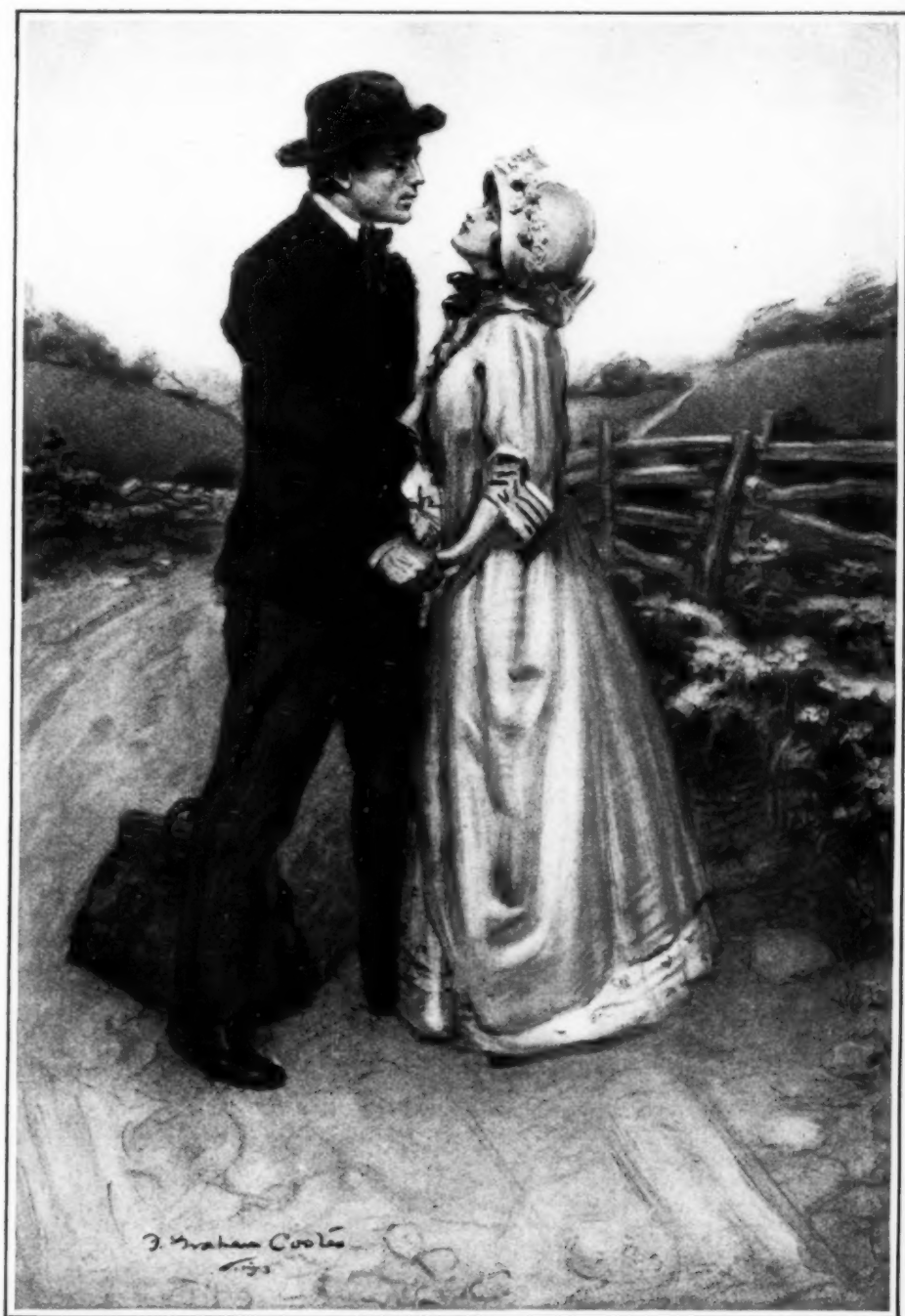
Joel picked out of the dust, where it had fallen from the carriage seat, a purse covered with scarlet beads. The restoration of the purse to Cornelia seemed to make the entire incident commonplace, and to rob it satisfactorily of illogical romance. They drove homeward almost silently.

## II

At midnight Cleeve was aroused by a pebble tossed against his bedroom window. Looking out, he saw a man who beckoned to him. There was a bright moon, but the man hid in the shadow of the wood-pile.

"Who are you?" demanded Joel softly, for he did not wish his mother to be alarmed.

The man would not reply. Joel par-



"YOU'LL WAIT FOR ME HERE, SWEETHEART?"

tially dressed himself, and went downstairs and out of the kitchen door.

"Who are you?" he repeated. "What do you want, hiding in the dark? What do—my Lord! Wellie! Wellington Bryant!"

"Hush, Joel! Come here, out o' folks' sight!"

Joel stared at him in dumb dismay. It was not merely because Bryant's clothes were ragged and obviously not his own. It was because of the shameful change in the face and bearing of the honest, brave, upstanding youth of a month ago.

"What is it you want?"

"I need money, Joel. I've got to run away—to hide somewhere."

"From what? You ain't done wrong, have you, Wellie?"

"No!" said Wellington defiantly. "I've done right, in your opinion. I've deserted out o' camp in Maryland!"

"Deserted?"

"Yes."

"But you wrote to your father how they'd given you the flag to carry."

"That's right," grunted Bryant, adding a sullen oath. "They did give me the cursed—"

"Wellie!"

Cleeve winced, conscious of a queer feeling of almost physical revulsion.

"Don't blame me, Joel. I was frightened. I—you don't know how frightful a battle is, Joel!"

"But you ain't ever been in a battle, either," said Joel slowly. "You ain't ever been under fire, have you?"

"No," Bryant quavered; "but just to think of it—just to think of men fallin' around you, twisted and screamin', and of havin' to go right on, right forward, right on, into it!"

He moistened his lips and gasped oddly, steadying himself against the pile of wood. Joel drew back with averted eyes.

"You ought to thought of all this before," Cleeve groaned.

"It warn't your fault I didn't think of it," said Wellington cunningly. "You done your best to persuade me against soldierin'—you know you did; and now you won't stand by me when I follow your advice."

"But this is different, Wellie. You took the job."

"There's plenty of other men to take my job," parried Bryant. "They're still

enlistin' men down in that Maryland camp—men that don't have to think, men that are—that are—"

"Men that are brave!" Joel said under his breath.

"I don't mind what you call me," muttered the deserter. "Go on and call me a coward if you want to. I ain't the first man from this hill that's been called a coward, Joel Cleeve, and hasn't minded it. You'd ought to understand that."

Cleeve mechanically nodded and stared across a rolling pasture at the distant roof of the Bryant farmhouse.

"So you'll just let me borrow a little money, Joel, won't you? I reckon I can get work over in York State, where nobody'll know me, and—hush! Is that your father stirrin'?"

"There's nothin' for you to be so scared of all the time," said Cleeve wearily. "Have you seen—seen Cornelia?"

Bryant's crafty eyes narrowed as he studied his friend's face for an instant before replying.

"Why, no!" he said. "I ain't going to bother my folks for money. I'm sort o' ashamed to see 'em now. I've got to depend on you."

"Wait here, then," directed Joel.

He went rapidly indoors, aware of a sense of relief that Cornelia would be spared meeting her brother. Joel felt certain that she would have been pained and shocked, even more than he had been, by poor Wellington's whining voice and tremulous lip and furtive, sidelong glances.

As he was unlocking his private drawer in the family desk beside the living-room window, he became suddenly motionless. To think of Hebron Hill so disgraced! Through the window he saw Bryant cringing in the shadow, like a thief. For the rest of his life Bryant would be cringing somewhere in the shadow—this man from Hebron Hill, who might have borne the colors forward in the van of a charging, cheering line of battle!

Joel opened the drawer, took out a slender roll of bank-notes, and then, treading noiselessly in his stockinged feet, returned to the yard. Apparently Wellington had been terrified by a sound in the road. With his back toward Cleeve, he was peering fearfully around the corner of the wood-pile. In one of his hands Joel descried a little purse, covered with scarlet beads, which glittered in the moonlight.

A dry twig snapped under Cleeve's foot, and Wellington whirled around, thrusting Cornelia's purse into his pocket.

"You—you frightened me," he grumbled. "Have you brought me the money you promised?"

"Here's the money," said Joel. "I reckon it'll be enough, besides what your sister give you."

"I ain't seen Cornelia, I tell you!" Wellington blurted out.

"Yes, you have," sighed Cleeve painfully. "Bein' a coward has made a liar out o' you, Wellie—you, that never lied before in your born days! Cowardice has made you a liar to your best friend and a no-count skulker!"

"Skulker!" repeated Bryant. "You're a pretty one to talk o' skulkers, you and Cornelia, settin' here safe at home and arguin' and arguin'!"

"Arguin' about cowardice don't pay," Joel said. "I know that now. I didn't guess cowardice could bring a poor fellow down where you are, Heaven help you, Wellie! No, I guess cowardice has got to be cut out of a man, same's you'd cut poison out of flesh, without stoppin' to argue. And I ain't goin' to take no chances. Good-by!"

Bryant leaned over to tuck the banknotes into his boot.

"What do you mean by taking chances?" he queried.

But when he straightened himself, Cleeve had returned to the house, and the fugitive was free to begin his solitary flight northward.

### III

In the golden flush of the rising sun Joel Cleeve descended the hill. At the gateway of the Bryant place he paused wistfully, resting his carpetbag on the stone post.

"No, I won't see her," he decided. "I couldn't explain how I feel—how I've just got to be the sort of a coward she can't respect!"

He went briskly down the slope. A morning wind wafted shreds of mist, like fairy veils, over the hillside. In the flowering apple-trees birds sang, welcoming the day joyously; but Joel frowned and kept his dogged eyes fixed steadily on the road. Rounding a curve, he perceived before him the figure of a girl in cloak and bonnet.

"Cornelia!" he shouted, wondering at finding her here.

When he came up with her he saw that she was very pale.

"You must try not to feel bad, Cornelia," Cleeve said awkwardly. "I know all—all about it. Wellie, he came to me last night."

"To you!" moaned Cornelia. "After promising he wouldn't see anybody but me! The shame of it—oh, the awful shame!"

She hid her face in a fold of her traveling-cloak.

"Wellie's poisoned, kind o'," said Joel in a tortured voice. "A promise ain't much to Wellington, 'cause he's poisoned. Don't take on, Cornelia dear! It ain't your fault; you can't do nothin'. Reason it out—think!"

"Thinking won't help," said the girl, refusing comfort.

For several minutes they walked on without speaking. Finally the girl halted again and faced him.

"I can guess what you'll say, Joel, but I've just got to tell you. I changed my mind last night about—about a certain thing. My brother changed it for me, somehow. The man—or woman, either—that hangs back when other folks are going forward, right on—what a coward he is, Joel! And how terrible low such cowardice can pull him down!"

"Why, Cornelia!" marveled Cleeve. "That's exactly what I—do you know where I'm goin', Cornelia? I'm goin' to that camp in Maryland."

"In Maryland?"

"To enlist."

"That's brave, Joel! That's brave, believing like you do!"

He dropped his burden, both his hands found Cornelia's, and he drew her into his arms passionately. She gave him her first kiss.

"You'll wait for me here, sweetheart?" he said softly.

"I'll wait for you, Joel. But I'm going, too!"

"Cornelia!"

The girl laughed softly.

"Why do you think I'm so early on my way to Meadowedge, Joel dear? Yes, I'm going. I'm going to nurse in that hospital with Bess Tyler. Thanks to poor Wellington, we're not all cowards on Hebron Hill!"

# THE PRINCESS PAYS

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCE OF SINNERS," "THE MASTER MUMMER," "CONSPIRATORS," ETC.

BEING THE SECOND OF THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF  
MR. STANLEY BROOKE, THE DELIBERATE DETECTIVE

WITH A DRAWING BY W. B. KING

AS full of human weaknesses as his fellows, notwithstanding his gifts of perception, the Hon. Stanley Brooke sat losing his money with cheerful pertinacity at one of the two roulette tables in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo.

Arrived, after an hour or so of play, at the end of his nightly limit, he watched the disappearance of his last louis and, with a sigh, vacated his chair and seated himself on one of the divans which fringed the wall.

Here for some time he indulged in the occupation which, on the whole, he found more attractive even than the gambling. He watched the people as they went by—the women in their brilliant toilets and surfeit of jewels, looking as though the very air of the place had somehow fostered in them an insane rivalry in flamboyance, almost passionate, yet, in this particular corner of the world, not without its picturesque effect. By their side the men seemed more than ordinarily insignificant.

There were some whom he recognized, a few with whom he exchanged greetings, many of a class hard to place, difficult even to guess at. On the whole, considering the nature of their surroundings, it appeared to Brooke, as he watched them, that their faces showed very little sign of the emotions.

Large sums were being won or lost, but none of the crowd who passed seemed to carry any indication in their features as to whether they belonged to the fortunate or

unfortunate. There were little fragments of character which were, in their way, interesting.

A well-known adventurer passed arm in arm with a rubber magnate of meteoric rise and uncivilized appearance. The heroine of a world-famous murder case, dressed in somber black, pale and emotionless, as she had seemed when she had waited for the news of her life or death, stood with a handful of mille notes in her hand, watching their dispersal without even curiosity.

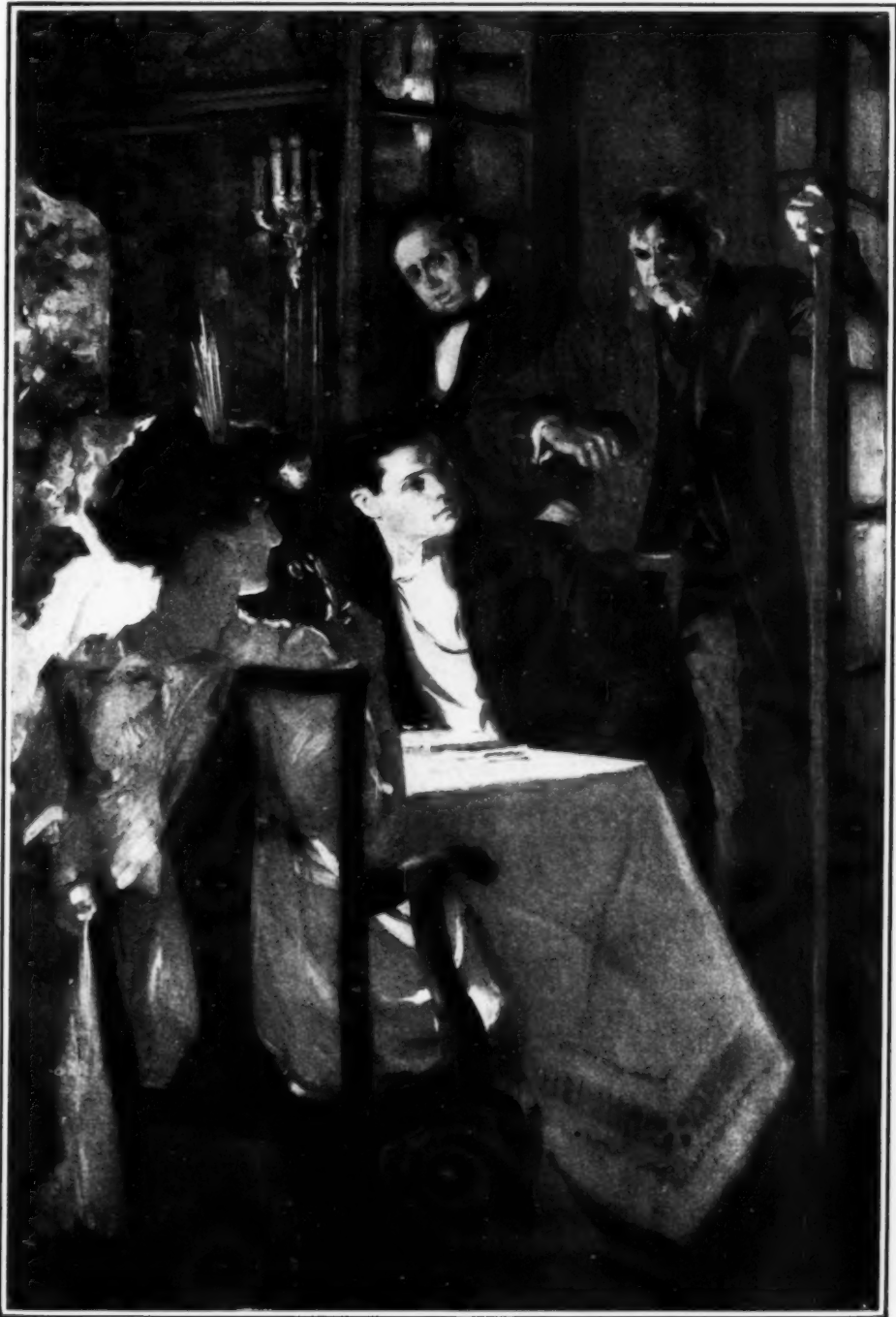
A German prince passed, in eager attendance upon the lady who was reported to have enslaved his fancy for the moment, and who was walking round from the baccarat rooms to change her luck. Brooke leaned back among his cushions, mildly amused by it all. And then the first note of real drama!

A woman came slowly down the room, at whom most people turned their heads to glance. She was even more beautiful, more exquisitely dressed, more gorgeously bejeweled than those others. Her carriage was almost imperious. She looked around her with the insolent air of one accustomed to command.

Then, when within a few paces of Brooke, she paused, and he alone, perhaps, in the room, saw the change in her face, which was in itself an epitome of all the passions of life. She seemed suddenly to become rigid, her face chalklike, her eyes set and staring.

Brooke glanced across the room. Her





"GUSTAVE," SHE DIRECTED, "YOU HAD BETTER REMOVE THAT PERSON"

eyes were fixed upon the face of a middle-aged man who was looking over at the opposite table, craning his neck to watch the result of the turning wheel and quite unconscious of the woman's gaze. She stepped out of the throng and seated herself on the divan.

The little white ball had fallen into its place, the croupier's monotonous voice was heard announcing the number.

*"Vingt, noir, pair et passe!"*

A little buzz of voices arose from the crowd. The woman turned her head and glanced at Brooke.

"I had the honor of meeting you last night at the Duc de Mendosa's supper," he reminded her with a bow.

She inclined her head.

"I remember you perfectly," she admitted. "You are English, are you not, Mr. Brooke?"

"I am English, princess," he replied.

She looked at him for a moment appraisingly. It was a curious fact; but, in accordance with a recently developed instinct, directly he felt the significance of her look, his features seemed automatically to assume a somewhat fatuous immobility which, to one unacquainted with the quality of his mind, would readily stamp him a vacuous dawdler.

"Listen," she said. "I will tell you something. Come a little nearer to me, please."

He obeyed her at once. Her eyes traveled around the few people in their immediate vicinity. Her fingers played for a moment with the wonderful pearls which shimmered upon her white bosom.

"You know my history?" she continued. "Every one who comes to Monte Carlo knows it. What was it they told me about you?—that you were a novelist or an essayist, or that you were interested in people for some reason or other—I forget what. Listen."

Brooke remained silent. He did not specify the particular nature of his interest in his fellow creatures.

"Look across the room," she directed. "There is a man standing there watching the tables—a fairly good-looking, harmless, middle-aged Englishman."

Brooke nodded.

"I see the person you mean," he assented.

"His name is Geoffrey Hardways," she went on. "Well, I will tell you something

which may suggest a problem. Everything I possess and am in life I owe to that man."

He looked at her a little puzzled. Once more she played with her pearls.

"I am," she continued, "without a doubt the best-dressed woman in this room. I have a certain indefinite right to the title which I bear. There are no jewels in Monte Carlo to compare with mine. There are no men who would not come if I beckoned. This I tell you without conceit or false shame, and I repeat that everything I possess and everything I am I owe to that man."

She paused, as though expecting a question, but Brooke remained imperturbably silent. He had, however, the air of one who waits.

"You do not choose to commit yourself," she said quietly. "It is good. Therefore, I must put before you the problem which surely is not without its interest. What do you suppose are my feelings for him? Am I grateful? I have cause, have I not? Or do I wish that he had let me remain the very ill-treated and miserable governess of the lady in whose service I was when he found me?"

"Princess," Brooke replied, "you ask me a very hard question. Supremacy in any walk of life brings with it its own peculiar satisfaction."

"It is the answer," she declared, "of a diplomatist. Now give me the answer of Mr. Stanley Brooke."

"Princess," said he, "I think that if I were Geoffrey Hardways and you looked at me as you looked at him just now, I would leave Monte Carlo."

Very slightly her lips moved. It was scarcely a smile, yet it seemed in some way an indication of her satisfaction with his reply.

"Who knows," she murmured softly, "but that you are right?"

She rose to her feet and left him. Very slowly she continued her perambulation of the tables. Almost every moment some man paused to speak to her. She dismissed every one with a word. She was in one of her moods, a German financier murmured, who had been hoping to introduce a friend. She passed on until she stood at the other side of the tables. She came to a standstill immediately behind Geoffrey Hardways.

Brooke caught a glimpse of her face—white, and with a somber shadow upon it

—over his shoulder. Then he saw her fingers touch his arm, saw him turn around to receive a brilliant smile of welcome. They stood talking together. Finally they moved away.

Brooke, upon whom the incident had left a slightly unpleasant sensation, rose and made his way to the bar, where he found an easy chair and made himself comfortable with a whisky-and-soda and a cigarette. He had scarcely been there five minutes when the woman entered, with Hardways by her side. There were several empty places on the other side of the room, but after a moment's hesitation she led the way to where Brooke was sitting.

"Tired of the game already, my friend?" she asked Brooke. "Let me present an old friend of mine whom I have unexpectedly discovered here—Mr. Hardways, Mr. Brooke."

The two men shook hands. Hardways, although passable enough in appearance, was a little nervous and obviously not wholly in touch with his surroundings.

"All new to me, this, you know," he admitted a moment or two later, as they sat together. "Until I met—met the princess just now, I was feeling rather out of it. I've never been on the Riviera before in my life."

"You play, I suppose?"

"Don't understand the game. I play a little bridge at home."

"The Riviera and its life," the princess said calmly, "are all new to Mr. Hardways. He is disposed to be enthusiastic—why not? After all, there is little else like it, especially for those who love gambling. We must teach you to play roulette or *chemin de fer*, Mr. Hardways."

He laughed.

"I'd be afraid of losing," he confessed. "I am a poor man."

"So few people lose if they play intelligently," she murmured. "Several of my friends took over a thousand pounds each away last evening. It is so simple. Besides, you can always stop if the luck is against you. Isn't that so, Mr. Brooke?"

"I am not so sure," Brooke replied. "It rather depends upon one's strength of mind, doesn't it?"

Even as he spoke he found himself noticing the weak droop of the other man's lips, the somewhat covetous gleam in his eyes at the mention of money.

"If I were you," Brooke advised, "I

don't think that I should play, unless you first of all put a fixed limit upon what you can afford to lose. It seems to me to be the only way to gamble in comfort."

She laughed at him scornfully.

"You are a timid person, I fear, Mr. Brooke!" she exclaimed.

"If only I could afford it," Hardways muttered, gazing admiringly at his companion, "I'd like to have a plunge."

Brooke made his excuses a few minutes later and left the two together. Somehow the incident of meeting them continued to affect him in a slightly unpleasant manner. He felt a return of the same feeling when, the next evening, he came face to face suddenly with Hardways near one of the roulette tables. The latter greeted him vociferously.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Come and have a drink. Look here what I've won! Never saw such luck in my life! The princess stood behind me all the time—must have been my mascot, I think. I had three *en pleins* in six turns of the wheel."

Brooke walked with him to the bar. In a sense, he did so against his own inclinations, for the man failed to attract him in any way. Yet he felt an interest, the nature of which he could scarcely define. Hardways was talking all the time.

"By Jove!" he continued. "I really think I am in luck! Never been in the place before, you know. Never understood the game until the princess explained it. I only came to the club by accident. Chap I traveled with in the train advised me to."

"Where are you staying?" Brooke asked for the sake of making conversation.

"Up at one of those little hotels on the hill," Hardways replied, mentioning the name of a second-rate hostelry. "I can't run to the swaggar places. I've got a wife and family to look after, and my profession—I'm an architect, you know—doesn't mean big things at any time. By Jove, what a life out here, though! How the people do enjoy themselves! Whisky-and-soda, eh?"

Brooke nodded, and they sat down together. The princess was standing talking to some men on the threshold of the baccarat room. Hardways's expression, as he watched her, was almost fatuous. He stroked his mustache complacently.

"Loveliest woman I ever saw in my life!" he exclaimed. "Do you know," he

went on confidentially, "she's an old pal of mine, the princess. I knew her when she was a little governess in Winchester and I was articled to a firm of architects there. She was a pretty little thing then, but I never expected her to blossom out like this. Jove! to think that I nearly married her!"

"In her way," Brooke remarked, "she has made a success of life."

The man laughed good-humoredly. He saw no second meaning in Brooke's words.

"Nothing like being at the top of the tree," he agreed. "She is that, and no mistake. They tell me all the men here are mad after her, but unless she takes a fancy to any one, she won't be seen talking to an ordinary person. Lucky for me I knew her in the old days!"

Brooke remained silent. The man went on talking in his simple, egotistical way of his life in the midland town where they lived, his wife's invitation to stay with an aunt at a hotel in Hyères, and his own visit to Monte Carlo, which he evidently looked upon as something exceedingly dashing.

"I was going back to-morrow," he announced, "but I think I shall hang on for a bit. I can afford it now, anyway. My Heavens, isn't she beautiful!"

The princess came slowly toward them. She was dressed in white chiffon, with less jewelry than usual save for that one rope of magnificent pearls. She smiled at the two men as she approached. Hardways bustled to find a chair for her.

"You must sit down, Violet," he begged. "Do you know how much I've won? Over a thousand francs—forty pounds, mind!"

She looked at him through half-closed eyes; a faint smile of amusement curved her lips. A thousand francs! There was sometimes a hat which she could buy for the sum—not often!

"But you are satisfied with too small things," she laughed. "I have brought thirty mille with me to-night and I am going to risk it presently. Come with me and I will show you how to play."

"Thirty mille!" he gasped.

The whole little world, as he knew it, seemed dwindling away.

"With your luck," she said, "you should be a large winner. You are content with too small things. One must learn to be ambitious—is it not so, Mr. Brooke?"

"That depends," Brooke replied. "My advice to every man who comes to Monte Carlo would be to gamble strictly according to his means. Personally, I think that a mille is a very nice little win for the evening. I think that I should button it up in my pocket and go home."

The contempt in her face was almost withering. She rose to her feet.

"You are both very small men," she declared. "I think that I will play *chemin de fer*. The grand duke is keeping a place for me."

"Come and play roulette," Hardways begged eagerly. "You promised to show me some new *coups*."

"If you have the courage," she replied. "Come, then."

Brooke passed in and out of the rooms once or twice that evening, and on each occasion he saw Hardways and the princess, the former always stooping a little over the table, the other at his elbow, sometimes advising, sometimes encouraging.

Hardways's face had lost the sleek, self-satisfied appearance of earlier in the evening. He was alternately pale and flushed. His eyes seemed to have drawn closer together. He appeared to be winning, so far as one could judge from the pile in front of him. The princess and he both held little cards and were evidently playing upon a system.

Brooke left them there to stroll on the Terrace with some friends and did not return. The next morning, however, about twelve o'clock, he met Hardways in the street. The man looked tired but triumphant. He was wearing a new Homburg hat and carrying a great bunch of roses in his hand.

"Just going to leave these at the Paris for the princess," he announced, greeting Brooke. "Let's have a drink first. I want to tell you about last night."

They seated themselves at one of the tables in front of the Café de Paris. The change in Hardways was momentous. His hands twitched nervously, his eyes had grown narrow. He had already lost some portion of his fresh color.

"Last night," he declared, leaning over toward Brooke and speaking in a low, eager tone, "I won eight thousand francs. Just think of it! I'm a poorish man, you know. Think of what it means. Eight thousand francs! It was dead easy, too. The princess has a system. I simply fol-

lowed. I've got a bit of a head for figures and the money rolled in. I am moving down to the Paris this afternoon."

"Glad you've been lucky," Brooke remarked; "but that sort of thing doesn't always go on, you know."

"Because people don't keep their heads," Hardways explained eagerly. "Now this system of mine, or rather the princess's, if you know when to leave off, is infallible. You win so much a day and you stop. The moment you begin to lose, you chuck it. See what I mean?"

Brooke smiled.

"I tell you frankly that I am no believer in systems," he confessed.

Hardways seemed almost angry.

"Anyway," he continued, a little defiantly, "I have won eight thousand francs, and I've made up my mind to win a hundred thousand before I go home. It makes all the difference to me. Just fancy, the whole of my work last year barely brought me in as much as I have in my pocket at the present moment!"

"Supposing you had lost it," Brooke asked, "wouldn't that have been inconvenient?"

Hardways finished his drink.

"I didn't lose," he said shortly, "and I'm not going to. No one need if they know how to play. I am just going to drop in at the Casino for half an hour."

He got up and walked away. Brooke strolled up as far as Ciro's to order a table for luncheon and back again toward the Terrace. He passed Hardways coming out of the Casino. The man's air of satisfaction was almost fatuous.

"A thousand francs," he remarked. "Quite easily, too. The system again."

"Wonderful!" Brooke murmured.

The obvious did not at once happen. Two evenings later Hardways walked into the bar about three o'clock in the morning with his hands in his pockets and a bright spot of color in his cheeks.

"I've done it!" he declared to Brooke. "I've won two hundred thousand francs! I've finished. I'm off back to Hyères tomorrow morning."

Brooke congratulated him, and at that moment the princess came slowly into the room. She was all in black, with a diamond collar around her neck and a diamond star upon her bosom. Hardways watched her come with a peculiar expression in his strained face.

"That's the most maddening woman!" he muttered. "No wonder—"

"Did I hear you say," she asked slowly, "that you were going?"

"I have won two hundred thousand francs," he replied triumphantly. "I'm off back with it."

She smiled, so slowly that the contempt of her lips was scarcely noticeable.

"You have no use for money, then, beyond two hundred thousand francs?" she murmured. "How right I was! Let us talk no more of the matter. Give me some wine, will you? I am tired."

She sank into a chair and Brooke, after a few moments, departed. When he came back Hardways was seated at the table, playing, and behind him stood the princess, her face white and set. An hour later their places were vacant. The princess passed Brooke and paused to whisper in his ear.

"It is the beginning of the end! He has lost half his winnings. He will stay—until he has recovered them."

The next day Brooke played golf above the clouds at La Turbie and dined with some friends at Cap Martin in the evening. He looked in at the Sporting Club only for an hour on the following afternoon, but there were no signs of either the princess or Hardways.

He found a note from her, however, at his hotel, inviting him to a supper-party that night at her rooms. He accepted, owing to some faint curiosity which he could not help feeling as to the fate of the man Hardways.

The company was small but select—a Russian grand duke, a couple of very well-known French actresses, an Englishman with whom Brooke was acquainted, and an American whose yacht was in the harbor.

There was no sign of Hardways. Brooke, who was sitting near his hostess, whispered an inquiry about him toward the close of the meal. Once more that peculiar smile he had never wholly understood played for a moment upon her lips.

"It is finished," she murmured. "It was difficult, for the man's luck at starting was prodigious. It is all over now, though."

Almost as she uttered the words some one pushed on one side the footman who was entering the room. Hardways himself stood there—a broken, dejected, yet threatening figure. He was still in morning dress. He looked as though he had



neither washed nor touched his hair for many hours. He glared at them all.

"Princess," he called out, "I want to speak to you at once."

She turned her head and looked at him.

"Gustave," she directed, "you had better remove that person. He has not the *entrée* here."

"*Entrée* be damned!" Hardways shouted. "It's your fault I'm in this mess. The fellow you introduced to cash my checks has stripped me. I'm ruined! I tell you I'm not going back to face it. Lend me a few mille. Let me have one more try. If you don't, I'll shoot myself here."

He actually drew a pistol from his pocket. Not a soul moved.

"Will you lend me five mille?" he cried.

"If any one tries to take this away from me I'll shoot him first. Answer!"

The princess's answer was a laugh. She had lowered her lorgnette and sat there, exquisite, maddening, laughing even with her eyes.

"But the man is mad!" she declared. "Mad with presumption, too, to cross my threshold. Shoot yourself by all means, dear M. Hardways. Others have done it before you."

The silence which followed her words seemed to have become possessed of a quality intensely, breathlessly dramatic. One felt that the man's finger had stiffened upon the trigger of his pistol. Suddenly Brooke rose to his feet and walked calmly across the room.

"Give me that," he said quietly.

Hardways hesitated, and that moment's hesitation weakened him. He was trembling now like a child. Brooke took the pistol from him and thrust it into his pocket.

"Not even a grain of pluck left!" the princess remarked scathingly. "Throw him into the street, Gustave. See that we are not disturbed again."

The servants, brave enough now, rushed him out. The princess turned round once more to the supper-table.

"A most impossible person," she declared. "I was unfortunate enough to have made his acquaintance when I was a girl, and he has made himself a nuisance to me. That, however, is ended now. Let us go into the salon and play."

Two days later Brooke met the princess in the hall at the Paris. She beckoned him to her.

"I want to speak to you," she said.

"I am at your service, princess," he replied.

She moved toward the lift and they mounted to the fourth floor. She consulted the number of the key which she was carrying and led him to a room at the end of the corridor. It was a small apartment with windows looking out upon the back. There was a heap of masculine clothing upon the bed. The room had apparently been vacated in a hurry. Upon the mantelpiece were some photographs.

"It is Mr. Hardways's room," she remarked.

Brooke nodded.

"What has become of him?"

"They do not know," she replied. "He does not appear to have returned here after he left my rooms two nights ago. You see, he has left his belongings. I inquired, and the manager permitted me to inspect his apartment."

Brooke looked grave.

"I suppose, then," he said hesitatingly, "he found the courage. Tell me what really happened to him."

"The tide turned," she answered slowly, "as I meant that it should. I stood over him and I watched him lose—lose all that he had won, all that he had with him. Then I introduced him to Felix, and Felix cashed his checks, one after the other, up to the amount that the man was worth."

"You mean that he is ruined?"

"Absolutely. To the last penny."

Brooke glanced at the photographs upon the mantelpiece. They were commonplace enough, except that the woman had a pleasant face. One was a family group in which Hardways himself was sitting in the garden with three children and his wife grouped around him. It was an undistinguished-looking picture. The princess looked at it through her lorgnette.

"I suppose," she said, "people find happiness in this sort of thing."

"Without a doubt they do, princess," Brooke agreed.

She remained silent. The picture seemed, in a way, to fascinate her.

"Do you know," she said presently, "that I was very nearly in that picture?"

"You were engaged to marry him?" Brooke ventured to ask.

"I was engaged to marry him," she admitted. "He threw me over. I was only a governess. His people were of the small

professional class. They considered that a marriage with me would have spoiled his chances. I wonder!"

She moved about restlessly for a minute or two. Brooke looked around the room once more. It was untidy, ordinary. The princess was gazing steadfastly at the photographs. She beckoned at last to Brooke.

"Come with me, please."

She led the way to her own apartments, a magnificent suite upon the first floor. From her desk she handed him a little packet.

"I have discovered," she remarked, "your reputation. You are supposed to be an amateur detective, are you not? You will please find this man Hardways, if he is alive, and give him this."

"If he is alive?" Brooke repeated doubtfully.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is for you to discover," she said, only her voice trembled a little.

"Give me a letter to the chief of the police here," Brooke suggested. "One can learn nothing without influence. It is no use my searching for Hardways if indeed he has his place already in the little plot."

She wrote a few lines and gave them to him. Brooke took his leave.

On the following evening Brooke entered the smoking-room of the Paradise Hotel in Hyères from which Hardways had come. A familiar voice attracted his attention almost at once.

"Time of my life, my boy!" Hardways, who was the center of a little group sitting around the billiard-table, declared. "Met no end of old pals. Absolutely top-hole, every minute of it."

"Did you make a bit?" some one asked him.

"Came out about level," was the nonchalant reply. "A few mille up one day and down the next. Nothing to speak of. Lost all my luggage on the way back, though."

Brooke strolled a little farther into the room. The man Hardways looked at him, and the hand which held his cigar began to shake. Brooke greeted him with moderate affability.

"How are you? Saw you in the Sporting Club a few evenings ago, didn't I?"

"Yes, I was there," Hardways admitted. "I remember you quite well."

They drifted apart, but when a few mo-

ments later Brooke left the room, Hardways followed him.

"Can I have a word with you?" he begged nervously.

"Come outside," Brooke replied. "I have something to say to you, too."

They strolled along the terrace until they came to a seat behind some trees.

"Look here," Hardways said, "I hoped no one would turn up here just yet who was at Monte Carlo when I was. You know what happened to me?"

"I know," Brooke admitted.

"I meant to shoot myself. I wasn't game. It was just the thought of the wife and the kids, if it happened there. I wanted to make it easier for them. I have begun bathing down at the Plage. A chap went with me this morning. I am going alone to-morrow. I sha'n't come back. You see? It won't seem quite so bad."

The man was in earnest this time beyond a doubt. He was pale, and his face was twitching. Brooke produced the packet.

"I have come to Hyères to see you," he said. "The princess sent me. When you first appeared you reawakened in her some impulse of resentment. She did her best to make you lose at roulette. She did her best to break you."

"It is a judgment upon me!" the man muttered, looking steadily before him.

"The princess has changed her mind," Brooke told him, placing the packet in the man's hand. "There are your checks and your losings. You need not mind taking them. Her husband left her three millions."

The man seemed as though turned to stone.

"I can't take her money," he faltered. "I behaved like a cad years ago."

"She has forgiven you," Brooke said calmly. "She can afford, perhaps, to forgive. You must take the money for the sake of your family."

The man's fingers tightened over the packet. His head drooped. Brooke glanced at his watch and rose to his feet.

"Any message?" he asked.

Hardways tried to speak, but he found it difficult. He sat there gripping the packet. Every moment his face began to look more natural.

"Thank her," he said simply. "I'll take the money. After all, she married a prince."

# THE SWEEP OF MANIAS

A GLANCE AT THE FRENZIED FADS OF THE PAST, WITH DUE  
REFERENCE TO THE MASTER CRAZE OF THE PRESENT

BY FRANK M. O'BRIEN

MAN rides his hobbies alone, but in manias he is, like sheep and bargain-shoppers, gregarious. The earliest mania—unless you care to put the Tower of Babel in the mania class—grew out of hunger for food, a weakness to which many of us are still subject. Lydia, which was the Pittsburgh of Asia Minor twenty-five centuries ago, had a prolonged famine. To keep their minds from running to roast lamb and such things, the Lydians invented dice, jackstraws, the ball, and nearly all the other ancient games, except checkers. They played at these games gently, so as not to arouse the appetite, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, going without food the while. On other days they ate a bit and did not play.

This kept on for eighteen years, according to Herodotus, and then the Lydians moved away, for their food was exhausted. Their ingenuity in finding amusement had kept their food going about ten years longer than it naturally would have lasted. Why they did not put in their spare time working is neither here nor there. The games they invented spread all over the world, and, at various times, were manias. Dice is still the most universal of semi-virtuous pastimes.

America's manias of the last half-century have sprung up because of a public hunger for something different to do; or a private hunger, on the part of the originator, for money. But the history of them all is that, once having had their vogue, they die and cannot be revived, even with a pulmotor.

In almost every city of the East there still remain specimens of the hideous archi-

tecture that was imposed upon America in the decade following the Civil War; an architecture that mingled the mansard, the cupola, the turreted balcony, the minaret, the scalloped shingle, and the curlicue; an architecture that can never be pardoned unless the descendants of its creators can prove that the architects had shed their brains instead of their blood at Gettysburg.

## THE BLUE GLASS ERA

Sometimes, if you come upon one of these heinous houses from the south side, you will observe that there is a great window designed to catch the full blaze of the winter sun, and that the glass of this window is a beautiful blue, deeper than the blue ascribed to Italian skies by the publicists of the steamer lines.

Not all the hideous houses have such blue windows. Not all the people of that generation could afford them, and others, who could afford them, were skeptics. They refused to believe that sunlight, passing through a blue medium, would cure all the ills to which flesh is the residuary legatee. But there were plenty who did believe in the blue-glass craze.

General Augustus James Pleasanton, of Philadelphia, was the father of it, so far as America was concerned. Europeans had tried experiments with blue and violet panes of glass, but the researches of General Pleasanton brought the fad to public notice. His book, "On the Influence of the Blue Color of the Sky in Developing Animal and Vegetable Life," which he read in 1871 before the Philadelphia Society for Promulgating Agriculture, is the standard work on the subject. It is still to be

found in American libraries. It was printed in blue ink.

General Pleasanton's theory was that "heat from sunshine is produced by the contact of an electricity opposed to that of the sun's rays," and that "the blue color of the sky deoxygenates carbonic acid gas, supplying carbon to vegetation and sustaining both vegetable and animal life with its oxygen."

The general experimented with grapes, cows, and hogs, and reported wonderful growth in those that were raised under the blue glass. His opinion about the effect on persons was firm, though speculative.

"In regard to the human family," he wrote, "its (blue glass) influence would be wide-spread. You could not only in the temperate regions produce the early maturity of the tropics, but you could invigorate the constitutions of invalids and develop a generation, physically and intellectually, which might become a marvel to mankind. Architects would be required so to arrange the introduction of these mixed rays of light into our houses that the occupants might derive the greatest benefit from their influence. Mankind will then not only be able to live fast, but live well and also live long."

But the public was not as patient with the blue glass as General Pleasanton had been. When the sapphire sunbeam failed to cure sprained ankles, baldness, and rickets in their last stages, the fickle followers sent for the glaziers and told them to undo their work. Some hearts are still true. Now and then, if you happen to gaze upon a blue-paned window flooded with January sunshine you will see behind it—as through a blue glass, darkly—some slippered ancient seated in a haircloth rocker and basking in the cerulean beams.

"So they've come around to it again," he is cackling joyously over his paper. "These here violet rays I read about are only an imitation of the blue ones that have kept me alive long past my time."

#### THE FIFTEEN PUZZLE

And now we pass to a more desperate chapter in the history of Frenzied Fads. According to certain political orators, the crime of 1873 was the Sherman Silver Act: but, as a matter of fact, the real crime—and glory—of the year 1873 was the Fifteen Puzzle. Itself a mystery to millions, its origin was not mysterious at all.

A clothing firm in Newark, New Jersey, wanted a novelty to give away as an advertisement. They told their wants to Sam Loyd, the puzzle-maker. Before the next dawn came he had contrived a thing that was to set the whole world temporarily daft. The clothing firm's name—Marshall & Ball—made fifteen letters. Loyd put them in a square box, thus:

M	A	R	S
H	A	L	L
A	N	D	B
A	L	L	

But that wouldn't make a puzzle such as Loyd wanted. There were repetitions of the same letters, such as A and L. He substituted numbers for letters, and the puzzle was born, thus:

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	15	14	

The numbers ran consecutively, except that the 14 and 15 were transposed, and at the end there was one blank square for moving the numbered checkers. The solution of the puzzle lay in so moving the checkers as to bring the 14 and 15 into their natural places, still keeping all the other numbers in consecutive order.

A slang phrase of the present day best describes the puzzle: "It can't be done." It is a mathematical impossibility.

The puzzle went forth into the land. Marshall & Ball had their brief benefit from it, and then their moment of regret, for their customers, instead of buying clothes, stayed at home and played with the puzzle. Sam Loyd neglected to patent or copyright the thing. All in all, he never made more than one hundred dollars out of it. The puzzle was free to all the world. Children made frames and checkers of cardboard, numbering the checkers with pencil. Jig-saw men worked day and night turning out boards and checkers for those who preferred to buy the puzzle for a dime.

The brain-teaser reached the colleges, and the impossibility of its solution was dwelt upon by professors of mathematics who, after the lecture, sneaked home to try the puzzle, believing, in the fever of

the day, that all the work of Euclid might be overturned.

From everywhere stories came to the newspapers saying that the puzzle had been worked out. John Smith had accomplished it in Oshkosh and was expected to explain as soon as they let him out of the brain-fever ward. Henry Hurry did it in Hammondsport, but, neglecting to write down the moves as he made them, had hanged himself in his barn, leaving to his widow nothing but his blessing and the Fifteen Puzzle.

Wilbur Woof, long noted as the smartest boy in Wheeling, had worked it out, and was holding off for a larger reward than the paltry thousand dollars offered by Marshall & Ball. Public faith in the puzzle was shattered at midnight, only to be renewed at dawn by the yarns of those who had "succeeded."

A peculiar fact was that most of the people who claimed to have solved the puzzle really believed that they had solved it. If you transposed two other checkers in the frame a solution was possible. Getting the 6 and the 9 mixed up—easily done by reversing them—would sometimes lead to a solution. People came a thousand miles to show how they did it, and then, after being apparently convinced that the Fifteen Puzzle was beyond human hope, they sadly went home—and tackled it again.

Shopkeepers neglected their customers, doctors forgot their patients, and clergymen stopped in the middle of sermons to try to remember how they had made that last triumphant move.

The puzzle went to England, where they took it as seriously and more sadly. It entered the cot of the French peasant, worried the Germans almost to the point of enthusiasm, and, invading Russia, made the Siberian nights shorter for the Cosacks of the guard. The Chinese, naturally fond of such things, fell upon the puzzle with eagerness when the figures on the blocks had been translated for their benefit.

Ten years after the thing was invented Americans were still at it in remote towns, and even to-day it is the comrade and comfort of the feeble-minded. Sam Loyd, Jr., son of the inventor and himself a puzzle-maker, says his father calculated that one billion copies of the Fifteen Puzzle were used.

If some one brings you this magazine and assures you that in 1876, while returning from the Centennial Exposition, he "did" the Fifteen Puzzle and could prove it if the brakeman of the train were to be found, listen to him kindly. All flesh is weak.

#### WALKING FOR THE GATE-MONEY

The six-day walking match, a mania for which the people laid aside the Fifteen Puzzle, did not possess even the bromidic merit of "bringing one into the open air." It started in the West in the late seventies, and gave employment to every otherwise useless citizen who had strong legs, an appetite for sawdust, and the ability to stay awake. It was like the six-day bicycle race of recent years, but more stupid, if such a thing can be imagined.

The races were held in old ice-rinks or cheap halls. The heroes, clad in shirt and knee-pants, began their grind at midnight of Sunday and traveled go-as-you-please—walk, run, loiter, or stop, eat or sleep—until midnight of the following Saturday. They ran on sawdust or tanbark in badly ventilated places, surrounded by a circle of delirious enthusiasts. These grinds were honest when honesty was convenient. Some of the racers died of pneumonia and others lived to open saloons. Most of them would have gone mad if they had had a spot for madness to take hold.

The mania of the professional pedestrian did not last because the public, unable to participate, grew tired of it. There was no basic sentiment in the spectacle of a dozen wretches with bare, knotted legs, doggedly circling a sawdust track. The owners of the rinks saw that the game was up and began to prepare for a craze in which the public itself could be an actor as well as a spectator.

#### A SUBSTITUTE FOR ICE

This mania proved to be roller-skating. Its appeal was wider because it was easier. There was more money in it because it could be played at in August as well as in December. It began in 1881, and in a few weeks all America was rolling about rinks at fifteen cents an hour.

Husbands, returning from work, would stop at the roller-rink to drag their wives homeward toward the waiting steak. Grown boys refused to go to work, assuring their parents that their bright future



lay on the smooth floor of the rinks. The skaters came from all classes, and reveled in the cheap romance begat by promiscuous acquaintance. No child was too poor to buy skates; no man or woman too old to don a pair and become a gliding time-killer.

People did not skate as individuals, but as part of a steady, endless human belt that made the circle of the rink hour after hour, every eye fixed on the shining floor. In time the craze spent itself, only to be revived six or seven years ago, but the furor of thirty years since was missing.

#### JUGGLING PIGS IN CLOVER

In 1884, soon after the whirl of the roller skate had died away, the puzzle-maker had another inning. It was Sam Loyd again, with Pigs in Clover. It was more of a toy than a puzzle because it was solved by dexterity rather than by intellect. Mr. Loyd put it on the market in 1883 under the name Petty Bagatelle, but it did not catch on. Then came the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884, in which a speaker used a phrase, "pigs in clover," which the public adopted. Loyd saw that the phrase applied nicely to Petty Bagatelle, and he changed the name of the toy, with instant success.

Pigs in Clover consisted of a box with a series of six circular spaces, arranged like a maze, with openings at odd points. The game was to manipulate the box so that five little marbles would roll from the outer spaces into the center pen. The task was exasperating, though it could be done. All through this fair land resounded the shrieks of the weak as the strong wrenched the toy from their hands "to show them how to do it," an undertaking which lasted anywhere from ten minutes to two weeks.

#### THE COSTLIEST CRAZE

The greatest, most wide-spread, and most expensive mania of the half-century was one that changed the life methods of fifteen million people. It was the safety-bicycle mania—the first of the speeding crazes.

The velocipede, invented in France nearly a century ago in a form so crude that the rider's feet struck the ground instead of treading on pedals, was the forerunner of the mania. It developed slowly, and about 1870, in the form of the three-wheeled velocipede, it was the plaything

of half the children in the land. Next came the high wheel, which was in all its glory in 1880. It started the craze for self-propulsion at high speed.

Happy was the man, aged from fifteen to eighty-five, who owned a bicycle with a front wheel five feet in diameter and a rear wheel sixteen inches high, these connected with a spine of steel, at the upper end of which was fastened a saddle. On the saddle sat the happy man, and his legs dangled to the pedals that made the big wheel go round. Happiest of all was he whose wheels were tied with solid rubber, whose machine was plated with nickel, and who was armed with a loud gong and a nickel lamp.

This outfit cost about one hundred and fifty dollars, and it seemed to the rider that it was worth it, except at the moment when the front wheel, striking a rock or other obstacle, lifted the rear wheel into the air and deposited the cyclist on his head. At that particular moment the contraption was more popular with the onlookers—who seemed always to be legion—than with the rider.

When men grew tired of "taking headers," a novelty came in the shape of a bicycle with the small wheel in front. In case of collision the rider fell backward, getting his fracture at the base of the brain instead of at the front. Men rode these things—both styles—in races. There was a classic contest, the Springfield road-race, in which a hundred riders contested every Decoration Day. Van Wagoner, who was a convert to the little-wheel-in-front type, won one of the keenest of these events. The rivalry grew hotter and hotter, and then—

Then came the safety bicycle, the development of the original Rover of 1884. It slipped in from England, a low, ungraceful, clumsy thing. Perhaps it would do for women the riders of the 60-inch wheels thought as they took headers out of sheer contempt for the newcomer.

But the safety stayed. It thrived with solid wheels; it boomed when the cushion-tire was introduced; and when the pneumatic tire, then in its fat, clumsy infancy, came into the arena, America went raving mad over the safety. In 1890 the shops stopped making high wheels. Men ceased to have thoughts for anything except a safety "bike" and the money with which to get it.

The price, starting at one hundred and twenty-five dollars, went down to one hundred dollars, and a lower-grade machine could be had for sixty-five dollars. Clubs were formed for the purchase of wheels on the instalment plan. Every young man set aside two dollars a week for his life's object. On every hand bicycle factories sprang up and their workmen were at it day and night to satisfy the surging demand. Every vacant city store became a bicycle emporium.

Men asked each other, not "How is the family?" but "What make do you ride?" "Do you like a single tube better than a double?" "Do you believe the spring fork is dangerous?" or "What gear have you?"

Doctors lectured against the narrow saddle and the rams-horn handle-bar. Ministers preached against devoting Sunday to cycling. The people howled for smooth pavements, and boards of aldermen found it easy to yield to the seductions of the asphalt companies.

Tailors and theater-owners sat down and cried—or went into the hands of receivers. Style became extinct except in the matter of knickerbockers and caps, and all that fashion demanded of these simple garments was that they stay on. In spring, summer, and fall, instead of dressing and going to the theater in the evening, the young man and the young woman grabbed their wheels and pedaled away—anywhere, so long as the pedaling was good. They chewed gum and enjoyed a silence that was broken only by the click of the gear-chains and an occasional remark about the pavement or next year's model.

Whole families adopted the safety, and solemnly toured each Sunday from dawn to dusk. Children too small to ride were strapped to seats in front. Some of these children lived to own wheels of their own.

The mania was a boon to real-estate men. Bicycles could be driven faster than the street-cars of the period, and the possibilities of life in the suburbs were unfolded to willing eyes. The working man saved sixty cents a week on car-fare by owning a bicycle, and paid it on his home in Outskirthurst. In a city of three hundred thousand souls—Buffalo—there were at one time sixty thousand bicycles. In almost every city and town with fairly good pavements the percentage was nearly as large. Pedestrianism became almost

extinct and driving was dangerous. The streets, both day and night, seethed with wheels.

The manufacturers, hot in competition, put racing teams in the field, and Zimmerman, Bald, Cooper, and Kiser were the idols of the day. The mania lasted five years, and it was ten years before the ranks of the cyclists had perceptibly thinned.

Women were the first to tire of the craze. In their sweaters, knit caps, and divided skirts they were not beautiful. They came to realize that, wonderful as the sport of cycling was, it was interfering with the great primal sport of man-hunting. They put the bicycle away in the cellar to rust with the ages, and they went back to the old sport of lying in wait on the veranda. Then the men saw themselves in true mirrors and realized what humpbacked gawks they were getting to be. The tailors and the theater men sat up and took light nourishment.

The long nightmare of the mania was over. And you could hear the crash of the cycle factories as they went down to their doom.

Not that the bicycle is extinct. It is seen everywhere. The President of these United States rides one. But the wheel is a convenience for the few instead of a mad passion for the mob. There are factories in the Middle West that played the game conservatively, lived through the cataclysm, and still turn out a thousand wheels a day for the legitimate demand.

#### THE PING-PONG EPOCH

Ping-pong was a mania that raged at the time when the bicycle fever was abating. It was tennis adapted to the dining-table, with hollow celluloid balls and parchment rackets. It went across the country like a hot wind, and its death was as quick as its birth. It was cheap. Folks who could not afford to buy rackets made them of shingles. The rich played it, too. Even now, Wall Street likes to think of the joyous days when brokers played match games of ping-pong in their offices after the market closed for the day, and bet two thousand dollars a side per game just to make it the least bit interesting.

They do not play ping-pong in Wall Street now. They shake dice for cigar certificates, these once great brokers, and tears come to the eyes of the loser when

a bunch of green slips, representing a shaving-brush or a pair of suspenders, is swept away from him. The broker who won the two thousand dollars at ping-pong sits trimming his cuffs and wishing he had enough certificates to get into the dice game. Times do change!

#### SPINNING SPOOL AND JIG-SAW CHAOS

Diavolo, the game you play with a string and a spool, occupied the great public mind in 1905. Men became so expert that they could hurl the spinning spool as high as Haman was hanged—which was several cubits—and catch it on the string when it returned to earth. It would have become more popular except that children seemed to think that it was a game of their own, and laughed at the efforts of untrained elders to manipulate the perverse spool.

The jig-saw puzzle mania, which served no human purpose except to keep care at a distance, sprang up in 1906. Children pasted pictures on thin boards and then, with a saw, reduced them into squares, triangles, parallelograms, and what not. When the mess was considered sufficiently hopeless their elders took the wreckage from their tired hands and proceeded to spend five hours trying to fit the zebra's knee to the old sailor's nose, or the roof of a house to the keel of a ship.

#### AN INDOOR FRENZY

The most obsessing of manias was the craze for whist, first in the form of bridge and later in the guise of auction bridge. Starting in about ten years ago, it shoved practically all other forms of gambling into the discard and became, by day and night, the passion of the idle.

Persons who had never before touched a playing-card learned bridge so that they might not be alone in the world. The curse of the mania fell particularly hard on what had been a healthy social institution—the week-end party. People would travel a hundred miles on a Friday afternoon to a beautiful country place where golf, tennis, and fishing were open to them, and, on their arrival, would hurl themselves from the station-wagon into a bridge game that lasted, with brief intermissions for eating and sleeping, until it was time to return to the city.

In many individual cases the mania led to neglect of business and social affairs, to

the financial embarrassment of devotees who played for greater stakes than they could afford; to disrupted households in which the game crossed the purposes of normal life.

Bridge led, also, in its mania period, to bad humor and constant quarreling. A bridge fiend was not content to hate his or her opponents; the partner came in for a large share of rage over bad "makes" and "plays." The end of every hand was the signal for reverberating recriminations. In some houses it was found necessary to pad the walls of the card-room so that the servants could sleep, the servants being the only non-bridgers in the house.

Yet bridge, particularly after the auction feature was added, was agreed by its slaves to be the most fascinating card game ever devised. Hundreds of books were written on the technique of the game and hundreds of experts found profit in teaching the finer points to neophytes.

The craze was not confined to the rich. In the humbler walks of life bridge wrenched progressive euchre from its moorings. The poor played for a tenth of a mill a point, the rich for a dollar.

Bridge has not disappeared, nor will it soon vanish. It will keep its place as a great card game, but as a craze for idle men and women it has been superseded by a fad that calls for more activity and less brains.

There are two manias in America at the present time, and the automobile is *not* one of them. Motor-cars are not a mania, though some maniacs may own motor-cars. In the main the automobile is used to replace the horse or the trolley-car. It is getting to be more and more a commercial vehicle. The man who drives for the sake of driving is in a very small minority.

#### THE POST-CARD CRAZE

Of the two manias now raging, one is purely intellectual. This is the picture post-card mania. You find the card everywhere. You buy it for a cent, or two for a nickel. You write on it: "This is a pretty place; wish you were here"; or "We stopped here for lunch to-day; pretty punk"; or "This is *some* town." Then you put a stamp on the card and send it to the first person you think of.

Through the medium of this mania the whole country is becoming acquainted with the Kinzua Viaduct, the general store

at Long Fork Crossing, the city hall at Wormsburg, Pennsylvania; the dining-room of the Wildboarder Inn at Hashmere-by-the-Nothing, and the Skytower Building in Manhattan. Properly encouraged and regulated, the profit on card postage would pay all the nation's taxes, and the tariff tinkers could admit boneless wastebaskets and other necessities of life free of duty.

#### THE GRIP OF THE TANGO

The other and last mania is the dance. It has America by the toes, to say the anatomical least. It seems as if the public, after a century of experimenting with the minuet, the polka, the waltz, and the two-step, had suddenly found its affinity in the sensuous rhythm of the syncopated swing.

In other centuries the passion for the dance has existed, but never before has it burst into the mad frenzy that now marks the followers of the tango, the turkey-trot, and all the other forms, decorous or vulgar, that fill the dancers' card.

They say the tango was danced in the public squares of Madrid four hundred years ago; that the turkey-trot came into being in the dives along the Barbary Coast in San Francisco; that other forms of the sinuous glide were born in the New York resorts where negro musicians combine their African inheritance of melody with the meter of modern music. It doesn't matter much where all the dances came from. They are here, and they have the people in a grip whose hold seems tighter than any other American mania has ever possessed.

Once upon a time it was fashionable to begin dancing at ten o'clock in the evening, and then only after all the formalities of dress and reception had been honored. The present mania knows no formality. The dance begins now at one o'clock in the afternoon and continues as long as the muscles will stand it or until the police (themselves yearning to join the rout) intimate that enough is sufficiency.

Fashion takes a back seat. The women dance in the clothes they have been wearing in the shopping district, and the men hurry in at four o'clock from their offices to chase the glowing hours with flying feet and sack-coats.

Dancing-schools have had a renaissance, for no matter what one knew of the waltz and the two-step, the tango and the trot,

to be properly danced, must be taught by a skilled tutor.

"We guarantee to teach you for five dollars" is the cry to the masses, while the professor waits on the gilded classes at their homes at twenty-five dollars an hour. Men and women of fifty, sixty, seventy, who scorned to learn the dances of their youth, see the tango, listen to the music, feel themselves yielding to the deadly swing, and rush off to private lessons.

The hotels cater to the mania. Their ballrooms, long schooled to nothing more spirited than an after-dinner speech or a lecture on Pre-Raphaelitism, have been flung open to the dancing horde. A charge of a dollar admission does not check the rush. Between dances—an interim which means that the orchestra is exhausted—the tangoists refresh themselves with tea or high-balls at fifty cents per item.

In the restaurants it is almost the same story. Food is incidental—something to be nibbled at while the pianist stretches his knuckles and the fiddler rests his arm. "Dancing Day and Night" has replaced "Excellent Cuisine" in the advertisements of the eating-places. The cabaret, popular for a time, faded before the onslaught of the dancers. The people could dance better than the professionals; why should they sit idly by?

The dance mania is written all over the theater of to-day. A whole musical comedy is built around one dancer with one dance, and that dance becomes the *motif* of the piece. An audience sits through three acts of tommyrot for the fleeting joy of seeing Mlle. Zowie in the Guatemalan Glide.

Even politics has not been free from the serpent's trail. In the last mayoralty campaign in New York it was seriously advertised against a candidate that he was addicted to the tango! He was elected by a record plurality.

Fashion, which rarely bows to anything but money, has bowed to the dance mania. The tight skirt, it was found, interfered with turkey-trotting. The slit did not give proper relief, so the harem skirt, loose at the knees, came into vogue. There are tango hats, tango waists, tango stockings, and tango shoes.

The people think, dream, talk, and sing tango, and when they can find six feet square of space they dance tango or turkey-trot.

# FOREIGNERS THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

HOW FOUR YANKEE AUTHORS, BY SPREADING THE GOSPEL OF KNOWLEDGE, ARE THEREBY AIDING THE WORLD'S PEACE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

BISMARCK was a man of action who despised mere phrase-makers, but he himself had the faculty of compacting a vital truth into a terse and picturesque sentence. He once declared that "the political relations between two great states may be compared to the position of two travelers in a dark forest who do not know each other, and neither of whom quite trusts the other: if one puts his hand in his pocket the other cocks his revolver; and the moment the first hears the click he fires."

And on another occasion he asserted that "every country is held to account for the windows broken by its newspapers; the bill is presented, some day or other, in the shape of hostile sentiment in the other country."

Nowadays war is not made by monarchs for their own selfish ends, as it was in the time of Louis XIV. The fighting is forced to-day by the peoples themselves, not knowing and not trusting one another, and inflamed by hostile sentiment. Therefore, the way to avoid war is to refrain from arousing hostile sentiment and to acquire a wider knowledge of other nations. This is the reason why the American Association of International Conciliation is devoting its energies to the dissemination of information about the true sentiments of foreign peoples, with the hope that a wider knowledge will lead to a better understanding. Corresponding organizations in other countries, notably that in France, headed by M. Destounelles de Constant, are engaged in the same laudable enterprise. It is a hopeful sign that there are increasing numbers all over the world who

recognize that—in the apt phrase of President Butler—"fighting is an animal appetite, and, excuse it as we may, moral beings must treat it as they treat other animal appetites and subject it to rational control."

Every book which extends our knowledge of another people is a corrective to hostile sentiment. It is a contribution to that international amenity which would make war far less likely. Familiarity, in the better sense of the word, breeds respect.

There are four books of American authorship published in the past few months which make for this international amenity because they broaden our knowledge and thereby tend to inhibit the development of hostile sentiment. These four books are "One Hundred Years of Peace," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "The United States and Mexico, 1821-1848," by George Lockhart Rives; "European Cities at Work," by Frederic C. Howe; and "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," by the late Price Collier.

We have just been celebrating the centenary of Perry's victory on Lake Erie and we are soon to celebrate the centenary of Jackson's victory at New Orleans—that most needless of battles, since it was fought after the treaty of peace had been signed. It is the history of those hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States that Senator Lodge outlines. He reminds us how often the peace which has endured for nearly a century was strained almost to the breaking-point, partly because British knowledge of us was inadequate and inaccurate, and partly be-



cause the British had not cared to make friends with us.

In fact, Mr. Lodge's pages proffer abundant proof of the validity of Bismarck's two sayings. There was more than one occasion in the course of these hundred years of peace when the British discovered the high cost of the windows broken by its newspapers—and not by the newspapers alone, but by its magazines and reviews, *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly*, and by its writers of books, Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hall, and Charles Dickens. And Dickens, the greatest of these, was the greatest offender.

Here Mr. Rives is at one with Mr. Lodge, remarking that "it is perhaps not too much to say that the publication of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' did more than almost any other one thing to drive the United States and England in the direction of war."

#### IRVING'S PLEA FOR PEACE

Washington Irving, although he had been a colonel on the Governor's staff during the War of 1812, went to London almost as soon as peace was declared. Less than half a dozen years thereafter he published "The Sketch-Book," rich in the ripest appreciation of England. Thackeray, when Irving died, called him "the first ambassador whom the new world of letters sent to the old." In one of the earliest essays in "The Sketch-Book" Irving deplored the tone of British writers on America and pointed out the disadvantage of this, ultimately, to England itself.

"It is with feelings of deep regret that I observe the literary animosity daily growing up between England and America. . . . The London press has lately teemed with travels through the republic; but they seem intended to diffuse error rather than knowledge; and so successful have they been, that, notwithstanding the constant intercourse between the nations, there is no people concerning whom the great mass of the British public have less pure information or entertain more numerous prejudices. . . . We attach too much consequence to these attacks. Our country continually outgrows them."

For more than half a century "The Sketch-Book" was continually republished in England—it must have been read by tens of thousands—and yet Irving's words of warning were unheeded. Again and

again the two countries came to the brink of war. Absence of knowledge on their side and hostile sentiment on ours were predisposing conditions; and there was no lack of exciting causes.

There was the Oregon boundary question, settled by the wisdom of Webster. There was the Trent affair, settled by the tact and courage of Lincoln. There were the Alabama claims, settled by the diplomacy of Hamilton Fish. Finally there was the Venezuela matter, brought to a head by Cleveland's bold message, which seemed to threaten war, but which really made for peace. Then, a little later, fifteen years ago, came the Cuban War; and then, for the first time in our history, we found a friend where we had been wont to find a foe.

At last the rulers of Great Britain had perceived the advantages of friendship with us—advantages persuasively pointed out by the gentle and friendly Irving eighty years earlier. Mr. Lodge marshals evidence to show that this change of heart is genuine. Hostile sentiment has died down in the United States and there is wider knowledge in Great Britain. Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" has taken the place of Dickens's "American Notes."

Mr. Lodge has strengthened and enlivened his narrative by abundant and aptly chosen quotations from newspapers and diaries and letters written at the time of crisis. His book is almost too brief for the importance of its theme—a strange criticism in these days of needless prolixity. It is most entertaining reading.

If a fault must be urged against the volume, it would be that Mr. Lodge is now and then a little emphatic, not to say aggressive.

Several times in the century our relations with our neighbor on the north were painfully critical; and once our relation to our neighbor on the south brought us to actual war. It is to the discussion of these relations with Mexico that Mr. Rives devotes his two stately tomes; but his book is no more a drum-and-trumpet history than is Mr. Lodge's. He has to retell the story of Scott's march to Mexico in the footsteps of stout Cortez; but he tells this soberly, never hiding Scott's military blunders. He gives us a clear recital of the course of events, setting all things in due proportion and very properly paying more

attention to predisposing conditions than to any particular exciting cause.

I have not the space here, even if I possessed the qualifications, for analyzing Mr. Rives's book with the thoroughness it deserves. So far as one without special information can judge, he has accomplished his task triumphantly. His work is logically planned, and it is written simply and directly.

It is easy reading because the author has taken trouble to master his material. Its style is level with its subject, reserved and dignified; above all, it is never pretentious.

Although the history of the Mexican War has been written more than once, the story that Mr. Rives has to tell has never been told before, because it is only of late years that the diplomatic archives of the United States and of Texas, of Mexico and of Great Britain, have been available for the historian.

#### THE INSCRUTABLE MEXICAN

There was no people about whom we Americans had less pure information and more numerous prejudices than about the Mexican. We lacked knowledge and we had hostile sentiment—or, if our sentiment was not energetically hostile, it was contemptuously indifferent.

Few people were ever more unlike or less fitted to understand each other than the inhabitants of the United States and the inhabitants of Mexico. That was true fourscore years ago, when men of our stock began to settle in Texas. It is as true to-day; and this is why Mr. Rives's book ought to be immensely useful in opening our eyes to the conditions which have brought about the present situation in Mexico.

Fourscore years ago we failed to recognize the fact—as we also fail to recognize it now—that, in Admiral Chadwick's words, "The Spaniard is a man who is not understandable until we reckon with him, not as a European, but as the Moro-Iberian, which he is, a man apart and differentiated from the other races of Europe by the impress of the earlier Afro-Semitic and Saracen stocks."

That this is the case Mr. Rives makes plain; and to make this plain is the main purpose of this book. His theme is the relation of Mexico and the United States in the thirty years which ended with the cession of California. He centers his at-

tention upon Mexico, or, rather, on the Mexicans; and he retells the political history of the United States only in so far as this retelling is necessary to the understanding of what took place in Mexico. His attitude is that of the disinterested historian. His book, therefore, is a contribution to the cause of international amenity.

Of less immediate importance to this cause are the other two books, Mr. Collier's "Germany and the Germans" and Mr. Howe's "European Cities at Work." Indeed, it may be doubted whether Mr. Collier's book might not arouse hostile sentiment if it were widely and carelessly read in Germany. Mr. Collier had very decided opinions of his own, and he expressed them with a caustic cleverness which would tend to make them unwelcome on the banks of the Spree.

However, he did not write these pages for circulation in Germany, but for the perusal of his fellow Americans, to whom he has supplied an immense mass of information intended to enlarge our knowledge of the Germans and thereby to increase our friendliness. He has the fullest and the keenest appreciation of the finer qualities of the German people and of the great things they have accomplished.

But Mr. Collier is equally keen in perceiving the defects of the Germans. They are arrogant and intolerant, while they are in certain aspects provincial, not to say parochial. They aim to play a great part in the world, and they are not men of the world. In fact, Germany might almost be termed a parvenu among the peoples, a self-made nation. And there is wisdom as well as wit in the saying that a self-made man generally worships his maker.

In pure literature, for example, in *belles-lettres*, to use the old-fashioned term, the Germans, despite their ambitious attempts, have produced few names in the nineteenth century which have won wide recognition beyond the confines of their own language. If we try recent German literature by the test of cosmopolitan reputation, we shall find only the lone name of Heine between the departure of Goethe and the arrival of Sudermann and Hauptmann. Cooper and Emerson, Poe and Bret Harte, Whitman and Mark Twain have penetrated to regions where no German nineteenth-century author has journeyed—excepting only Heine.

The inquirer will find in Mr. Collier's pages the facts that will enable him to explain to himself the reasons for the German deficiencies and defects in literature and the fine arts—with the striking exception of music, of course, the one art in which they have long been supreme leaders. He will find also an explanation of their willingness to accept an autocratic form of government.

It may be that we are too extreme in our insistence on the freedom of the individual and in our reliance on private initiative; and this is the main contention in Mr. Howe's suggestive and stimulating book on "European Cities at Work," which is almost wholly devoted to the scientific development of the rapidly expanding German towns.

Mr. Howe dwells on the perfection to which the Germans have carried that most modern of the arts—the art of town-planning. His account of the marvelously skilful development of certain German cities is most useful. The Germans have here set an example which we will do well to follow.

But while we may wish that we could achieve here what has been achieved there, we ought not to let Mr. Howe's well-founded enthusiasm blind us to the fact that the method by which the Germans have been able to accomplish these things was possible only in a land which accepts

the autocratic principle. We ought to do many of the same things; but we shall have to go about doing them in our own way. Here Mr. Collier's book will serve as an explanation and as a corrective of Mr. Howe's.

It is well for us to be reminded at frequent intervals that we have much to learn from rival peoples; and a knowledge of the success of these rival peoples, in matters where we have been less successful, tends to increase our respect for these peoples. Thus Mr. Howe's book is also a contribution to international amenity.

It is well for us also to have our attention called to the fact that rival peoples have occasionally something to learn from us, even in the government of cities. For example, the traffic regulations of New York are better than those of London or Paris.

Mr. Howe remarks upon the stateliness of the railroad stations erected in certain German cities. No one of these compares in beauty with the two noble edifices recently opened in New York. And unless these new German stations are different from those in Switzerland and France and England, they are beplastered with advertising posters, whereas no station in the United States is allowed to be disfigured in this fashion, a curious commentary on the prevalent European belief that the Americans have no love for beauty and are money-mad.

### THE WOLF SONG

THE moon swings red in a wide, still sky,

And the world is white with snow;

Hark! It's the lonesome, wind-stretched cry

That tells where the wolf-packs go.

Hark! It's the dreary hunger-wail,

For the winter's gripped the wild—

And the woman starts and her face turns pale

And she grasps at the dress of her child.

For it's "*Ah-ho-ooo*" on the frozen night,

And it's *tap, tap, tap* in the dark,

Where the lean paws ring on their swinging flight

And the red jaws close on their mark.

Oh, it's "*Ah-ho-ooo*," for the wolf-packs run

Where the loom of the spruce is black—

Better slow death in the desert sun

To the chance of the long snow-track.

Oh, it's "*Ah-ho-ooo*," and it's weird and wild;

Hist! Can you hear that wail?

And the woman sobs as she grips the child,

For her man is out on the trail.

Percy M. Cushing

# LOVE AND THE PLAYWRIGHTS

BY BURNS MANTLE

**W**E quote Mme. Simone, the gifted French artiste and our one-time unappreciated guest:

"Go to any of the sixty theaters in New York," wrote she to *Le Temps*, of Paris, in an article analyzing the American theater, "and see the plays, good and bad, produced there. Not a lover, not an adultery,

not a single pleasing picturing of love (*sic*) outside the conventional love of two young people who are going to marry each other, or of two *fiancés* who become reconciled, or of a man and woman of middle age who, separated, or after years of silence, confess their mutual affection."

It is not polite to contradict a lady,



LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON, ENGLAND'S FAMOUS SOCIETY DANCER, NOW APPEARING IN VAUDEVILLE IN AMERICA

*From a photograph by the Ageda Studios, New York*

and, in print, we are nothing if not polite. Neither do we wish to quarrel with this keen observer and brilliant analyst of our dramatic taste. But—

She is wrong.

And the playwrights—coached by the managers—who wrote for us in that year, and have continued to write for us since then, have worked so hard to banish love and romance from our drama that they



CYRIL MAUDE AND HIS DAUGHTER, MARGERY, AS THEY APPEAR IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND," WITH WHICH THE EMINENT LONDON ACTOR-MANAGER OPENED HIS NEW YORK ENGAGEMENT

*From a photograph by Lyonde, Toronto*

We are no longer as truly simple as she would make us out. Even as early as the season of which she writes we had, as a playgoing public, lost our appealing ingenuousness. We had put on long skirts, as it were. Long, slit skirts.

(love and romance, not the playwrights) now stand ashivering in the streets or peep out pathetically from the pictured drama in the movies.

Consider the facts upon which our critic has based this too sweeping statement.



Mme. Simone came to America in October, 1911, making her debut in New York at Daly's, where she appeared as the unconventional heroine of Bernstein's "The Thief." Her study of the American theater, therefore, must have included the two seasons that followed—those of 1911-1912 and 1912-1913. And it was in 1911 that we began to move away from the simple love romances to which she particularly refers.

#### LEAVING ROMANCE BEHIND

The principal dramatic successes of that season included Mr. George Broadhurst's "Bought and Paid For," Mr. David Belasco's "Return of Peter Grimm," Mr. A. E. Thomas's "The Rainbow," Mr. Edward Knoblauch's "Kismet," the Messrs. Hemmerde and Neilson's "The Butterfly on the Wheel," Mr. Robert Hichens's



ANN SWINBURN, LEADING WOMAN IN VICTOR HERBERT'S NEW OPERA, "THE MADCAP DUCHESS"

*From a photograph by Marceau, Boston*



CHRYSTAL HERNE, LEADING WOMAN IN THE DETECTIVE PLAY HIT "AT BAY"

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*

"Garden of Allah," and Mr. William De Mille's "The Woman."

In "Bought and Paid For" Mr. Charles Richman married Miss Julia Dean because her voice appealed to him over the phone, she being a switchboard-operator, and she left him at the end of the third act because he came home drunk and forced his way into her part of the house by breaking out the panels of her bedroom door. There was a reconciliation in the fourth act, but it was conventional only in form.

In "The Return of Peter Grimm" Mr. David Warfield wandered about the stage as a disembodied spirit striving to right the mistakes he had made as a stubborn and short-sighted mortal, and the love romance which he patched up was largely incidental to the real appeal of the drama.

In "The Rainbow" Mr. Henry Miller, tearful, but true, fought for the affection of a daughter taken from him by the wife who had divorced him, and it was his ap-



ALMA FRANCIS IN THE ONE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR GOWN SHE WEARS IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE LITTLE CAFÉ"

*From her latest photograph by Getzler & Baumann, New York*



HAZEL DAWN, AS GABY OF THE COSTLY COSTUMES, IN "THE LITTLE CAFÉ," BY THE AUTHORS OF "THE PINK LADY"

*From her latest photograph by Geisler & Baumann, New York*



ALEXANDRA CARLISLE, THE ENGLISH BEAUTY WHO HAS COME TO AMERICA TO BE LEADING WOMAN IN "THE MARRIAGE GAME"

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*

pealing scenes with the daughter that made the play.

"Kismet" was largely a pictorial recital of an Arabian Nights adventure through which the moving eloquence of Mr. Otis Skinner reverberated effectively and love was a matter of consequence only when it was inspired by lust.

"The Butterfly on the Wheel" told the story of Miss Madge Titheradge's unpremeditated elopement with a careless rascal who had planned to outwit her unsympathetic, but still dutiful, husband. Romantic, perhaps, but not in the old style.

"The Garden of Allah," recited the love-affairs of an apostate priest suffering, perhaps, from the heat of the desert in which the story was told, and "The Woman" revealed the inner workings of a political conspiracy in which the sub-heroine was obliged to endure the exposure of her trial marriage experiment with the noble but sorely tried hero.

#### COACHING THE PLAY-WRIGHT

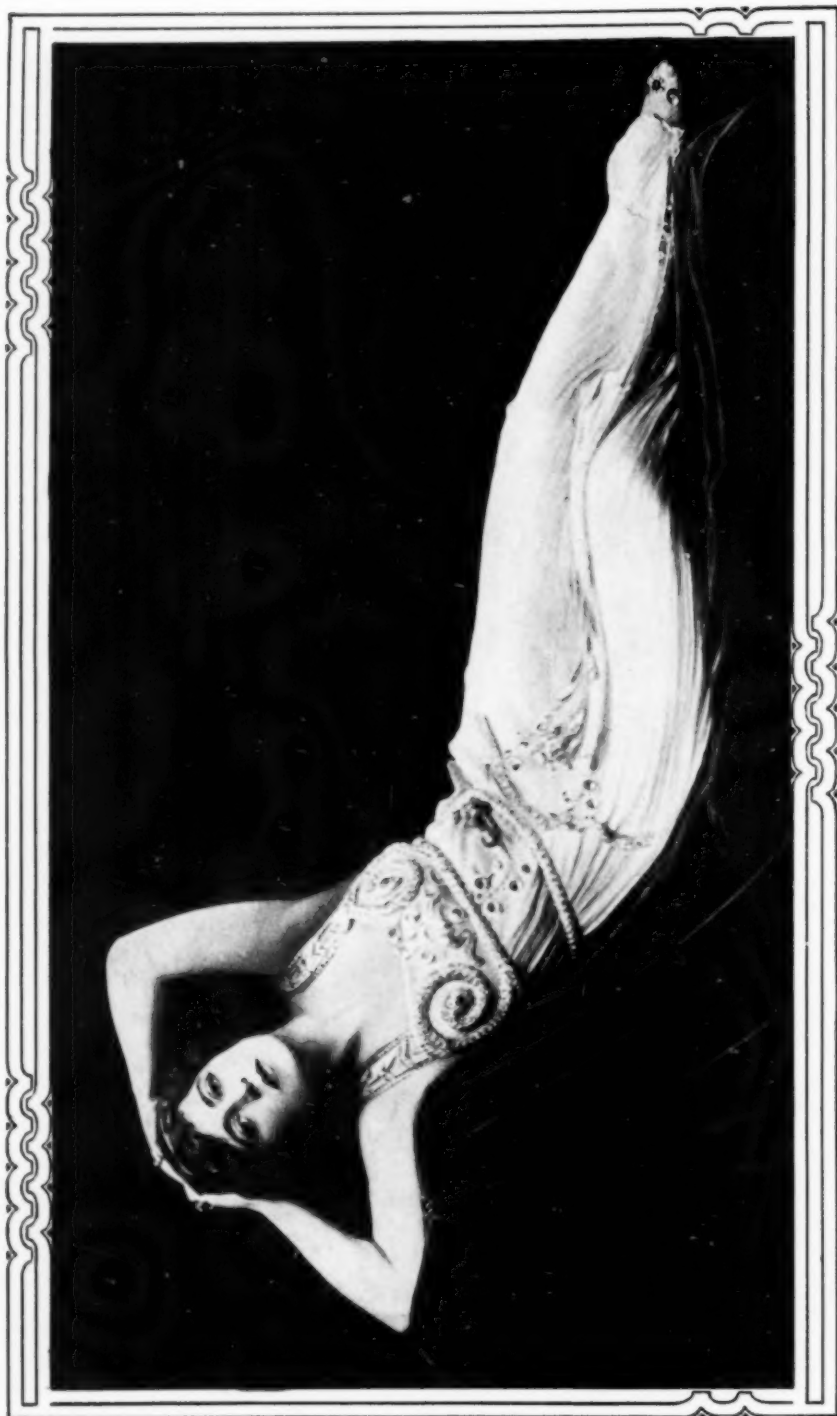
There were other plays and other plots, but as these were the most successful, they may fairly be taken as a true reflection of New York's taste that season. As a matter of fact, American playwrights—and we advisedly repeat the phrase, "coached by the managers," because unless he can please at least one manager there is no chance of a playwright getting his play produced—have of late years become so fearful of writing anything



MAGGIE TEYTE, PRIMA DONNA WITH THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY

*From a photograph by Schneider, Berlin*





MAXINE ELLIOTT'S NEWEST PHOTOGRAPH, JUST RECEIVED FROM ENGLAND, SHOWING HER AS ZULEIKA IN "JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS," THE HIT OF THE LONDON SEASON

*From a photograph—copyrighted by Lisle Carwell Smith, London*

resembling a conventional love romance that they have flirted openly, even brazenly, with the other extreme.

Of the original dramas of the succeeding season—that of 1912-1913—twelve or thirteen that were unusually successful may be selected as typical of the prevailing theatrical taste. These included Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law," the greatest dramatic success of the decade from a box-office standpoint, in which there is virtually no love romance at all; "The Argyle Case," in which the handsome detective, Robert Hilliard, loved the heroine only because the author told him to and not because the romance was the principal theme of the play; "Fine Feathers," in which Robert Edeson, after trying vainly to live up to Lolita Robertson's extravagances as his wife, blew out his brains and brought the curtain down on a tragedy, and "Bella Donna," through which the sometimes fascinating Nazimova squirmed before admiring crowds in the most unconventional, and likewise unconvincing, of romances.

That year the successes included three novelties as well: "Milestones," "Fanny's First Play," and "The Poor Little Rich Girl," the most charming bit of fantasy, by the way, that has come from the pen of an American author in years without number. Five others, J. Hartley Manners's "Peg o' My Heart," the most successful comedy drama of its day; Mr. and Mrs. Hatton's "Years of Discretion," that famous love-affair of middle age; Edward Sheldon's "Romance," Alice Bradley's "The Governor's Lady," and Marian De Forest's dramatization of "Little Women" do come within the classifications to which Mme. Simone alludes. Five out of thirteen. Which at least places the percentage in favor of the unconventional drama.

ALAS! WE ARE NO LONGER PURE!

And if Mme. Simone was wrong concerning the two play-producing periods with which she is familiar, what do you suppose she would think of this particular season? Where would she now find any evidence to substantiate her argument that we are naive in our theatrical tastes?

Not one "pure" romance in the list, at this writing. Not one deep-chested, deep-voiced, heaven-aided hero has won a simple, trusting, pure-white heroine in any of the plays that can be counted even half a success. In fact, many of those that so far

have weathered the storm have been made over by the police to meet the demands of a public grown suspicious of its theatrical caterers.

Thus "The Lure," after causing an initial sensation as the first of the brothel plays, had its red lights dimmed and its house of questionable character changed to a more or less modest employment bureau, and "The Fight," which started as an offense to decency, was similarly cleaned up by having one entire act eliminated. We have had many sensational "human documents" presented this year, but there hasn't been a decent love romance in the lot. Certainly not in those that have survived the public's displeasure, of which "The Lure" and "The Fight" are two and George Broadhurst and Abraham S. Schomer's "To-day" a third. "To-day" was slated as a failure by most of its reviewers at the time of its production, but it has now apparently been turned into at least a money-making success. Not by the advertising of its most sensational scene, however, nor by the familiar custom of changing a reasonable and unhappy ending to one unreasonable, though sweetly pretty, but by the simple process of killing its indiscreet heroine at the conclusion of the drama in place of letting her live and suffer in the life she has adopted.

In "To-day" Miss Emily Stevens, Mrs. Fiske's gifted niece, is the wife of Mr. Edwin Arden, and their romance is dead—killed, apparently, by an overdose of prosperity. Edwin, a successful Wall Street broker before the dramatist introduces him, in the very first act, faces bankruptcy and a disgusted, not to say bitterly disappointed, young wife. His loyal father and mother, being of the good, old-fashioned type, are ready to stand by and help him through the crisis, but the wife, asked to pass over her jewels that they may be applied toward the discharge of the family debts, accepts the situation more hysterically than gracefully.

She, like other heroines of her time, having been educated up to the taxi, cannot go back to the subway without a struggle, and when later in the play a false woman friend insidiously suggests that there is a way of acquiring hats and clothes and the other luxuries a real lady demands—the way being, of course, the easiest way of the stage, which invariably involves a collection of gentlemen friends with money—

she succumbs a helpless prey to the suggestion.

The third act finds her a regular visitor at the apartment of a lady of questionable social distinction who makes a business of bringing together, as you might say, the lost and the lonesome. Here Mr. Arden, grown gloomy and suspicious, finds Miss Stevens's picture on the center-table when, as the new agent for the premises, he calls to collect the rent. Learning from the lady of the house that, under another name, she is a frequent caller, he begs an introduction. That evening husband and wife meet face to face in a parlor darkened to heighten the theatrical effect. Though she screams piteously for help when the lights are turned up, he kills her—and saves the drama. For, until he did kill her, and reestablished the accepted dictum that the wages of sin is death, "To-day" trembled in the balance. The authors have butchered a wife to make a drama pay.

Miss Stevens, who missed her Broadway chance for enduring fame by deciding not to play the heroine of "Within the Law" after she had created the rôle in Chicago, is emotionally triumphant as the unhappy wife, and her artistic progress is correspondingly marked. But, personally, she must loathe the unhappy creature she impersonates.

#### CONCERNING A "PALE-GRAY" WIDOW

Still the attitude of the actress toward the part she plays is usually sympathetic. She will find a redeeming quality, if one exists, for the blackest of heroines. Alexandra Carlisle is a case in point. Miss Carlisle, one of England's most beautiful actresses, came from London this season to play a "pale-gray" widow in Anne Crawford Flexner's "The Marriage Game."

We use "pale-gray" advisedly. It is the dramatist's favorite way of distinguishing between moral tone shades—pale-gray being a bit darker than virgin white, but many shades lighter than absolutely unrelieved black.

This widow, being philosophical, takes life as she finds it and is not too particular. In "The Marriage Game" she impetuously accepts the invitation of a philandering married man to go with him on a week-end yachting trip organized, as he supposes, by Mr. Orrin Johnson for a crowd of men friends. When Miss Carlisle arrives aboard the yacht, however, she discovers

that Mr. Johnson has played a joke on his friends and invited their wives as well—including the wife of the gentleman she has accepted as her own particular companion for the trip.

Being a philosopher, she makes the best of the situation and agrees to pretend to sprain her ankle so Mr. Johnson will have an excuse to put her ashore without exciting the suspicion of the women. During the time of her forced stay aboard she is the queen of the day. The men adore her, and the women are promptly jealous. When she is found out, and faced by the angry matrons, she gives them the benefit of much expert advice on "how to be a successful wife"—advice that is most soothing to the abused husbands in the audience. One gathers from the applause that all husbands are abused.

"Talk about the higher education of young women! It's not half high enough yet," she asserts, quietly but warmly. "You go to college and are taught all about the binominal theorem and how to solve quadratics, but you're not taught anything about the human animal or how to navigate him."

And again: "Look how a man slaves over his business. He doesn't hope to succeed unless he puts his whole soul into it! Why don't any of you work as hard to make marriage a success? Why don't you, once you are in it, feel that you've got to make good? And why don't you, if you fail, feel that same humiliation that a man does at bankruptcy? After all, it's your job."

"You can't win any game except by playing it to win," she tells the astonished wives. "Yet many women, when they marry, behave as if they'd won the game instead of just begun it."

We were talking of the attitude of the audiences toward this sensible, but confessedly off-color widow, when Miss Carlisle remarked, quite impersonally:

"She is not an easy person to play, this Mrs. Oliver. Women, I think, resenting her superior wisdom, resent also her—well, her success. And men accepting her for what, in a way, she confesses herself to be, have no real sympathy with her. Yet she is good—"

"To her folks?"

"No—good at heart. If I didn't believe so I could not do so much with her. I think, too, that Mrs. Flexner is wrong in

permitting her to confess her sins, whatever the seeming justification. There should always have been some doubt as to just how far she had gone."

Which would have begged the question and put "The Marriage Game" in Mme. Simone's list, but might have made for the play's greater popularity as well.

#### GOWNS THAT COST A FORTUNE

Turning for a moment from the love and romance of the stage, which are uncertain, to the love (of cash) and romance of the box-office, which are as true as the north star, we happen on this suggestion: In "The Little Café," which is the season's newest musical comedy, two of the young women principals wear gowns that are supposed to represent an outlay equal to the entire cost of a production twenty years ago. Two of these gowns are pictured on other pages. The one which drapes the girlish figure of Alma Francis we learn by inquiring is "a wonderful turquoise-blue chiffon over flesh crêpe meteor, a coat-effect bodice embroidered solidly with brilliants. The skirt is in three ruffles, each ruffle having a design of brilliants to match the coat. There is a lattice effect opening at the side to allow room for dancing."

And, we may add as a cheerful observer, to allow room for Miss Francis. For through the "lattice effect" a liberal section of the lady is seen snugly incased in pink silk tights.

The other gown is worn by Hazel Dawn, the pretty leading woman of the company who, not many years ago, was living contentedly in her home town of Salt Lake City without thought of thousand-dollar gowns or fame on the stage. Now, in the second act of "The Little Café," she appears regally covered by a collection of (on the word of an authority) "hand-shaded tinsel brocade in a design of roses and leaves; bodice of flesh-colored chiffon worked in a design of rhinestones and cut square at the neck; belt of green, and long ends in front finished with two large tassels of brilliants; the back of corsage finished with a chiffon butterfly at the waist-line, and the skirt made in one piece caught up in two panniers over hips."

These two gowns, with the elaborate wraps and hats that go with them, probably represent an outlay of three thousand dollars. Twenty years ago that amount of

money would have equipped an entire chorus.

On the word of one who knows gowns, but does not know the press-agent, we may truthfully say there is probably not a costume worn in this particular musical comedy that cost as little as fifty dollars, and as there are, counting the frequent changes, several hundred gowns to provide, you may readily see how the small producer has been crowded out of the business of presenting modern musical comedy by the men with fortunes to risk.

As an entertainment, "The Little Café" is quite successful. It was written by Messrs. McLellan and Caryll, who also gave us "The Pink Lady" and "Oh! Oh! Delphine." John E. Young appears as the backbone of the plot, John being a waiter who, not knowing that he is about to inherit a million francs, signs a contract with his employer—who does know it—to remain a waiter for twenty years. Coming into his money, John refuses to buy himself off from the terms of the contract. He goes on being a waiter, though a very bad waiter, in the daytime, and devotes his nights to the spending of his money. In the latter occupation he is assisted by the roseate Miss Dawn and restrained by the blond Miss Francis, who was his sweetheart before he became rich.

#### ACTING, WITH AND WITHOUT BABIES

Besides the romance of the box-office, we also have the romance of the home in contrast to that of the stage. Both Chrystal Herne and Ethel Barrymore are out with recent pronouncements to the effect that their profession denies them the dearest wish of their lives—which is to be tender mothers to many children brought up in simple surroundings. Miss Herne, who probably was a bit blue the day she said it, went so far as to insist that, in her opinion, a very capable second girl was spoiled when she became an actress. And Miss Barrymore, with her three babies grouped about her, frankly confessed that all the real interest she had in life was centered in them.

Yet how different are the things they do on the stage. In "At Bay," of which recent melodrama Miss Herne is the present heroine, she is the much-troubled daughter of a district attorney in Washington. As a schoolgirl she had been lured into a false marriage with an impulsive,

though not particularly wicked, school chum. Three days later he had deserted her. So when she meets a dashing young Irish filibuster, the same being the handsome Guy Standing, just returned from England, she feels that she cannot in honor give him her whole heart because of her clouded past.

A blackmailing attorney gets hold of a letter she had written to the author of her indiscretion and threatens to expose her. In a struggle for the letter she stabs the blackmailer with a paper-file, and is about to be accused of his murder, when Mr. Standing, by outwitting the Secret Service, prevents her arrest. In the end she confesses all, is readily forgiven, and as readily sinks into the arms of her engaging hero. "At Bay" is an exciting melodrama in which none of the tricks of that form of entertainment are overlooked.

#### MISS ETHEL'S ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

Miss Barrymore, on the other hand leaves her suburban home and her interesting family every night and twice on Wednesdays and Saturdays to come to the Empire Theater and play the leading lady in an amusing satire, "Tante," extracted by C. Haddon Chambers from the novel of Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

In "Tante" Miss Barrymore is a vain, deceitful, intriguing, and hopelessly selfish artiste—a conscious *poseuse* who lives on the adulation of the sycophants she in reality despises. And each night, when she reads the lines: "If I had only had a child, I might have been different," or words to that effect, her audiences, knowing that Mrs. Colt has just returned to the stage after a year devoted to that sacred occupation, laugh heartily and intimately.

"I feel that I have within me an infinite capacity for motherhood," she says at another point, and this, too, is one of the best jokes of the evening.

You who have read "Tante" remember the story of *Mme. Okraska*. In the play the characterization is a bit more obvious than in the book, and there is no hint of any improper relationship between *Tante* and her poet, *Claude Drew*. She succeeds in separating her ward, *Karen*, and the latter's husband, *Gregory Jardine*, and in the end she is beaten by the reconciliation of these two. All the tricks of her famous artistic temperament are exposed and go for naught. At the final curtain she sits

at the piano, "dying gamely," while by the witchery of her art she again brings them all under her spell.

#### "PRUNELLA" AND THE WORLD OUTSIDE

Returning to one type of love-story which *Mme. Simone* insists we like the best, we are reminded of the deserving success of "Prunella." Here is a poetic fantasy written five or six years ago by Laurence Housmann and Granville Barker that, so far as America is concerned, must have been waiting for a chance to get into just such a home as Mr. Winthrop Ames's Little Theater in New York.

A happier combination of attraction and playhouse is not easily imagined. The theater offers an ideal drawing-room auditorium, seating two hundred and ninety-nine privileged guests. And the play is set charmingly in a garden surrounded by an eight-foot boxed hedge that is supposed to shut out the world—a completely atmospheric and perfect framing for a perfect entertainment.

*Prunella* is a little girl who has been brought up by her prudish aunts to believe she should never venture outside her garden. But one day the call of the world comes to her in the person of a dashing *Pierrot* leading a troupe of mummeters down the road. *Pierrot* represents love as well as the world and, being a persuasive youth, induces *Prunella* to elope with him, taking her down that evening from her casement window on a rope ladder entwined with flowers.

They are married, as a sop to convention, and a year later *Pierrot*, chafing at the restrictions of matrimony, deserts his *Pierrette* and goes back to his old life of irresponsibility. In time he repents and returns to the cottage in which they had lived, only to find that *Prunella* has flown, leaving no more than a stone to mark the burial-place of their dead love. *Pierrot*, disconsolate, hopeless, and lonely, no longer the life and inspiration of his players, comes again to search the garden for the ghost of his love, and finds it. He stretches out his arms in a plea for forgiveness and his hand rests on the beating heart of *Prunella* herself, brought to life by the god of love.

This delicately appealing little love-story is delightfully told by Marguerite Clark and Ernest Glendinning, the *Pierrot* and *Pierrette*, and has quite swept us senti-



mentalists before it. I am not sure that Mme. Simone would like it, but I am inclined to think she would.

CYRIL MAUDE AND DAUGHTER MARGERY

We find the romance of the stage and the home also in the first American tour of Cyril Maude, because Mr. Maude brings with him his daughter, Margery, and introduces her as his leading woman. The day this English actor arrived in the United States J. E. Dodson had arranged a dinner at the Lotos Club in New York for him. He had invited sixty gentlemen devoted to newspaper and magazine literature of one kind and another, with a sprinkling of big business men, like Charles Schwab, and big artists, like John W. Alexander. But Mr. Maude's automobile had skidded into a ditch in Canada, and he was obliged to come part of the way by special train to get there at all.

He arrived at about eleven o'clock, and was promptly called upon to express his gratification at being present. He pleaded the excuse of an empty stomach and an empty head, and said little, though the little he did say was in the best of taste. He eschewed twaddle. His remarks were sane, wholesome, and dignified. He concluded with a little tribute to his daughter which was most tellingly expressed. He modestly confessed his own fondness for her, and the sense of responsibility he felt in acting as both father and mother to her while here. He hoped we, too, would learn to like her, whatever we might think of him.

In the plays that Mr. Maude has presented in America so far he has not only been enthusiastically welcomed himself, but Miss Margery has also come in for an unusual amount of praise. She is a slip of a girl just entering her twenties, and they say she looks much as her mother, Winifred Emery, did, when she first toured America in the middle eighties as a member of Sir Henry Irving's company.

There is no question of Mr. Maude's success in this country. He already has grappled to his soul a New York following of generous proportions. He is a character comedian of unusual endowments, as finished as John Drew in his method, as gifted in comedy as was Nat Goodwin in his prime, and of as wholesome a personality as Joseph Jefferson. His tour west, north, and south of New York seems likely to

prove one of the minor sensations of the current season.

In New York itself he opened in "The Second in Command," appearing as the youthful major, played here by John Drew. He followed this by the middle-aged captain in "Beauty and the Barge," scoring heavily over Nat Goodwin's attempt in the same character some years since. Then, in turn, he became the octogenarian *Grumpy* in the play of that name, which London has not yet seen.

ANN SWINBURN AS A CLIMBER

We are off the stage again with Ann Swinburn's romance, which really is more an adventure than a romance. Four years ago Miss Swinburn, who has been lifted pretty close to stardom by her success in "The Madcap Duchess," was a church singer in Portland, Oregon, with no more thought of becoming a light opera prima donna than you have. She did want to study abroad, however, and when her father, Ex-Judge Ditchburne, of Portland, gave his consent she and her mother started for Germany.

They stopped in New York, where a friend gave a musicale for Ann and was so enthused by her superb natural voice that she insisted the young woman sing for a manager. Joe Weber, just then hunting a soprano for "The Climax," was immediately impressed. Miss Swinburn could not go to Germany—she must stay right here and sing in "The Climax," said he. But she insisted she knew nothing of acting or of the stage. With her voice she didn't have to, Weber retorted. So she became the star of the Boston company, singing for many months the principal rôle in the tense little Locke drama.

After that she finally did get to Germany, and, for the experience, was singing in a provincial opera company when Reginald De Koven heard her and induced her to sing *Anabelle* in the revival of "Robin Hood." Klaw & Erlanger then won her away from the De Koven company and put her in "The Count of Luxembourg." After a season of stairway dancing she ran away again—this time to Paris, where she studied last summer, and where she was engaged by Harry Frazee for "The Madcap Duchess."

From obscurity to the station just this side of stardom in four years is a pretty fast bit of climbing. In "The Madcap

Duchess," the book of which is by David Stevens and Justin Huntly McCarthy, and the music one of the prettiest of Victor Herbert's scores, Miss Swinburn is one of those old-fashioned light opera heroines who wears boys' clothes and fools everybody excepting the audience, and finally, by the lure of her charm, bewitches the prince who has sworn not to marry her. Which, in this instance, is all right. If we were a prince, Miss Swinburn could lure us without half trying.

#### MR. MOLINEUX'S CROOK PLAY

In "The Man Inside" Roland Burnham Molineux, late of the death-house, Sing Sing, hopes to trumpet a message pleading for the systematic rehabilitation of criminals. Many a crook would grow, or at least go, straight, Mr. Molineux believes, if, by means of a court of rehabilitation, he was rewarded for being good with half the enthusiasm he is now driven from crime to crime by our courts of conviction and their overzealous officers.

Not much of a love romance here, either, though Mr. Molineux and Mr. Belasco evidently intended there should be. Milton Sills, as a sympathetic assistant district attorney, agrees to see that Helen Freeman's father, who is an old-time forger, gets what he is pleased to term a square deal, father having been rounded up by the police in an opium-den raid that in the first act gives the audiences a Belascoan shiver. He (the noble Mr. Sills) even goes so far as to connive at Miss Freeman's theft of the evidence against her father from the district attorney's safe.

Then he discovers that the crooks have been making a tool of him. They are guilty, and rather glory in their guilt. Crime is a game with them, and, according to their way of seeing it, a game they play quite as fairly as do the police. Realizing his own weakness and guilt, Mr. Sills agrees to give himself up, but not before he has convinced the girl and her father that their regeneration is possible; that right thinking in place of wrong will make the worst of crooks not only honorable, but happy and contented citizens. Thus, you see, the play's title refers to the soul of the criminal—the inner man.

As a not particularly convincing conclusion the cattle-thief to whom Miss Freeman is engaged promises to go to jail for the crowd, and there is a suggestion that

all the other bad boys will experiment with Mr. Sills's new thought as a regenerative influence.

#### TWO STRANGE WOMEN

There are two strange women among current heroines, though only one is given the title. This one is Elsie Ferguson, who has scored the personal hit of her young life in William Hurlbut's play, "The Strange Woman." The other is Henrietta Crosman, playing Edward Childs Carpenter's "The Tongues of Men."

Miss Ferguson's heroine is American born, but of French parents, and educated in Paris. She comes back to America as the *fiancée* of the stalwart Charles Waldron, now a young American architect, who takes her to his home town of Delphi, Iowa, to introduce her to his mother. While they are there they expect to gently intimate to mother that, because Miss Ferguson (in character, of course) has her own theories of individual liberty, particularly in regard to matrimonial contracts, they have agreed to "marry" each other without the aid of any ceremony.

The neighbors of Delphi, exaggeratedly comic, of course, hearing of these "free love" ideas, descend upon Miss Ferguson, and she in turn denounces them. After which she is herself convinced of the weakness of her beloved "principles" by the simple trustfulness and willing sacrifice of her *fiancé's* mother. In the last act she agrees, very sweetly and very prettily, to marry Mr. Waldron in the church of his mother and to abide by the words of the service therein approved. Miss Ferguson makes a mighty stride forward in this milk-and-water "Magda," giving a charming, forceful, yet modestly toned performance.

Miss Crosman's strange lady is, by inference, none other than Mary Garden, the heroine of "Salome." In "The Tongues of Men" this excellent comedienne is a decidedly temperamental prima donna who, when she is roundly denounced by a bigoted young clergyman because of the artistically tobascoized nature of her repertoire, promptly calls upon the young man and forces him to a confession that he knows nothing of her private life and has neither seen her act nor heard her sing. Then she challenges him to come out of his shell of a rectory and learn something real of the world he so readily criticizes.

Frank Gillmore, bland and blond, plays the minister and accepts the challenge. Before he is through investigating he has all but involved himself and the singer in a newspaper scandal, and it is only by her superior wit and wisdom that the situation is saved and Miss Crosman is permitted to promise she will marry Frederick Truesdell, who, as a patient bachelor, has dogged her temperamental footsteps for three acts.

#### GENIUS EN TOUR

Another box-office yarn that is quite as amusing as it is important is that of Morris Gest's experiences with his three dancing stars, Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, Mlle. Polaire, and Gertrude Hoffmann.

They started out very cheerfully, these three temperamental geniuses, and Mr. Gest, who, incidentally, is David Belasco's son-in-law, expected to gather in a fortune from the tour that was to extend from coast to coast. But no sooner had the private car been divided to suit the ladies than the question of meals arose and the first row was on. Lady Constance wanted tea and biscuits early in the morning, and her other meals at odd hours. Mlle. Polaire insisted on eating her heaviest meal at one o'clock at night and lunching whenever she was in the mood. Miss Hoffmann could not dance with her stomach empty, so she ordered a dinner for six o'clock and her other meals to follow as dictated.

The second day the cook discovered he was preparing twenty-five meals in twenty-four hours. The third day he resigned. The waiter, however, stuck to the ship and did what he could to mollify, and also to feed, his charges.

Thus they got to Boston. There they found three star dressing-rooms, but only one with bath. Polaire drew the bath, and held on to it. Immediately a second explosion. No self-respecting dancer who loved her art could dance without a bath, and— Two portable tubs were provided and properly adjusted to Boston's water system. About this time Mr. Gest discovered that, although the combination had been playing to capacity audiences everywhere, the expenses had so increased that he was losing about fifteen hundred dollars a week. The next day notices were posted, the tour brought to a close, and the three dancers distributed in three

different directions to fill out their contracts in vaudeville.

#### AN IRISHMAN'S JOKE

The Rev. Dr. Hannay, whose pen name is George A. Birmingham, is another of the new playwrights who apparently does not believe in conventional love themes. His "General John Regan" was one of the comedy surprises of the early winter in New York, and it has not a suggestion of a love-story. It is a practical joke dramatized for the fun that's in it.

An American tourist traveling through Ireland, and thinking to arouse the sleepy village of Ballymoy, invents a hero and sets him down in the market square. He has come all the way from America, he tells them, to see the statue he understands the citizens of Ballymoy have erected to *General Regan*, the hero of Bolivia. Rather than be outdone by the Yankee, the Ballymoy folk, led by a fun-loving *Dr. O'Grady* stationed there, accept and repeat the story until they half believe it themselves.

The American subscribes five hundred dollars to the statue fund, and with the money *O'Grady* buys a discarded monument from a dealer in mortuary sculpture, puts it up in the square, and invites the lord lieutenant of the county to unveil it. The fun builds steadily until the last act, and then, when exposure seems imminent, *O'Grady* proves by unanswerable logic that as *Regan* had to be born somewhere, and there was no proof that he had been born anywhere else, it is entirely reasonable to believe he was born in Ballymoy.

Arnold Daly plays the jolly Irish doctor and makes much of the part. The comedy is a bit thinly spun over three acts, but so far has greatly amused its audiences.

"General John Regan" was a London hit last spring and summer, with *Dr. O'Grady* done by Mr. Hawtrey, who seems to have found another hit by stepping into Willie Collier's shoes in "Never Say Die." The dramatic triumph of the present London season, by the way, is also an importation from this side, Sir Herbert Tree's production at His Majesty's of "Joseph and His Brethren," in which Maxine Elliott has elected to return to the stage and has made so brilliant a success as *Zuleika*. Last month we published a portrait of her in this character (that of *Potiphar's* wife), but we have since received a much better one and herewith reproduce it.

# OUT OF THE REAL

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

THE caption, "A Cowboy's Love, IXL Film," flickered a moment on the screen, then suddenly gave place to the first picture. The piano struck up a "rag." Elmer Blake swallowed hard as he leaned forward, staring. A stifled gasp escaped him; his big hands gripped nervously together, and a new light glowed in his eyes. For there *she* was again!

Elmer forgot the audience that half-filled the crude little "Gem Opera-House," ceased to remember that he was in Greenwood Center, Maine, and grew wholly un-mindful of Abbie Crockett at his side—fresh, honest, wholesome Abbie, with her white mercerized cotton dress, rose-sprigged, the pink bow at her throat, the red taffeta ribbon and rhinestone buckle in her hair, the 29-cent "Drug-Store Special" chocolates in her lap. He was conscious only of a sudden cardiac disturbance, a hot upflare of the dominant passion that for three months had obsessed him.

"That's her!" he muttered thickly to himself. "By ginger, there she is again!" Abbie glanced wonderingly at him in the gloom.

"What is it, El?" she murmured.

"Nothin', nothin'!" He leaned back again on the bench and tried to seem at ease. "Gee! but that's *some* scene, ain't it—that prairie? Must be slick out there!"

The "prairie" was a flat stretch, bordered by salt marsh, near Flushing, Long Island, but Elmer didn't know. His trusting eyes beheld the boundless freedom of the Texas ranges, and within his breast his heart sank leadenly.

"Gee!" he reflected. "She's all o' three thousand miles away, anyhow. What 'tarnal show have I got?"

Sickened with the hopelessness of it all, yet utterly fascinated by the girl on the screen, he watched her with trembling eagerness. Endow a moth with emotions aspiring to a star and you understand Elmer's yearnings as he sat staring at "Juanita, Queen of the Range," filling out more details of his mental picture, momentarily flinging fresh oil upon his flame.

How well he knew the actress! She figured in almost every IXL film. For many weeks he had haunted the Gem, just on the chance of seeing an IXL picture put on. In secret his passion had gripped, had invaded and possessed him, till now this thing of unreality had become true, this intangible, remote worship had grown to a cult, elbowing the real away. Impatiently he edged from contact with Abbie. A swift scorn burned. Abbie? Beside *that* woman—

Breathing heavily, he watched the photoplay unroll, his eager eyes devouring every mobile expression of Juanita's face—the face which had so relentlessly haunted him, waking or in dreams—*her* face!

And as he saw her coquetting with the cowboy hero, watched the villain ride up and dismount, followed the quarrel and the shooting, then saw her swing up onto her mustang in her trim divided skirt and gallop wildly off for help, a passionate jealousy swept over him.

They, *they* could act with her, see and hear her, be close to her, talk with her, make love—even fictitious love—to her, now and then hold her in their arms and kiss her—oh, the pain of it, the envy, the agonized longing!

Elmer felt a sudden keen desire to make some kind of an excuse to Abbie, to seek the leafy solace of the August night, stalk fast and far, exhaust himself, hold con-

verse with the stars and the unfathomable dome of sky. But still he did not go.

He could not! For the "Cowboy's Love" was reeling off. Juanita would be back again presently on that insensate square of canvas. He must stay to see her. In his wound he himself must turn the iron. Whatever he might suffer, his pain would be keener in absence. With a powerful effort he calmed himself and waited, half-choking, his eyes unblinking in the dark.

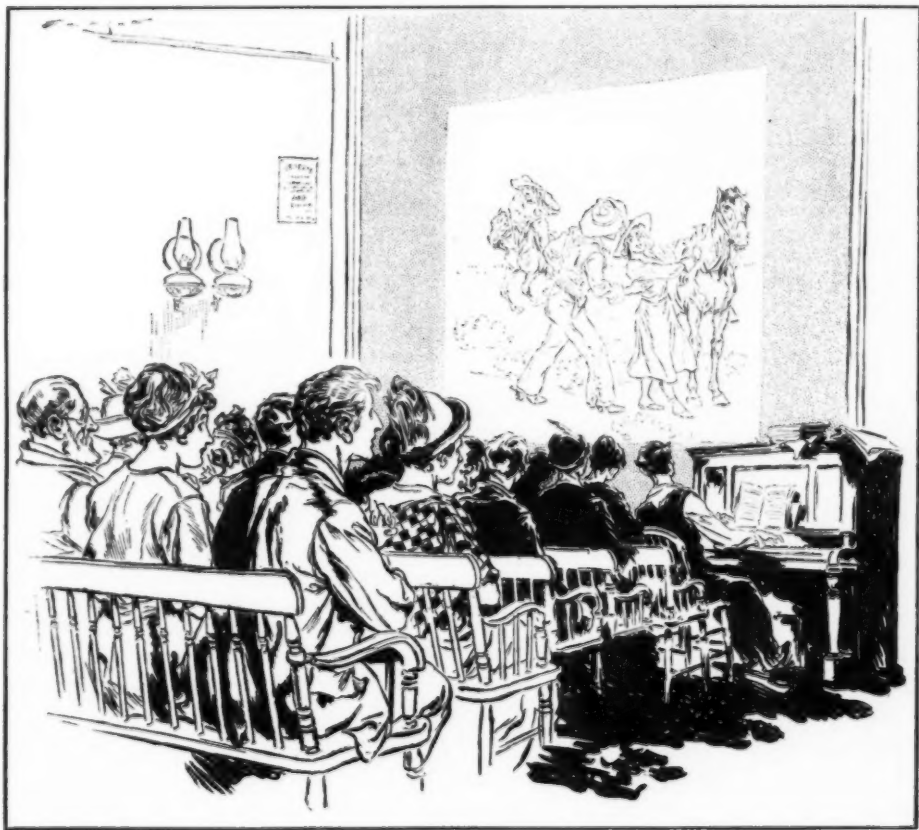
Now the posse was swarming at the scene of the assault. Now it galloped in pursuit. Elmer cursed inwardly. All this horse-play sickened him. He wanted to see Juanita again, only Juanita. To-night, in her riding-togs and big felt sombrero, her scarf and trim high boots, she seemed far more piquant, more beautiful, more wholly to be desired than ever before.

Yet he recalled her in a dozen rôles;

and each had been more fascinating than the last. He remembered her as a countess, a fisher-girl, an outcast, a princess, a mechanical doll, a beggar, a queen. Every expression of those dark and liquid eyes he knew so well, every smile and turn of the head, every dimple, every tilt of the oval chin, well rounded. He recalled the supple, clinging body, the tapering fingers and slim hands, even the strong bare arms in "The Bandits," when she had thrown herself on the robber's breast and flung those arms about her rescuer's neck.

To Elmer it seemed he and she had been acquainted for years. He knew her far better, he told himself, than he knew Abbie, this obvious little country sweetheart at his side—Abbie, with her tip-tilted nose, her serious expression, her hands which undeniably showed signs of familiarity with the dish-pan.

Elmer shuddered slightly and drew still



AS HE SAW HER COQUETTING WITH THE COWBOY HERO A PASSIONATE JEALOUSY SWEEPED OVER HIM



farther away from the girl of flesh and blood.

The play clicked on to its climax, the cruelly inevitable dénouement when the hero (Elmer had to admit him a handsome rascal) got well and finally won Juanita. At the kiss of betrothal Elmer shut his eyes. He could not bear it. To see those lips pressed to the cowboy's tortured him. He trembled.

"Why, for the land's sake!" Abbie murmured anxiously, with an almost motherly tenderness. "Ain't you well, Elmer? Anythin' wrong?"

He only shook his head and growled.

The rest of the show was torment—just comics and a series of naval maneuvers. Elmer burned to be alone, away by himself, free from Abbie. He wanted solitude and thought and the sweet pain of self-torturings. Would the infernal thing never come to an end?

Eventually "Good Night" flashed chromatically on the screen, the jangling piano clattered into an exit march, and the crowd jostled out of the little Gern. Abbie and Elmer clumped down-stairs with the rest under the raw lamp-glare. Again he shuddered.

In gloomy silence he walked home with her. All her little girlish enthusiasms about the show—"Just elegant! Such lots of excitement; and those ships, wasn't they big, though? Awful thankful you took me, El!"—merely annoyed and distressed him. The anticlimax of the real was ghastly.

At the front gate, under the elms, with the fireflies' tiny meteors slitting the dark, there was no good-night kiss. Abbie gave him his cue, but for once he could not act the part.

"Good night, Abbie. I—I ain't feelin' just right, some way. Guess I'll take a little walk."

"Walk? What time is it, Elmer? Not very late, I reckon. Maybe I—might—"

"No, it's too damp. You'd take cold. Good night!"

He left the girl amazed and grieving and vanished in the soft August gloom. Away he strode down the wooden sidewalk, aquiver with contending passions.

At the corner, where Pine crossed Main, he paused under the feeble glow of a village street-lamp. Myriads of tiny, flickering, striving insects were wooing that flame; the night air swarmed thick with

the humming cloud; all underfoot lay legions scorched, crawling, dying, dead—legions unpitied and obscure.

Elmer looked back. An oblong of dim light opened in the night, like an eye, then closed again. He heard the door shut. Abbie, sorrowful, in tears, perhaps, had gone back into her commonplace, everyday little home, so petty, unromantic, plain.

"Humph!" snorted Elmer. His heart hardened with a kind of resentful bitterness; his jaw set; he swung on his heel.

For a long time he walked that night, away out past the cemetery and the Trap Corner guide-board, and so around by the Finnish settlement and home.

It was very, very late, almost eleven, when he once more sought his room up two flights of uncarpeted stairs in Mrs. Gribbin's boarding-house on Railroad Street.

And in his mind new thoughts had come to birth.

## II

ELMER lighted his lamp with a blue-sputtering match that filled the room with brimstone. He walked over to his bureau and fervently kissed *her* picture, which he had cut out of a copy of the *Filmland Magazine* and passe-partouted. Then he gazed at his reflected image, observed his wavy, sandy hair, blue eyes, and muscular shoulders, and smiled.

"I ain't so bad, at that!" he murmured.

He proceeded to write a letter to the IXL Film Company, 122A West One Hundred and Forty-Seventh Street, New York, an address which he had long since obtained from the same magazine. Subconsciously he realized that in a crisis like the present the iron must be smitten hot.

On his best unlined paper he wrote it, at his table, seated on a chair that showed signs of dissolution; wrote it with the leaky fountain pen Abbie had given him last Christmas. The ink plentifully bathed his strong fingers, but he paid no heed.

The letter, composed squintingly under the harsh light, was a composition of great travail. Frequently Elmer paused to consider, and once he tore up his draft and began afresh.

At last it was signed, in his boldest hand, Elmer H. Blake. "H" stood for Hiram, but he did not write it out. He vaguely sensed that "Hiram" might not forward his success.



HE WAS FAIRLY SWEEPED OFF HIS FEET BY THE SIGHT AND HAD TO GAWK

Carefully he studied it over. "Pretty fair to middlin', if I do say it!" he decided with satisfaction. "I ain't much of a writer, but I reckon I can frame a slick letter when I try. Gee! Wonder if they'll answer it? I'll put in a stamp, then they'll *haf* to. Everybody's got to begin some time. All I want is a show!"

For a space he pondered in silence. He was thinking of an article he had eagerly devoured the day before entitled "Up the Ladder."

"If James H. Breen worked up from the ribbon-counter to starrin' for the Cosmos people, an' Eddie McWhorter made good with the O. K. films after tendin' bar

till he was past thirty-six, no reason I can't start in at twenty-two from Chase & Woodward's drug-store! I been through high school, an' everybody said I done fine in 'The Fatal Wedding' we give for the Rebeccas that winter. Others have made good—*they* done it! So can I!

"All I need's a start, a look-in at the game. After that the rest's up to me. Once lemme in the business an' I can win out. I dunno where she is or nothin', but I can find her. An' then—"

His fist heavily smashed Mrs. Gribbin's infirm table.

"Here goes, anyhow!"

He sealed and stamped the letter and, waiting not even for the morrow's sun, let himself out quietly into the night. Down the long, elm-arched street he strode with determination, through the eery silver filigree of the midnight moonshine among the leaves. Down to the "depot" he walked and with firmness posted his letter in the train mail-box. The clang of the little iron slide seemed the crash of doom to his excited imagination.

"There, that's done, by crimus! It'll go down to Portland on the five o'clock milk-train. If they're anyways prompt I'd oughta get an answer inside of a week. An' after that—"

He was a long time getting to sleep. Even the much-worn envelope under his pillow, containing *her* picture clipped from a poster given him by Jeff Sessions, doorman at the Gem, did not calm him. Fears, hopes, longings, doubts, wild excitements fevered his blood. He slept at last, only to dream of Abbie being courted by cow-boys while he looked on and laughed.

The milk-train, whistling for Hicks's Crossing, woke him with a start.

"Gee!" He sat up in bed, his heart throbbing wildly. "It's started, anyhow. No backin' out *now*!"

### III

IN a fine, incessant drizzle Elmer plodded along West One Hundred and Forty-Seventh Street, nervously questing the plant of the IXL Film Company. His store clothes hung wrinkled and inchoate, and in his throat lay wedged a lump of nervousness he could not possibly swallow, but he entertained no slightest thought of turning back. For in his pocket lurked the short letter of the firm, signifying a polite yet by no means overpowering wil-

lingness to give him a tryout; and Elmer, after all, had a firm jaw.

Eagerly he scanned the door numbers. As they increased nearly to 122A his pace slackened. He licked his lips. An overwhelming sense of smallness strove to crush him. Incongruous thoughts jostled in his brain—the realization that only \$6.42 remained in his "wallet-book"—a quick vision of Abbie's honest, somewhat freckled face, troubled and grieved and wondering, but trustful—the memory that he had come away without daring to explain or say good-by—the determination to write her a long, kind, yet inexorable letter once he had his "engagement" with the IXL people.

"By ginger, there 'tis!"

He stopped, staring. The sight of the huge brick building gave him sudden pause.

#### IXL FILM PRODUCING CO.

He read the tall gold sign. "Gosh!"

Then sudden pride possessed him that he had had dealings with such a corporation, that he now bore their letter, that he was on business bent with them, that in a few days he should be part of the concern. A scornful memory of Chase & Woodward's drug-store and of his weekly ten-fifty curled his lip. He strode forward.

In the lower corridor he covertly readjusted his brown derby (a trifle too big), his coat, and his crocheted tie, and pulled down his reversible cuffs. Then he rang for the elevator.

"Mr. Rosnosky?" he inquired, quoting the name signed to the letter.

"Sixt'," replied the Ethiop of the metal cage. A soaring minute later: "Las' door on yo' left."

Remembering to be bold, Elmer entered the gold-lettered door without knocking. A rail, bookkeepers, stenogs, the clatter of typewriters. A clerk looked up.

"Mr. Rosnosky in? I—I want to see him on—some business. I got a letter from him."

The clerk, sallow and pimpled, yet clad quite beyond even the top-notch of Greenwood elegance, exhaled a thin blue vapor of cigarette-smoke and squinted at Elmer. He smiled insultingly. Elmer felt his face burn.

"Out o' town. Back Monday."

Elmer's heart sank. A number of highly disagreeable thoughts flickered through

his consciousness. Monday; four days; \$6.42 remaining; father's silver watch; how did one pawn things, anyway? He had counted on getting work at once. H-m! Elmer took off his hat and coughed.

"Monday? You—you're sure he—I can't see him till then nohow?"

"Nothin' doin'."

"But, I—he kind of promised me—that is—"

"Anybody else do?"

Elmer thought quickly. He became conscious of the stare of a stenographer with a vast wad of wonderfully yellow hair. The heat in his face augmented.

"No, I guess not. I'll come in Monday."

He dared not entrust destiny to an underling. On this cast of the die, he felt, hung eternity. Rather risk all, pawn, starve, than jeopard an atom of possible success.

Toward the door he sidled, but paused again. At least he might look the plant over. Why not? Surely he would be better dight for his interview with greatness if he knew the A B C of film-production.

"Say—I couldn't see how they make the pictures here, could I? Ain't no objection, is there?"

The clerk eyed him sharply, then nodded.

"All right, stick around if you want to. Two flights up. The at-eel-ye's open."

"The—"

Then Elmer understood. His naturally quick mind grasped it. He had seen *atelier* before in the *Film World* and knew it was French for studio. He remembered it from high-school days.

"But Miss Harris said it wrong, after all," he pondered, with some vague idea of some time correcting her, if ever he should see Greenwood again.

"Thanks!" he murmured, and once more sought the corridor.

This time he did not ring for the elevator, but legged it up the stairs. On the next flight a dark door yawned. Elmer peered in. Dimly lighted by a couple of hanging incandescents, a huge room contained numbers of vast circular frames and axles. Elmer saw these were covered with endless shiny strips and realized that they were films.

"Gee!" he breathed, with a quick, gratified feeling of intimate knowledge. Anyhow, he had seen films.

But the "at-eel-ye" beckoned. With emotion he mounted the last stairs. At last he was going to see the inside of fairy-land, the land *she* knew so well. At last, he felt, the bonds of unity between her soul and his had begun to knit.

Panting a little and somewhat weak at the knees, both with excitement and real hunger—for his breakfast had been only "Ham sangwidge an' draw one!"—he opened the door whereon was painted "Atelier" and entered the land o' dreams.

#### IV

A NEXUS of confused impressions, sounds, sights, smells, leaped at him, caught him by the soul and shook him.

"Whew!"

For a moment he stood dumfounded and amazed; but through it all he knew he liked it, knew this was the proper air for him to breathe in joy, felt a kinship come to birth with the astonishing environment.

Then he closed the door and advanced into the "movie" studio.

His eyes caught the vast sweep of the place before they could analyze any concrete details. He stood in the largest room he ever had beheld—larger even than John Titus's new barn at Bryant's Pond. Overhead mazes of iron rods extended, and from these hung batteries of flaring arcs and purple vacuum-tube lights that filled the place with a glare brighter than the noonday sun, brass-hooded lamps all hissing and sputtering together. Spider-webs of rope, crossing and weaving to cleats and windlasses, controlled the lights; and even as he stared shirt-sleeved men in greasy overalls were shifting one whole row.

A shimmering heat rose from the lamps; a smell of roasting metal, of paint, varnish, and strange, unknown odors, assailed his nostrils. He sniffed eagerly, as a war-horse sniffs powder-smoke.

For a moment even thoughts of *her* vanished. He stood and frankly stared. No use to assume any poses of aplomb or indifference now; the boy was just swept off his feet and *had* to gawk.

Everything was wonderful, strange, unreal, subtly fascinating—the tall step-ladder things on wheels, here and there on the broad floor crossed by myriad writhing electric cables; the gallery crammed with "properties," with masses of incon-

gruous furniture, draperies, pillars, statues, Lord knows what not; the hanging "drops" and gaily painted "flats" standing along the wall; the scene-loft, where he had glimpses of painters hard at work on an old Dutch village street; the many placards full of "Rules and Regulations"; the row of dressing-rooms all down the other side and along still another gallery.

"Whew!" Elmer whistled softly to himself, "*some* at-eel-ye! An' to think o' me in Chase & Woodward's—"

A hammering attracted his attention as now he slowly advanced across the floor of fairy-land. There, off in one corner, a gang of carpenters were manufacturing a whole set of antique furniture, while busy painters were slopping it with cherry stain. On a work-bench stood a confused jumble of toys and trinkets. Elmer glimpsed a big papier-mâché bulldog with a most entrancing golden wig cocked over one ear. He grinned and felt that he was blessed indeed.

Nobody paid the least attention to him. Bolder grown, he advanced over the cable-twined floor toward a couple of roomlike little scenes built of flats at the far end of the hall. Here the lights were more plentifully grouped, some swinging from above, others hung along wooden frames that stood on the floor.

A grenadier in a noisy uniform stood talking New Yorkese with a Prussian peasant and a white-plumed general. Under the lights their worn and patched raiment seemed very brave. Their faces were chalked a pasty white. A sweating stage-hand lumbered past with a table on his back; another followed, lightly bearing a huge marble pillar made of lath and canvas. At a spitting switchboard an electrician was jockeying copper levers. Napoleon, with Gaelic imprecations, was trying to chase a bantam rooster away from one of the scenes where a rehearsal was in progress.

"None o' your blank poultry in this here palace!" protested a man with a large flat camera, as he, too, shooed the fowl away.

On a tabouret in front of the scene an important, long-haired person with a furry hat, an extinct cigar in his mouth and a few crumpled sheets of typewriting in his hand, was directing the actors as they rehearsed.

Elmer felt a certain misgiving. These men certainly looked very different in real life from their presentments upon the screen; but another thought comforted him—the outdoor scenes must be real, anyhow. The West—

A clanging bell side-tracked his train of reflection and silence fell.

"Stand by for picture!" shouted the fellow on the tabouret.

The camera man seized a little crank; the earl at the table held forth his wine-glass; the valet began to pour.

"Camera!"

The crank started turning, the actors speaking, the scene unrolling, while on the tabouret he of the furry hat watched, with a squinting, autocratic gaze, the action in that blinding furnace-glare of light.

"Come on, Bill! Where the Hades are you?" he rasped. "Asleep?"

A uhlan entered, drew from his belt a royal proclamation, saluted with a flourish, and presented the missive to the earl.

"Ah!" exclaimed the earl, surprised. He ripped the seal, read the message, and sprang up.

"Go on, beat it!" cried furry-hat. The uhlan withdrew. "Get me my hat and coat, you boob!"

"Get me my hat and coat," repeated the nobleman, and the valet turned to obey. To the earl he extended the garments.

"Camera!"

The clicking ceased and the group *en scène* dissolved informally, while the earl took good care to drink up the three fingers of cheap port still in the goblet.

Elmer strolled away, thinking hard. His mouth opened; he emitted his inevitable "Gee!"

A trifle dazed, not fully comprehending, he loitered away. The West, at any rate, the plains, the great outdoors must be different—

Voices drew his attention; a shrill laugh cut across his consciousness. He was standing near the flimsy strip-and-canvas door of a dressing-room. He saw a table within whereon were visible the gold-braided legs of a man sitting at ease. Another man, in the make-up of a farmer, straddled a chair beyond.

A thin curl of cigarette-smoke idled out of the door and, with it, words—though their meaning he only half understood:

"Say, they didn't keep *me* at liberty





"BILL, HERE'S THE REAL THING JUST BLOWN IN FROM SACCARAPPA"

long after I jumped that vode circuit, I tell you *those!* I kicked into 'Princess Valentine' P. D. Q. Screamin' success from start to finish, but Morgenthau knifed me. It's somethin' fierce the way they down a good man in the professh'!"

The farmer nodded.

"That's right, too," assented he. "I

was on the Lilienthal time, but we died in Syracuse. They put the toboggan under us for fair. *This* roughneck engagement gives me the crawls, but it's good for eats, anyhow. In the fall—"

A woman's laugh interrupted him.

"Dream-ing, dream-ing!" she sang mockingly.

"Cut it, doll!" the farmer retorted angrily. "I tell you Eisenstein is goin' to sign me up for 'The Flyaway Whirl' at eighty per! An' then—"

"Then you can slip us all a few!" retorted the woman's voice. "Oh, you pipe! Ha! Ha!"

Elmer peered cautiously in. His neck projected curiously from his rain-wilted collar, and his wrists, though powerful, looked raw as they hung below his cuffs.

At a dressing-table, under a glaring incandescent, the woman was seated, conspicuously at ease before the actors' banter. Elmer caught impressions of powder-puffs and boxes of cosmetics, flasks of various colored liquids, brushes, toilet articles, and a confusion of wigs, grease-paint sticks, what not. On nails along the farther wall hung tawdry gowns, wigs, even underwear. Confused, he was about to draw back, when the woman—a cigarette smoldering in her taper, yellowed fingers—turned toward the door.

"Oh—oh, *Juanita!*" he stammered, going dead-white. He thrust out one hand to steady himself against the door-jamb.

For a second his eyes met her dark ones with their penciled lids and lashes. As in a whirl, he saw she was no longer young, for five-and-thirty never would come back again; he saw the oval chin, the dimple, and the smile; but the mouth was all a smear of crimson and two gold teeth shone through. The cheeks were heavy with chalk. A curly chestnut wig, just a trifle awry, fell over shoulders far too bare.

One glance she measured over him, from hair to soles; then she laughed.

"Hello, Heck!" she greeted. "Lampin' the sights—what? Well, look out they don't gold-brick you, sonny, on the Great White Way!"

To the farmer she turned mockingly.

"Say, Bill, here's the real thing, just blown in from Saccarappa. He's got you skun miles, believe *me!*"

Sick, very sick, far sicker than ever he had been in all his two-and-twenty years, Elmer dumbly trailed away toward the door. About him all the scaffolds and frames of hope had crumpled and crashed down; the bottom had caved clean out of the universe; his Dead Sea fruits were bitter ash upon his pale and quivering lips.

Chokingly he blundered down the stairs, seven long flights; blindly he blundered out into the drizzling rain.

Only when he had wandered six blocks, at random, did he even notice that people were staring, that he still held his derby clutched in his trembling hand, and that his heavy shock of hair was dripping wet.

## V

Moon there was none, but the star-shine of that soft September night dimly adumbrated a white something in the deeper shadows under the pear-trees in the side yard—a something that swayed to and fro with a faint creaking of hammock-ropes.

Thankful for the enshrouding dark, Elmer crept hesitantly along the picket-fence. His heart was thrashing and his legs trembled, but he did not retreat. He reached the gate, stopped, and drew a long breath.

Then he whistled.

At sound of the familiar "Bob-White" quail-call the vague whiteness in the hammock stopped swaying. Again the boy whistled unsteadily.

He wanted to turn, to run away, to hide as the dim ghostliness drew near with a swish of petticoats through the grass. But grasped the top of the gate and stood his ground, breathing heavily.

Then Abbie stood there before him, eagerly peering.

"Oh!"

His hand blundered out to her in the dark. It touched her arm; toward him he drew her.

"Say, Abbie—I—"

"Why, Elmer! What—*where*—"

Suddenly she fell atrembling. He felt it, and his arm slid round her body.

"Don't—don't you ask me now! Not jus' now, Abbie!" he pleaded huskily. "I—I'll tell you all 'bout it in the mornin'. I was dreamin'—I woke up, that's all. An' I'm back, anyhow—an'—"

She began to cry.

Clumsily he drew her head down on his shoulder. With a big hand he patted her caressingly in silence. Here, there, the firefly comets sparkled among the trees or winked in the tall grass, where shrilled an orchestra of many cricket-fiddles.

"I been dreamin'—but I'm awake now for good!"

"Oh, Elmer!"

Her arm tightened round his neck, her tear-wet face turned up to his.

And in her kiss he knew that he had found the real.

# THE PLAINT OF A SPINSTER

BY ONE OF THEM

THERE is no tragedy like the tragedy of the woman who wants a home and has none. There is no one so wretched in her heart as she who dreamed the dream of motherhood and never knew the reality. Oh! if I could rear visibly before the blind eyes of you who will not or do not care to see the mountain of aching hearts, of rebellious souls, of bitter, anguished hours when all of a woman's stock in trade, her equipment and accomplishments for home and motherhood, is inventoried and adjudged worthless because it will never be used!

If I could make the covered misery of hearts like mine strike like a blighting glare on heedless eyes, I would do it, for its scorching revelation might wake society to its chronic crime—teaching girls to love and long for home and home-making, for children, but blundering on in a blindness that takes no account of the 9,000,000 unmarried women in this country alone, women growing gaunt and scrawny on the indigestible diet of their own loneliness and unfulfilment.

I saw a workman struck by the end of a heavy beam. He had been plodding along at his own work on the masonry. The beam slipped from the noose of rope that was swinging it to the roof. In the instant before unconsciousness came I saw his dazed eyes stare with dull wonder at the unexpected blow which had struck him when he was quietly doing his duty.

That stunned wonder struck me almost as the beam had struck him. I saw myself staring dumbly at what has struck me. Something leaped up awake in me after years of silent, dumbly accepting submission. The impulse came to express the despairing rebellion against a condition for which I am not to blame, through which I suffer, and for which, in heaven or earth, there must be a remedy.

I live in a town of about twenty thou-

sand souls; at least, I suppose them souls! But, with a blindness that seems to deny the vision which souls should have, there are mothers still raising their daughters as I was raised, to know how to keep house, to anticipate using their knowledge in homes of their own, to value the assured position of the married woman, to dream of pressing baby fingers against trembling mother lips. For what?

For many of them to be disappointed as I have been disappointed, to be left sitting with futile, unemployed hands and brains, and with all their acquired knowledge and trained ambition festering in the poison of their own uselessness. If I thought it would do any good, I would scream out warnings against preparing so many girls for futures they will never know, against forcing them against the unscalable wall at whose stony base they must sit and learn to make the best of the worst, with no loophole through which to gaze with hope at a future.

Like the stunned workman, I have mutely stared at the fathers who are supplying the money to educate daughters to marry and have homes, who rear about them the conventional barriers which keep them thinking and planning for careers in home environments, who labor to dress them nicely and enhance their value as home women, who bend every effort to fit their girls for careers—they may never have. I have wondered silently at the government in the town hall or in the halls of state at Washington, for its inciting of women to high ideals of citizenship—for their children!

I have no children! There are 9,000,000 other women who have none! All our altruistic yearnings, all our loving desires to serve in that way our fellow men must be worked off as corresponding secretaries in church societies or as visitors at hospitals or in other tragic efforts to fill the aching voids within us.

I know the finger of pitying scorn may be pointed at me and at the others who seem to sit at the base of the wall which divides them from what they would be; and I can see its gesture turn to one of commanding triumph as it indicates those women who, though unmarried, have become useful members of society in the business world, in the world of art and literature, and in philanthropies. But I do not cringe under its pointing.

I have grown the courage to cry back at its scorn that the craving in my heart is the highest and best craving a woman can know! The service of the career to which I aspire is the most needed and the finest a woman can give society. I was born in a family where it was so estimated. I was reared to expect it and to be worthy of it. And—I cannot enter it. And I no longer fear to tell the society that I could and would serve, that I rebel against the conditions it establishes to shut the door in my face.

#### IT IS THE UNFIT WHO MARRY

The full poignancy of this horrible aching for what I have not has come home to me so frightfully in the last few months that I seem unable to bear my misery in silence any longer. When you analyze the situation, it is perfectly evident that it is not always the women most fitted for marriage who marry. Many unmarried women are more truly mothers than those who have borne children. I know this; and this is the tragedy by which I gained my knowledge.

My sister, younger than I, is married. She is a mother. She is making a martyr of a good man who loves her enough to allow his time and his money to be misused; and she is proving that, however she may shine as a leader in the local society, she lacks the essentials of a good mother. She went away for a month this spring to rest. She left the baby, a little girl of four, with me.

It is what that child meant to me and her keen and cruel teaching of what I had missed that is the real spur that pricks my courage to make this plaint of a spinster. She came to me with a wardrobe as carelessly inadequate as a careless mother could manage when she took no extra pains to save herself from criticism. Only the eyes of an old maid elder sister would see her shortcomings.

I began to make the little garments that were needed. Father had died three years before, and I had lived on alone in the old house. It was lonely, yet I had managed to keep myself somewhat occupied. But it is desolately uncomfortable keeping a house in order—that never gets mussed up. It's wofully uninspiring to cook for oneself. I had lost interest in what I ate. Only another woman will know how little worth while it seems to prepare a meal and sit down to eat it alone. And only another woman as lonely as I will appreciate that it is a fear of leisure which drives one to cook and clean for oneself.

But when the little girl came—to be clothed and fed and loved! She ran like sunlight over the silent floors. The empty walls seemed grateful to have their echoes stirred by her baby talk. Oh! the unutterable satisfaction of it! The joy of having something that imperatively needed to be done!

I cut and basted and sewed. I eased the hunger of my hands with the touch of her round little body. When I tucked her in bed I know I fussed and dawdled. I felt as if I had placed a treasure for safe-keeping in the cot. And now the baby gave back my love! In spirit and in practical service I was her mother.

Then the woman who had borne her came home. Though she is my own sister, I could have scratched and torn her when she tolerantly smiled and sneered at the complete little wardrobe which I showed her in unwisely revealed pride. And the raw depth of the ragged wound she made when she told me I had nothing else to do but fuss with the clothes!

Nothing else to do! I wondered if God heard that! Nothing else to do! What else would there be to do that would count—if I had the chance to do that? Why—the great question booms about the emptiness which has always swallowed it when I asked—why should I be denied that which she fails to appreciate? Why, with all my ideals framed and fitted about a home and my own children, should I be robbed of all the hope of realizing them?

Suppose a boy were trained carefully, practically and in spirit, to be a doctor. Suppose he grew to love the prospect, to learn all he learned with that end in view. Then suppose the door were slammed in his face and he were shut out from the use of his acquired abilities, kept from the reali-

zation of his long-cultivated hopes? Would he sit down before the barrier, smile and pretend he liked being barred from all he had expected, try to force himself to be content when every craving gnawed at his heart unsatisfied? Would he cover his sufferings with a serene countenance, knowing he would be called silly, sentimental, idiotic if he dared show his hurt? Would he? Yet there are about 9,000,000 women doing just that!

My sister took her child home. It seemed to me she almost gloated in doing it. She even expressed a kind of righteous indignation at the hold I had on the child's affections. The motherhood she chose again and again to outrage she now asserted, as if I had purposely worked to win the baby's love by my devoted attention to her needs and my gratitude for her company.

#### THE CRAVINGS OF THE CHILDLESS

Two lonelinesses now settled on me. I suffered for her; I suffered for the child I would never have. Many a baby has died and not left the bleeding wound in its mother's heart that I felt and still feel. The mother of the baby born has held it in her arms and loved it. She loses it, but she keeps it, too, for somewhere in the vast beyond she can see it with her eyes of faith. But the mother of the unborn child mourns in a grief that cannot be comforted. Neither the pain nor the joy of possession has welded her and her child. She has not held her baby in her living arms, and she has no faith to hope that somewhere in another life the ache for it shall be eased. She just feels that she will never know, that her hungry heart will never beat a rapturously contented lullaby for a small head pressed close.

Of course, there are women who do not crave marriage as the open gate to life's experiences. But they are not the rank and file, the great majority. Some will read these thoughts as maudlin expression of sentimental nonsense. They will say they do not crave wifehood and motherhood; but, even while they speak, a listening ear may note the pitiful efforts to hide bleeding wounds and bolster up courage while they protect pride.

My mother was an excellent housekeeper. She was keenly sensitive to public opinion. She wanted her daughters to have the education, the domestic training

that would make them irreproachable in her small world. Only one of us responded to her efforts. I was that unfortunate one.

Neither of us was really pretty, just rather nice-looking average girls. We did not shine attractively; and our mother was overcritical about the boys who came to our house. These were the reasons they preferred to go to other houses. My sister had the man-getting instinct. She soon discovered our lack of popularity; and she deliberately chose her girl friends from those who had lots of "beaus." My mother thought them "ordinary."

Obedience, or the finer fiber of my nature, made me understand my mother's social aspirations. But I did not know then, as I do now, that I had neither the beauty nor the originality to attract men of exceptional social or mental position. I honestly believed, though, that the right man would seek me. My sister did not wait so modestly—and I thought if I prepared myself in the domestic accomplishments which my mother so thoroughly understood, and made the best of my education, the chance would naturally come for me to use my acquirements.

#### WHAT WON A HUSBAND

That I thought wrongly, time has proved. My sister never learned anything so well as how to evade work, elude mother, and fall short in duty and responsibility. But she married. Her noisy assumption of wit, her clothes thrown on with a kind of style, her continual insistence on her own way seemed to win what I have never gained—a husband. He was an electrician, and has since risen rapidly till he is superintendent of our plant; and she is the mother of a little girl.

I am nothing—a woman unfulfilled, an old maid living like a mushroom in the quiet and dark of the house my parents left, companioned most of the time by dead hopes and visited occasionally by the ghosts of my old dreams. What have I done to deserve the loneliness? Is it wonderful that I look at my sister with her pretty, modern home, her association, as one of them, with the young matrons of the town, her husband and, above all, her child, and feel bitterly scornful of my own folly in being modest, dutiful, obedient in waiting to be wooed?

Because I did not thrust myself into



notice, because I disdained asserting myself to catch the eyes of men, I am sitting alone, with the useless riches of my nature mildewing and festering in the damp of my own tears and the fever of my rebellion. My sister lived life in her own way. It seems to have been the right way, since she is having the normal human experiences, while my way has resulted in my being shut closer and closer within the walls of my own incompleteness.

Perhaps in a city there are ways for old maids to be useful and happy. Perhaps there are more men than here in our town, so that they may hope for companionship before the journey ends. But here I have nothing to do, because there are already more people than are needed for the work there is to do. And the men who are not married all go where there are larger opportunities; and gayer, prettier, more alive women make them look at us stay-at-home old maids as creatures to be tolerated instead of enjoyed. It's not particularly agreeable—even when you have grown used to it—to think of yourself and to know you are being thought of as a human cipher.

#### THE SPINSTER'S COMMON THEME

I do not blame men. I do not like old maids myself. There is one around the corner from me. We ought to be friends, but we are not. Two married women would have their husbands, their houses, their children as common interests. This other old maid and I have but one common theme, our miserable loneliness; and we are each too proud to acknowledge it, even if it were not too doleful a theme on which to build an intimacy.

She devoted herself with a practical selfishness, which is proof of her fitness for home-making and domestic service, to her father. Maybe no one else guessed why she nearly went wild with grief when the man every one considered a burden to himself and her died. But I knew. I saw her holding her empty hands and stiffening her trembling lips to hard lines as she tried to face the lonely road before her. Even the demands of a cantankerous old invalid are better than knowing that not one human being in the world really needs you!

Married women are never friends with old maids—without a reason. Sometimes it seems to me that a reproach rests on the spinster which makes her fit subject for

imposition by the matrons. I have friends who accept—or even ask—my assistance in arranging the dinner-table for guests, but who do not mind letting me know how hard it is to “pair off” an unattached spinster. I have burned with wrath more than once at the half-hinted suggestion that I stay in the pantry and see that things are properly served. But I have actually done it—rather than go back to a lonely evening in my own house.

Then married women are so cruelly quick to criticize any little effort a spinster makes to lure back an appearance of youth. And they are the ones who, if a man does show some interest, smile the smile which drives a sensitive soul so far into its shell that even an enterprising man could hardly excavate it. And men are not so ardently excavating spinsters' souls as they are the souls in younger layers of pinker flesh.

Coarse women almost always marry. I have observed that with surprise. They unhesitatingly fling out the feminine lures which snare the man, either in the web of their appeals or in the trap of his own embarrassment and inability to escape. But the refined woman who fits herself to be a wife, then waits modestly to be won, too frequently never gets an opportunity.

If a woman is fortunate to want a career above all things, then it matters little if she is never interrupted by the urging of a lover. But if she looks upon marriage as a career for which she is fitted, and in which she craves success, then she is cursed if she be one of the 9,000,000. On me this curse rests heavily. Just well enough off in this world's goods to live here in the old home town in respectable style, with no talent that makes me useful or attractive, unable to divert my mind from my own misery, because the very things I know how to do and like doing are the things I could have done with such happiness and effectiveness in a home of my own, I grow more and more despondent.

Nothing about me has the warm and intimate meaning of “own things.” The chairs and tables, portières and pictures are the landmarks of my mother's journey along the path of life I am never to follow.

In the garret—which I carefully clean every spring that I may have something to do—are two small and battered chairs. They were mine and my sister's. I have seen my mother come down from the attic

wiping the tears from her eyes. She had been visiting the shrine which those two chairs made of the attic corner. She had been reliving with tender and wistful joy-pain, the baby days of her children, when the little chairs rocked gaily while the feet of their small owners pounded the floor. But those old chairs are only so much trumpery to me. I keep them solely for what they meant to her. They are not *my* babies' chairs.

I am alone a great deal. I presume I am not attractive enough to draw people; and I have had too few of the usual feminine experiences to be really companionable to other women who have lived more. If I had enough money to travel it might be different. But I haven't. So I have thought—thought a great deal. It seems unfair to me that one who honestly and earnestly desires to live a perfectly natural, useful life should be robbed of the chance.

If I wanted to do anything revolutionary, to destroy anything, good or fine, I could content myself knowing that society and circumstance combine the strength and good sense to curb me. But I do not. I just want to be completely a woman. I want what every female creature wants. Yet these natural, constructive desires may not be gratified. It takes all the fighting power my soul can muster to overcome the hosts of impish bitternesses and rebellious thoughts that throng about me when I realize the long stretch of the uncompanioned, uneventful years lying before me.

A lover means a great deal to a woman. Yet in these hours of quiet, unbroken by the racket of clumping boyish feet or the light patter of little girls at play, I have thought that the imagination might furnish him and make, perhaps, a better one than any flesh-and-blood man could be. But a husband cannot be conjured from the fairy figment of a dreaming brain. He must be a vital reality, with all his imperfections on his head.

To the woman who has had a husband and lost the first joy of him in a growing knowledge of his human shortcomings it may seem silly and far-fetched for an unmarried woman to be mourning for the husband she never had. Worn with the actual cares of married life, the matron may sneer at the grief, may even insinuate that some do not know when they are lucky. And that may be the very heart

of the truth. I do not know when I am lucky. But, since I do not know, I can find no joy in my unrealized bliss. Joy is only joy when it seems joyful to the one who has it. With all the wretchedness, not alone of hope deferred, but of hope abandoned, I mourn the husband I have never had, the child I shall never mother.

It is a tragic thing to abandon hope, doubly tragic when that hope is for the simple, elemental joys of life, the natural human experiences to which we all seem to have a right, yet to which some never attain.

Only last week a widower with four children married a girl just a year older than his eldest child. He was a man of experience as well as a man of means. The poor but pretty and ambitious girl who married him was plainly won by his money. She married him for that and position.

It is not sour, old-maidish envy that says this; it is merely a statement of opinions so prevalent that it was rather a marvel that the man himself did not attach some importance to them. But he did not, apparently. It almost makes one think that men choose their wives as boys do candy—the biggest, most highly colored piece in the case, even if it is bad for them.

#### WHY ARE MOTHERS SO BLIND?

I went to the wedding and came back again to my silent house. I thought of the pretty, incompetent girl the man had married. I thought of my equally incompetent—if not equally pretty—sister. And again I wondered why mothers, with their supposedly inside lights upon men and their mental and emotional processes, should continue to educate their daughters to be competent wives and mothers when the unequipped and frivolous, the self-centered and the self-seeking, the ambitious and the unworthy keep getting the prizes in the lottery of marriage.

Our old couch in the sitting-room is ugly, and it is uncomfortable. I dislike it as a piece of furniture; but I keep it. It may sound funny to women of many love-affairs; but that old, ugly, ungainly thing is the one object in my love-denied life which ever harbored even a shadow of romance.

John Eldridge called on me three times. We sat on that couch. Mother was away when I met him, and he seemed attracted

to me. She came home and disapproved of him because he was only a clerk at the notion-counter in a dry-goods store. I had talked to him alone during those three calls; and I knew he was ambitious and earnest. He was doing what he could till he found what he wanted to do. But I meekly accepted mother's dictation in the matter and was rather distant to him. But I liked him. I still like him.

At that third call my sister came in while he was there. She had sneered at him as a "slow-poke"; but some imp inspired her with a wish to attract him. Embarrassed me by her cheap, forward coquetry, she talked to him. She "jollied" him. I thought I understood his serious nature and his refined tastes; and I fancied he would be repelled by her broad efforts to interest him. I suffered agonies of humiliation—for her. I even thought fearfully of how it might affect his opinion of me to know that I had such a sister.

I might have spared myself the pain, for another pain came soon. He flew like the proverbial fly into her web. He lost his head over her. He became so completely infatuated that he did not even see she was making fun of him most of the time. And I found myself in the humiliating position of one who could not hold an interest which another could secure without half trying. She did not value him. He was a bargain-counter male in her eyes; and she did not cover her contempt for my inability to keep even so undesirable a lover.

If a business chance had not taken him away from our town, and he had come back to me on the rebound when he knew of her engagement, I could not have taken

him. Yet—I keep that old couch. And as I stare at it now, seeing other visions than the crude roses of its Brussels carpet covering, I wonder if it is not wiser for a girl to see a man merely as a means to an end—the route by which she may go to complete development—and to make up her mind to subjugate delicacy of feeling and refinement to the more important business of securing her entrance into wifehood and motherhood. Is it any reason that a woman should be robbed of her chance to live fully just because men are unable to appreciate the woman who waits to be wooed?

Great ends involve some sacrifice to attain. Reaping, as I am, the bitter harvest of loneliness and unfulfilment, I say that girls should cultivate the ways of appealing to men *which men can understand*. If I had it to do over, I should earn husband and home and children by deliberately helping along the good work. Neither modesty, duty to others, nor an overshot social ambition should bar me from the career I crave. The wise woman is she who lets nothing of lesser meaning blind her to the great object she is to attain.

But all this is late wisdom. In the life-drama of an old maid the climax to the tragedy comes in the negation of the old truth, "It's never too late to learn." For it is too late. There is no help now. Nature sets her seal; and the unmarried woman can only sit and listen to the slow drip from her broken heart as she waits for the years to pass.

Heaven help us old maids who dare not mourn in the open. Oh! the pity of our struggles to fill the years with uninvited and often undesired stepmothering of other women's children. What is there for us?

#### AT TWILIGHT

A LONE old figure in a room  
Of twilight deep'ning into gloom,  
When light and coming shadows blend  
And day is dark'ning to its end.

And through the twilight of her thought  
Faint shadows pass of things unsought,  
Like swallows dipping down at eve—  
Dim ghosts whom daylight doth deceive—

Thin rustlings of long-buried things  
That ebbing fancy shoreward brings,  
Life softly fading into death,  
And truth intangible as breath.

Catherine de Mille

# THE BATTLE-CRY\*

A NOVEL—COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE CUMBERLANDS"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

THE leaves of poplar and oak hung still and limp; no ghost of breeze found its way down there to stir them into movement or whisper. Banks of rhododendron, breaking into a foam of bloom, gave the seeming of green and white capped waves arrested and solidified by some sudden paralysis of nature. Sound itself appeared dead, save for hushed minors that only accentuated the stillness of the Cumberland forest. Even the little waters that slipped and shimmered over a shaly creek-bed crept noiselessly down to their destiny of feeding rivers, as though their mission was surreptitious.

Now, as evening sent her warning with gathering shadows that began to lurk in the valleys, two mounted figures made no sound either, save when a hoof splashed on a slippery surface or saddle-leather creaked under the patient scrambling of their animals.

In front rode a battered mountaineer astride a rusty brown mule. He himself was as rusty and brown as his beast and, to casual sight, as spiritless. Lean shoulders sagged and a thin, weary-eyed face was thrust forward on a long, collarless neck with something suggestive of a turtle's head in its aquiline contour. His clothing, from shapeless hat to unlaced brogans, was sun-gnawed and wind-bitten into absolute neutrality of color.

The second figure came some yards behind, carefully following in the other's wake on a mule which limped, as a mule

will limp that has cast its shoe in the morning and toiled over mountains all day through a smithless territory.

But it was the figure itself which would have startled the observer with its seeming contradiction of the environment. For this second mule bore a woman, riding astride. She was a young woman, and if just now her slender shoulders also drooped a little, still even in their droop they hinted at a gallant grace of carriage.

The girl was very slender and, though convoyed by the drab missionary "Good Anse" Talbott, riding astride a lame mount and accoutered with saddle-bags and blanket-roll, her clothes were not of mountain calico, but of good fabric, skillfully tailored, and she carried her head erect. There was unconscious pride of race and purpose in the uptilt of that girl's chin, and though now she was very tired and her delicately curving lips fell into a somewhat pathetic droop, though her eyes wore a hint of furrow between their brows, still the lips were subtly and sweetly carved by their Creator and the eyes were worthy mirrors for the sky high above the topmost crest of the ridges.

Indubitably this was a "furriner"; a woman from the other world of "down-below." But who was she, and why had she come? As to that, word had gone ahead of her and been duly reported to the one man who knew things hereabout; who made it a point to know things, and whose name stood as a challenge to innovation in the mountains.

\* Copyright, 1913, by Charles Neville Buck

When at morning she had started out from the shack town at the end of the rails, "Bad Anse" Havey's informers had ridden not far behind her. Later they had pushed ahead and relayed their message to their chief.

She had often heard the name of Bad Anse Havey. The yellow press of the State, and even of the nation, was fond of using it. Whenever to the lawless mountains came a fresh upblazing of feudal hatred and blood was let, it was customary to say that the affair bore the earmarks of Bad Anse's incitement. Certain it was that in his own territory this man was overlord and dictator.

Like one of the untamable eagles that circled the windy crests of his mountains, he had watched with eyes that could gaze unblinking into the sun all men who came and went through the highlands where his aerie perched. Those whom he hated, unless they, too, were of the eagle breed, fierce and resourceful and strong of talon, could not remain there.

This slender young woman, astride a mule, was coming as the avowed outrider of a new order. She meant to make war on the whole fabric of illiteracy and squalid ignorance which lay entrenched here. Consequently her arrival would interest Bad Anse Havey.

Once, when they had stopped by a wayside mill to let their mules pant at the water-trough, she had caught a scrap of conversation that was not meant for her ears; a scrap laughingly tossed from bearded lip to bearded lip among the hickory-shirted loiterers at the mill door.

"Reckon thet thar's the fotched-on woman what aims ter start a school over on the head of Tribulation," drawled one native. "I heered tell of her t'other day."

With a somewhat derisive laugh another had contributed:

"Mebby she hain't talked thet project over with Bad Anse yit. Hit mought be a right good idee fer thet gal ter go on back down below, whar she b'longs at."

The girl was thinking of all this now as she rode in the wake of her silent escort. Muscles which had never before proclaimed themselves were waking into a rack of pain, and it is difficult to be resolute when one is tired. Suddenly it seemed to her that she bore on the shoulders of a girl fresh from college and reared to ease a burden which Atlas should be hefting.

They came ploddingly to a higher strip of road, and she clutched at the pommel and swayed a little in her saddle under the wave of physical exhaustion which swept over her. Now the mountains opened from their choking closeness and ahead lay a broad vista.

Even the sprays of elder and the flare of the trumpetflower carried a color note of weedlike lawlessness. Why had the potent wave of civilization always broken here in shattered foam? She looked at the mountains, and the mountains were the answer. There they stood before her, rock-ribbed and titanic. They were beautiful beyond words, but unshakably sullen and inexpressibly grim.

They had nourished medievalism unaltered through two centuries; they had been ancient when the Alps and Himalayas yet slept in the womb of the sea, old before the Andes were conceived! And as she rode her limping mule into their depths with wilting confidence, it seemed to her that the human incarnation of this great lawlessness stood mocking her in the fierce, contemptuous visage which her imagination had painted as that of Bad Anse Havey. Here was a desperado, defying all law, whom a sovereign commonwealth could not or would not rise and crush.

In a moment of almost cringing despair she wished indeed that she were "back thar down below whar she b'longed at."

Then, almost fiercely, drawing back her aching shoulders, she cast her eyes about on the darkening scene and raised her voice in anxious inquiry: "How much farther do we have to go?"

The man riding ahead did not turn his face, but flung his answer apathetically backward over his shoulder: "We got to keep right on till we comes ter a dwellin'-house. I'm aimin' fer old man Fletch McNash's cabin a leetle ther rise of a mile frum hyar. I 'low mebbly he mought shelter us till mornin'."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Ef he doesn't, we've got ter ride on a spell further."

The girl closed her eyes for a moment and pressed her lip between her teeth.

At last a sudden turn in the road brought to view a wretched patch of bare clay, circled by a dilapidated paling fence, within which gloomed a squalid and unlighted cabin of logs. At sight of its deso-



lation the girl's heart sank. A square hovel, windowless and obviously of one room, held up a wretched lean-to that sagged drunkenly against its end. The open door was merely a patch of greater darkness in the gray picture. Behind it loomed the mountain like a crouching Colossus.

At first she thought it an abandoned shack, but as they drew rein near the stile a dark object lazily rose, resolving itself into a small boy of perhaps eleven. He had been sitting hunched up there at gaze with his hands clasped around his thin knees.

As he came to his feet he revealed a thin stature swallowed up in a hickory shirt and an overample pair of butternut trousers that had evidently come down in honorable heritage from elder brethren. His small face wore a sharp, prematurely old expression as he stood staring up at the new arrivals and hitching at the single "gallus" which supported the family breeches.

"Airy one o' ye folks got a chaw o' terbaccy?" he demanded tersely, then added in plaintive after-note: "I hain't had a chaw ter-day."

"Sonny," announced the colorless mountaineer with equal succinctness, "we want ter be took in. We're benighted."

"Ye mought ax Fletch," was the stolid reply, "only he hain't hyar. Hes airy one o' ye folks got a chaw o' terbaccy?"

"I don't chaw, ner drink, ner smoke," answered the horseman quietly, in the manner of one who teaches by precept. "I'm a preacher of ther Gawspel. Air ye Fletch's boy?"

"Huh-huh. Hain't thet woman got no terbaccy nuther?"

Evidently, whatever other characteristics went into this youth's nature, he was admirably gifted with tenacity and single-mindedness of purpose. Juanita Holland smiled as she shook her head and replied: "I'm a woman, and I don't use tobacco."

"The hell ye don't!" The boy paused, then added scornfully, "My mammy chaws and smokes, too—but she don't straddle no hoss."

After that administration of rebuke he deigned once more to recognize the missionary's insistent queries, though he did so with laconic impatience.

"I tell ye Fletch hain't hyar." The boy started disgustedly away, but paused

in passing to jerk his head toward the house and added: "Ye mought ax thet woman ef ye've a mind ter."

The travelers raised their eyes and saw a second figure standing with hands on hips staring at them from the distance. It was the slovenly figure of a woman, clad in a colorless and shapeless skirt and an equally shapeless jacket which hung unbelted about her thick waist. As she came slowly forward the girl began to take in other details. The woman was barefooted and walked with a shambling gait which made Juanita think of bears pacing their barred enclosures in a zoo. Her face was hard and unsmiling, and the wrinkles about her eyes were those of anxious and lean years, but the eyes themselves were not unkind. Her lips were tight clamped on the stem of a clay pipe.

"'Evenin', ma'am," began the mountaineer, "I'm Good Anse Talbott. I reckon mebby ye've heered tell of me. This lady is Miss Holland from down below. I 'lowed Fletch mought let us tarry hyar till sunup."

"I reckon he mought ef he war hyar—though we don't foller takin' in strangers," was the dubious reply, "—but he ain't hyar."

"Where air he at?"

"Don't know. Didn't ye see him down the road as ye rid along?"

"Wall, now—" drawled the missionary, "I hain't skeercely as well acquainted hyarabouts as further up Tribulation. What manner o' lookin' man air he?"

"He don't look like nothin' much," replied his wife morosely. "He's jest an ornery-lookin' old man."

"Whither did he sot out ter go when he left hyar?"

The woman shook her head, then a grim flash of latent wrath broke in her eyes.

"I'll jest let ye hev the truth, stranger. Some triflin' fellers done sa'ntered past hyar with a jug of lickin', an' thet fool Fletch hes jest done follered 'em off. Thet's all thar is to hit, an' he hain't got no license ter ack thetaway nuther. I reckon by now he's a layin' drunk somewhars."

For a moment there was silence, through which drifted the distant tinkle of cowbells down the creek. Beyond the crests lingered only a lemon afterglow as relict of the dead day. The brown, colorless man astride his mule sat stupidly looking

down at the brown, colorless woman across the stile. The waiting girl heard the preacher inquiring which way the master of the house had gone and surmising that "mebby he'd better set out in sarch of him"; the words seemed to come from a great distance, and her head swam giddily. Then, overcome with disgust and weariness, Juanita Holland saw the afterglow turn slowly to pale gray and then to black, shot through with orange spots. Then she grew suddenly indifferent to the situation, swayed in her saddle, and slipped limply to the ground.

The young woman who had come to conquer the mountains and carry a torch of enlightenment to their illiteracy had fainted from discouragement and weariness at the end of the first day's march.

## II

THE weariness which caused the fainting spell must have lengthened its duration, for when Juanita's lashes flickered upward again and her brain came gropingly back to consciousness she was no longer out by the stile. Yet there could not have been a great interval either, for now, as the girl looked up, a streak of afterglow, paling and graying, remained visible through the cabin door, and over it hung a single, diamond-clear star.

She was lying in the smothering softness of a feather bed. On her palate and tongue lingered an unfamiliar, sweetish taste, while through her veins she felt the coursing of a warm glow.

Over her stood the woman who had been across the stile when she fainted, her attitude anxiously watchful. In one hand she held a stone jug, and in the other a gourd dipper. So that accounted for the taste and the glow, and as Juanita took in the circumstance she heard the high, nasal voice, pitched none the less in a tone of kindly reassurance.

"Ye'll be spy as a squirrel in a leetle spell, honey. Don't fret yoreself none. Ye war jest plumb tuckered out an' ye swooned. I've been a rubbin' your hands an' a pourin' a little white lick down yore throat. Don't worrit yoreself none. We're pore folks an' we hain't got much, but I reckon we kin mek out ter enjoy ye somehow."

The four walls of the cabin might have been the rocky confines of a mountain cavern, so formlessly did they merge into

the impalpable and sooty murk that hung between them, obliterating all remoter outline. Only things in a narrow circle grew visible, and at the center of this lighted area was the slender figure of a girl holding up a lard taper, its radius of light yellow and flickering.

As the mountain girl felt the eyes of the strange and, to her, wonderful woman from the great unknown world on her, her own dark lashes fell timidly and the hand that held the taper trembled, while into her cheeks crept a carmine self-consciousness. Juanita, for her part, sensed in her veins a new and subtler glow than that which the moonshine whisky had quickened. The men and women of the hills had made her heart-sick with their stolid and animal-like coarseness. Now she saw a slender figure in which the lines were yet transitory between the straightness of the child and the budding curves of womanhood.

She saw a well-borne head surmounted by a mass of tangled hair, which the taper lighted into an aureole, and a face delicately beautiful. The lips were poppy-red and eyes as blue as her own, while below the ragged hem of the short calico skirt bare and slender feet twisted with the restless shyness of a fawn's.

It was to such children of the hills as this that Juanita Holland was to bring the new teachings. But even as she smiled the child—for she seemed to be only fifteen or sixteen—surrendered to her shyness and, thrusting the taper into her mother's hand, shrank out of sight in some shadowed corner of the place.

Then Juanita's eyes occupied themselves with what fragmentary details the faint light revealed. The barrel of a rifle caught the weak flare and glittered. The uncarpeted floor of rude puncheon slabs lay a thing of gaping cracks, and overhead there was a vague feeling of low rafters from which hung strings of ancient and shriveled peppers and a few crinkled "hands" of "natural leaf." But as her senses awakened, the newcomer was most conscious of a reek such as that which clings about a shed where hams are cured—the reek of a windowless house in which the chimney has smoked until the timbers are darkened.

"Dawn," commanded the woman, "take yore foot in yore hand an' light out ter ther barn an' see ef ye kin find some aigs."

As Juanita watched the door she caught a glimpse of a slight figure that vanished with the same quick noiselessness with which a beaver slips into water.

"I reckon ye kin jest lay thar a spell," added the woman, "whilst I goes out an' sees what victuals I kin skeer up."

Left alone, the girl from Philadelphia ran over the events of the day—events which seemed to smother her under a weight of squalor and foreboding. The taper had gone with the hostess and the door darkened with the thickening of twilight. Once or twice she heard the surreptitious fall of a cautious bare foot, and, though she could see nothing, she knew that one of the children of the household had crept in to lie fascinatedly gazing toward her from one of the other beds. Even in their idle curiosity there was that note which had all day been growing to an obsession with her—the note which strikes the stranger in the hills, of never-ending and grim suspense—of being constantly watched and followed by unseen eyes.

At length from the road came loud shouts of drunken laughter, broken by the evident remonstrances of a companion who sought to enjoin quiet, and by these tokens the "furrin" woman knew that the lord of the squalid manor was returning, and that he was coming under convoy. She shrank from a meeting with Fletch McNash; but if she went out by the only door she knew she would have to confront him, so she lay still.

Fletch was deposited in one of the split-bottom chairs by the door-step.

"I jest went over thar ter borry a hoe," he proclaimed, "an' I met up with some fellers and thar was all manner of free licker. They had white licker an' bottled-in-bond licker, an' none of hit didn't cost nothin'. Them fellers jest wouldn't hardly suffer me ter come away."

"An' whilst ye war a soakin' up thet thar free licker them pertater sets was a dryin' up waitin' ter be sot out," came the stern wifely reminder.

"I knows thet. I hadn't hardly ought ter of did hit—but them fellers they jest wouldn't hardly suffer me ter leave thar."

"Well"—the woman's voice was contemptuous—"I jest took them pertater sets an' flung 'em in ther crick."

"Aw, pshaw! ole woman"—Fletch's voice was unruffled—"ye didn't do no sich of a fool thing. Ye're jest a lyin'."

Between the strident voices came every now and then the softly modulated tones of the stranger whose words Juanita lost. Yet, somehow, whenever she heard them she felt soothed, and after each of these utterances the woman outside also spoke in softer tones.

Whoever the stranger was, he carried in his voice a reassuring quality, so that without having seen him the girl felt that in his presence there was an element of strength and safeguarding.

At last from one of the beds she heard a scuffling sound, and a moment later a childish form opened a door at the back of the cabin and slipped out into the darkness.

That revealed an avenue of escape. Juanita had not known that these windowless cabins are usually supplied with two doors, and that the one into which the wind does not drive the weather stands open for light on wintry days. Now she, too, rose noiselessly and went out of the close and musty room. It was quite dark out there and she could feel, rather than see, the densely foliated side of the mountain that loomed upward at the back.

All about her was impenetrable murk, and she sank down on a large rock which she found in her path. So wrapped was she in the depressing contemplation of the task which lay ahead of her and its stark contrast with all which lay behind her that in her brooding she lost account of time. At last she heard a voice sing out from the stile:

"I'm Jim White, an' I'm a comin' in."

A thick welcome from Fletch McNash followed, and then again silence settled, except for the weird strain of a banjo which one of the children was thrumming inside.

After a while, as she sat there on the rock, with her chin disconsolately in her hand and her elbows on her knees, Juanita became conscious of footsteps and knew that some one was coming toward her. Then she caught the calm voice which had already impressed her—the voice of the stranger who had brought home the half-helpless householder.

"I reckon we're out of ear-shot now. I reckon we kin hev speech here; but heed your voice an' talk low."

In the face of such a preface the girl shrank back in fresh panic. She had no wish to overhear private conversations.

She could think of nothing she dreaded more than to be the recipient of any of the dark secrets with which these hills seemed to be filled. If either one of the two men, who were only shadows in the general darkness, should light a pipe she would stand forth revealed with all the guilty seeming of an eavesdropper.

She huddled back against the rock and cast an anxious glance about her for a way to escape. Behind lay the mountain wall with its junglelike growth, where her feet would sound an alarm of rustling branches and disturbed deadwood. But the men were strolling near her, and to try to reach the house would require crossing their path.

Then the second shadow spoke, and its voice carried beside the nasal shrillness so common to the hills the tenseness of suppressed excitement.

"Thar's liable ter be hell ter-night."

The girl thought that the quiet stranger laughed, though of that she could not be certain.

"I reckon ye mean concernin' Cal Douglas?"

"Thet's hit; when I rid outen Peril this afternoon ther jury hed done took ther case, an' everybody 'lowed they'd find a verdict afore sundown."

"I reckon"—the taller of the two men answered slowly, and into his softly modulated voice crept something of flinty finality—"I reckon I can tell ye what that verdict's goin' to be. Cal will come clear."

"Thet hain't ther pint," urged the messenger excitedly. "Thet hain't why I've rid over hyar like a bat outen hell ter cotch up with ye. I was aimin' ter fotch word over ter ther dance, but es I come by hyar I seen yore hoss hitched out thar in ther road, so I lit an' come in. I reckon ye knows thet cote an' thet jury. Thet's yore business, but thet hain't all."

"Well, what's the balance of it? Talk out. What are ye aimin' to tell me?"

"I met up with a feller in Job Heath's blind tiger jest outside Peril. He'd drunk a lot of licker an' he got ter talking mighty loose-tongued an' free."

The girl sickened a little as she felt that her fears were being realized, and one hand went involuntarily up to her breast and stayed there. The young man with the shrill voice talked on impetuously.

"Ever sence the trial of Cal Douglas started good old Milt McBriar hain't been

actin' like hisself. Him an' Breck Havey's been stoppin' at ther same hotel in Peril, an' yit Milt hain't 'peared ter be a bearin' no grudge whatsoever. When ther jury was med up Milt didn't seek ter challenge fellers thet everybody knowed was friends of Cal's. Milt didn't even seek ter raise no hell when ther judge ruled favorable ter Cal right along. This feller what I talked ter 'lowed thet Milt didn't *keer* of Cal came clear."

The listening man once more answered with a quiet laugh. "Do ye 'low that that old rattlesnake, Milt McBriar, aims to stand by an' not *try* ter hang or penitentiary kin of mine for killin' kin of his?" he inquired almost softly.

"Thet's just hit." The answer came quickly and excitedly. "This feller 'lowed thet Old Milt aimed ter show ther world thet he couldn't git no jestic in a cote thet b'longed to Anse Havey, an' then he aimed ter 'tend ter his own jestic fer hisself. He 'lows ter hev hit home-made."

### III

"How is he goin' to fix it?" The question was a bit contemptuous.

"They figger thet when Cal comes clear he'll ride lickety-split, with a bunch of Havey boys, over hyar ter this dance what's a goin' forward at ther pint. Some of Milt's fellers aims ter slip over thar, too, an' while Cal's celebratin' they aims ter git him ter-night."

"Do they?" The taller man's voice was velvety. "Well, go on. What else?"

"They aims ter tell ther world thet they let ther law take hit's co'se fust, but thet Bad Anse Havey makes a mockery of ther law."

For a moment there was silence, and then the quiet voice commented ironically: "My God, them fellers lay a heap of deviltry up against Bad Anse, don't they?"

After a moment of silence, through which Juanita Holland was painfully conscious of the quick beat of her own heart, she heard again the unexcited voice of the tall stranger. Now it was the capable tones of a general officer giving commands.

"Did ye give warnin' in Peril?"

"No—I couldn't get ter speak with Cal. He was in cote—and seein' as how they didn't figger on raisin' no hell twell they git over hyar—I didn't turn back-wards. I come straight through. I 'lowed this was ther place ter fix things up."



"You ride over to the dancin' party. Get the older fellers together. Keep the boys quiet and sober—cold sober. Watch thet old fool, Bob McGreegor. Don't spread these tidings till I get there. If Cal comes over there, tell him to keep outen sight. Nothin' won't break loose before midnight. That's my orders. By God Almighty, I aim to have peace hereabouts just now!"

The speaker's voice broke off and the two men passed out of sight around the corner of the house.

The girl rose and made her way unsteadily to the back door and let herself in. She threw herself on the bed and lay there, rapidly thinking. It was obvious that her absence had not been commented upon. A few minutes later she heard the voice of Mrs. McNash singing out: "You folks kin all come in an' eat," and found herself, outwardly calm, making her way around to the shed addition which served jointly as kitchen and dining-room.

When she entered the place Fletch McNash was already seated, and sagged over his plate with the stupid inertia of dulled senses. Gone now was his hilarity, and in its place was come the sleepy heaviness of reaction.

In the center of the miserable lean-to stood a home-made table covered with red oilcloth and nondescript crockery. Light came from the roaring blaze of the open hearth over which, with pioneer makeshift, the cookery had gone forward. In the yellow and vermilion flare of the logs the walls appeared to advance and recede in tune to the upleapings of flame. Huddling as far into the shadow of a corner as possible sat the girl, Dawn, like a pink laurel-blossom in a sooty place. Above her head hung several "sides of meat," and at her feet was a pile of potatoes and onions.

But Juanita dismissed with a quick view those figures she had seen before. To Fletch McNash she accorded a glance of veiled disgust. She found herself unaccountably eager to see the tall stranger whose voice had reassured her; who had appeared first as the Samaritan bringing home the helpless; then as the man whose words gained prompt obedience—and finally as the self-declared advocate of peace.

He was standing, as she entered, a little back from the hearth, with the detached air of one who drops into the background

or comes to the fore with equal readiness. She found that in appearance as in voice he bore a rough sort of impressiveness about him. In the brighter light stood the messenger, a gaunt youth, in whose wild, sharp features lurked cunning, cruelty, and endurance. But the other man, who stood a head taller, fell into a pose of indolent ease which might wake instantly into power.

On his clear-cut, rather lean face was a calm which seemed remote from even the memory of excitement. From a breadth of shoulder he tapered wedgelike to the waist and was knit with none of the shambling looseness that Juanita had come to associate with the Cumberland type. In clothing he was much like the rest, except that in a rather indefinable way he escaped their seeming of slouchiness. She wondered where she had seen some portrait that wore, as his face did, roughness combined with dignity: crudeness with gentleness.

It was a face strongly and ruggedly chiseled, but so dominated by unfaltering gray eyes that one was apt to forget all else and carry away only a memory of dark hair—and those eyes. Now, as the girl met their steady gaze, her own fell before it, yet she had caught a feeling that, although she had never looked into such cool pupils, there lay back of them a strong impression of banked and sleeping fires.

"No, I kain't hardly tarry," she heard the messenger declaring in his nasal, high-pitched voice. "I reckon I've got ter be gone."

As Juanita made her way to a chair at the rough table the woman was saying in that old idiom of the hills, which springs from days when matches were unknown and dead fires were rekindled from a neighbor's hearth: "What's yore torment-in' haste, Jim?" Ye acts like ye'd done come ter borry fire."

"I'm a leetle bit oneasy," interposed the tall man quietly, "lest those boys over at the dance might git quarrelsome with licker, and I want Jim to ride over an' keep an eye on 'em till I get there. A dancin'-party ought rightly to be peaceable."

Then, as they sat at table and the girl struggled with her discomfiture over each unclean detail of the food, she raised her eyes from time to time, always to encounter upon her the steady, appraising



gaze of the dark stranger. In the desultory conversation he took no part, but sat as taciturn and as wrapped about with his own thoughts as some warrior of the Indians from whom his forefathers had wrested these hills and from whom they had, to their shame, learned their ethics of warfare.

When they rose from the table the stranger drew Fletch, now somewhat sobered by his meal, aside, and the other men retired to the chairs in the dooryard. Then the girl from the East again slipped away and took up her solitary place on top of the stile, where she sat thinking. The group about the door seemed a long way off as their droning voices drifted to her in the dark.

Slowly the smothering blackness of the barriers began to lighten. Beyond the eastern crests showed the pale mistiness of silver which was precursor to the moon. Stars that gleamed between the peaks like diamond splinters seen from the bottom of a well grew less intensely clear. Then the flat and pitchy curtain of night took faint form. The edge of the moon peeped stealthily over the ridge, and after that the moon itself began to soar and work magic changes. The black void out in front became a silvery little valley through which the soft mirroring ribbon of Tribulation caught and turned top down the lacelike fringe of the timber.

Under these influences Juanita Holland was feeling unspeakably soothed. The sick squalor and lawlessness of the hills seemed, for the moment, less important than their serene beauty. After all, where nature smiled like this, where from heavens and forests came such a caress and benediction as moon-mist and starlight were pouring over her, things could not be irretrievably bad.

There were blossom girls like little Dawn to be won away from weed-wildness and taught. There were young men, like the eagle-eyed stranger, who raised their voices to declare, as she had heard him declare: "I aim to have peace hyarabouts." Somehow she felt that what that voice announced that man would do.

At last she was conscious of a presence besides her own, as of some one standing silently at her back.

Rather nervously she turned her head, and there, with one foot on the lower step of the stile, stood the young stranger him-

self. Once more their eyes met, and with a little start she dropped her own. She was not one who ordinarily failed to sustain any glance, however direct, and a sense of challenge usually brought to her chin that upward tilt and to her pupils that faint flash under which the other eyes fell away. Yet somehow now, though she felt a half-mocking challenge and a premonition of personal duel in his gaze, it was she who surrendered.

She saw his horse, hitched outside, raise its head and whinny as though in welcome to its master, and then she looked back, and the mountaineer's steady, appraising gaze was still fixed on her face.

"I kinder hate to bother ye, ma'am," said the even voice, "but I can't hardly get acrost that stile whilst ye're settin' on it."

There was no note of badinage or levity in his tone, and his clear, drawn features under the moonlight were entirely serious.

Juanita rose. "I beg your pardon," she said hastily, as she went down the stile on the far side.

"That's all right, ma'am," replied the man easily, still with a serious dignity as he, too, crossed to the road.

While he was untying the knot in his bridle-rein the girl stood watching him. In the easy indolence of his movements was the rippling something that suggested the leopard's frictionless strength. Inside, when she had seen him standing by the hearth, she had been impressed, but his eyes had so fascinated her that the rest of her scrutiny had been insufficient and unsatisfactory. Now, in the moonlight and the breeze, she felt cooler, steadier, more analytical.

Even the raw-looking messenger had in an inferior way struck her with a note of the individual, and she had satisfied herself with the reflection that both these men differed from all the men of her own world because the latter had gone under the leveling and softening influences of the conventional. They were smoother and more alike, while these more primitive men were types standing forth with something of the sternness of their native crags.

The very quality that gave this young stranger his picturesqueness and stamped him as vital and dynamic in his manhood sprang from that wild roughness which he shared with his eagles and Dawn shared with her weedlike flowers. And yet it was

somehow as though this man, whose voice was so calm, whose movements were so quiet, whose gaze was so unarrogant, was crying out in a clarion challenge with every breath: "I am a man!"

It was as unnecessary for him to breathe a syllable or strike an attitude to drive that declaration home as it would be for a battle-ship to fire a broadside in announcement of the purpose for which it had been launched.

The stranger's square-blocked face was smooth-shaven, and his clothes, in their careless roughness, seemed less garments than an emphasis for the power and swiftness of the muscles beneath them. She thought of them less as clothes than as plumage—an eagle's plumage.

Instead of brogans, tan boots were laced half-way to the knee, and above them the trousers bulged squarely, like the feathers that break off close above an eagle's talons. His throat and hands were of the clear smoothness and clean hardness of bronze.

Yet brow and lips and nostrils were not molded, but chiseled, with the little edges and angles left, so that the contour suggested granite while the texture seemed metal.

Dominating all the rest, the eyes, cool but sentient with latent passion and power, lighted from within rather than from without, were always the first and last things that one saw.

Suddenly she wondered if in him she might not find an ally. She felt very lonely. To have counsel with some one in these hills less stupidly phlegmatic than Good Anse Talbott would bring comfort and reassurance to her heart. She must cope with the powerful resourcefulness of Bad Anse Havey, he of the untamed ferocity and implacable cruelty and shrewd intelligence. If some native son could share even a little of her view-point she would find in him a tower of strength.

She would have liked to tell this attractive stranger how her loneliness called out for comprehension and friendship, yet she did not know how to start. Then, while she stood there still hesitant, still very beautiful and slim and wraithlike in the moonlight, he spoke in his reassuring steadiness of voice.

Perhaps he had yielded to the unspoken appeal of the deep, rangeful eyes that were always blue, yet never twice the same blue,

and the sweetly sensitive lips so tantalizingly charming, because they were fashioned for smiles and were now drooping instead. Perhaps the wild masculine in him responded to the pliant curves that spoke of strength and stamina in a figure so lithely slender.

"I reckon," he said, "you find it right diff'rent, don't you?"

She nodded.

"But it's very beautiful," she added as she swept her hand about in a gesture of admiration.

It was he who nodded at that, very gravely, and almost reverently, though at the next moment his laugh was short and almost ironical.

"I reckon God never fashioned anything better—nor worse," he told her. "When you've breathed it an' seen it an' lived it, no other place is fit to dwell in, an' yet sometimes I 'low that God didn't mean it to be the habitation of men an' women. It's cut out for eagles an' hawks an' wild things. It belongs to the winds an' storms an' bear an' deer. It puts fire into veins meant for blood, an' the only crop it raises much is hell."

"You—you've been out in the other world—down below?" she questioned.

"Yes; but I couldn't stay down there. I couldn't breathe hardly. I sickened—an' I came back."

She turned to him impulsively.

"I don't know who you are," she began hurriedly, "but I know that you brought this man home when he was not in a condition to come alone. I know that you sent a man ahead of you to keep peace at the dance. I know you have a heart, and it means something—means a great deal—to feel that some one in these hills feels about it as I feel."

She stopped suddenly, realizing that she was allowing too much appeal to creep into her voice; that she had come to fight, not to sue for favor. He was standing, making no offer to interrupt or answer until he was quite sure she was through, but his attitude was that of dignified, almost deferential, attention.

"I—I thought maybe you would help me," she finished, a little falteringly. "Would you mind telling me your name?"

He had unhitched his horse and stood with the reins hanging from one hand.

"It's Havey," he said slowly, "but hereabouts I've got another name that's better

known." He paused, then added with a hardened timbre of voice, as though bent on making defiant what would otherwise sound like confession: "It's Bad Anse."

The girl recoiled, as though under a physical shock. It seemed to her that every way she turned she was to meet staggering disappointments. She had spoken almost pleadingly to the man with whom she could make no terms—the man whose arrogant power and lawless influence she must break and paralyze before her own régime could find standing-room in these hills.

Yet, as she looked at him standing there, and stiffened resolutely, she could say nothing except "Oh!"

Into the monosyllable crept many things: repulsion, defiance, and chagrin for her mistake, and in recognition of them all the bronzed features of the man hardened a little and into the cool eyes snapped a sparkle of the sleeping fires she had divined.

"I made my suggestion to the wrong man," she said steadily. "I misunderstood you. I thought you said you wanted peace."

He swung himself to the saddle; then, as he gathered up his reins, he turned, and in his utterance was immovable steadiness and glacial coldness, together with a ring of contempt and restrained anger.

"I did say that, and by God Almighty, I meant just what I said. I *do* want peace in these mountains—but I ain't never found no way yet to get peace without fightin' for it."

She saw him ride away into the moonlight, with his shoulders very straight and the battered felt hat very high, and he looked neither to right nor left as he went until the mists had swallowed him.

#### IV

For the rest of her life Juanita looked back upon the remainder of that night as upon some lurid delirium shot across with many hideous apparitions.

For a long while she sat there on the stile gazing across the steep banks between which the waters of Tribulation slipped along in a tide of tarnished quicksilver and beyond which rose the near ridges of blue and the far, dim ridges of gray.

At her back she knew that the family and the missionary were sitting in talk. Their nasal, high-pitched voices drifted

vaguely to her and jarred upon her nerves. Jeb, the oldest boy, had left after supper to go back to the dance—for in these lonely backwaters of the world any sort of entertainment is too rare to be wasted. Down by the water the frogs, whose voices had a little while ago seemed mellow, were croaking dismally now, and when some soft-winged and noiseless creature fluttered by near her face and from the sycamore overhead quavered the long, wistful call of a "graveyard owl," she shivered. Even the message of the whippoorwill was changed. Instead of "Whippoorwill" the birds seemed to voice in dirgelike monotony, "These poor hills! These poor hills!"

She sat there with her hands clasped about her updrawn knees as she used to sit when some childhood grief had weighed upon her. The moonlight caught and sparkled on wet lashes and something suspiciously like tears in her eyes, but there was no one to see except the downy owl that blinked back from the bone-white branch of the gnarled sycamore.

She could not shake out of her mind the humiliation of having shown her weakest side to Bad Anse Havey. It was some satisfaction to remember the offended stiffening of his shoulders and the smoldering fire in his eyes. She had heard much of the strong, easily hurt pride of these mountain men—a pride which made them walk in strange surroundings with upright heads and eyes, challenging criticism of their uncouthness. She had first appealed to this man, but at least she had also stung him with her scorn. Now they would be open enemies.

She knew that this young man, in a country where every man was poor and no man a pauper, owned great tracts of land that yielded only sparse crops with the most arduous coaxing. She knew that under his rocky acres slept a great wealth of coal, and that above them grew noble and virgin forests of hardwood. The coming of railroads and development would make him a rich man. Yet he stood there, seemingly prizing above all those magnificent certainties the empty boast of feudal chieftainship. Yet he was a man. With that thought came an unwelcome comparison. She thought of some one whom she had loved—and sent away—and of their leave-taking. That man had had every gentle attribute which this man lacked.



GOOD ANSE TALBOTT AROSE AND KNELT BEFORE THE HEARTH TO WRESTLE IN PRAYER

[See page 762]





All that universities, travel, and ancestry can give had shown out in his bearing, his manners, his voice, and the expression of his eyes.

There had been a time when she had wavered in her determination to devote herself to the mission for which she had been educated. She thought that this man might be more important than any mission; that a life with him might be full enough. Then had come the discovery which at first she had rebelliously denied, but which forced itself hatefully upon her realization. Despite his unchallengeable charm and gentility, he was, after all, not quite a *man*. When she had admitted that beyond dispute, she had turned, sickened, from the life which she could not contemplate without him. The man whom she thought she loved was "empty and fine, like a swordless sheath." Very well, she would turn to the work of putting an edge on the sturdier metal of raw humanity.

Her grandfather's fortune, or fortunes, since the plural rather than the singular fitted their dimensions, had come to her with his wish that part of them should go to advance education in the Alleghanies. She was to be his stewardess in overseeing the work, but that she should go in person and permanently to that crude environment had not been anticipated. Those who had known her in her life of normal luxury, of dancing and playing, and of deliciously rhythmic personality, would have laughed at the idea as absurdly incongruous. Of this fact the young man had heatedly reminded her on the night when she gave back his engagement-ring and announced her determination.

"Juanita," he had expostulated, with a suffering of hopelessness in his eyes which she ached to comfort—"Juanita, dearest, courts and juries and the bayonets of militiamen have struggled to civilize those savage people, and for a hundred years they have utterly failed. Their one god is Implacable Hatred."

"I sha'n't go with juries or bayonets," she had retorted.

"You will go without knowing them, their ways, their point of view."

"I don't know them now, but I will know them."

"You haven't even a letter of introduction."

"I never heard"—her voice rang with a note against which he knew the futility

of argument—"that the Savior needed letters of introduction."

And so an imagined heartbreak and a crumbling world of illusions—as she fancied—had driven her suddenly into self-appointed exile—and a mission.

Her education had been pointed to fitting her to oversee such work—done by the hands of others. Even then, had not *he* and all the rest goaded her with their insistent refrain, "You can't do it"? Now she was here.

She drew herself up straight as she sat on the stile and impatiently dashed away the moisture from her eyes. If that other man had only had in him the iron wasted on this desperado, Anse Havey! She rose at last and went unwillingly back to the cabin.

From the lean-to kitchen Mrs. McNash had brought a pan of live coals, and in the cavernous recesses of the smoke-blackened chimney a great fire was leaping. The air had taken on the night chill of the high places although it was June, and now, in the illumination from the hearth, Juanita saw for the first time the ugly picture of the single room.

The floor was grimy, and in each corner stood a huge four-post bed, so that only about the hearth remained a circumscribed space for the crowded chairs. Close to the door leaned an ancient spinning-wheel, and everywhere was the dust and soot of an unlighted place where a gust of downward wind drives the smoke inward. One note only was modern. Propped against the wall near the head of one bed, evidently that of Fletch and his wife, was a rifle ready to hand. As the fire burned high and the corners of the room came into sight, the light played and flickered on its barrel and stock of new pattern and caught the blue metal of a heavy revolver which hung in belt and holster from the bedpost.

The host sat barefooted before the blaze and talked with the missionary. The girl heard their conversation through the dullness of fatigue, wondering how she was to sleep in this pigsty, yet restrained from asking permission to retire only by her embarrassment and unfamiliarity with the native code.

At last she heard Brother Talbott suggest: "Hit's gittin' on ter be late an' we've got a tol'able long way ter journey ter-morrer. I reckon we'd better lay down."

Juanita began counting heads. There were six in the room, and the boy Jeb was yet to return from the dance, and while she was still trying to work out the problem the woman pointed to a corner bed and suggested: "I reckon you'd better bundle in with Dawn."

She saw the girl crawl into bed just as she was and the missionary kick off his brogans and shed his coat. Taking off her own boots and jacket, she slipped between the faded "comforters" of the sheetless couch.

In five minutes the taper was out and the place was silent save for the crackling of the logs. The little girl at her side lay quiet, and her regular breathing proclaimed her already asleep. In another five minutes Juanita, with closed eyes and burning lids and aching muscles, heard the nasal chorus of snoring sleepers. She alone was awake in the house.

She opened her eyes and gazed up at the discolored rafters. She watched the light sparkle and flash on barrel of rifle and lock of pistol. The heat of the place became a swelter; the mingled odors of charred wood, tobacco-smoke, and the fumes of liquor nauseated her.

Her mind went back to the view across the lawns of the country club at home. She saw the ivied walls of the college where she had been educated—for this. Then she saw in memory the dancing string of polo-ponies going over to the grounds for the afternoon game; saw herself sitting with other daintily gowned women on the white, flagstoned terrace of the clubhouse. Out on the velvet greensward of the field, in pith helmets and club colors, the young fellows of the opposing teams—including the fellow who was not quite a man—dashed and fought and slashed in the excitement of the contest.

And as she thought of these things the soul in her grew small and weak and very sick, and the heart in her told her that it stood on the verge of breaking.

## V

It is related in the history of the Hatfield-McCoy feud, which burst out between neighbors over a stray pig, and claimed its toll of lives through half a century, that one of the Hatfield girls wrote on a white pillar at the front of her often bereaved house: "There is no place like home." The sequel tells that a cynical traveler passing

that way reflected on the annals of that dwelling and added in postscript: "Leastways not this side of hell."

The story of the Hatfield-McCoy feud is in many ways that of other "wars" which have made of the roof-tree of the Eastern divide a land beleaguered and unique.

In the war between the Haveys and the McBriars there was more than the forgotten episode of a stray razorback which was not surrendered to its lawful owners. They had for decades hated and killed each other with a fidelity of bitterness that made all their truces and intermarriages fail of permanent peace.

Between the territories where they had originally settled stretched a barrier of hills broken by only one gap. The McBriars had made their first habitations east of that ridge and gap where the waters ran toward the sea. The Haveys had set up their power to the west, where the creeks and springs fed the rivers that went down to the Blue-Grass and to Tennessee. Had the two clans been content to remain respectively on the sunrise and sunset slopes of the backbone, they might never have clashed, but there were bright-eyed women to the west and east. Feminine Havey eyes lured McBriar suitors, and McBriar girls seemed to the Havey men worth any dare that fate might set. So it has been since young *Montagues* and *Capulets* ignored dead-lines—and long before. Smoke went up from cabins on both sides that housed men and women of both clans. Hatred scattered and set up new points of infection all along Tribulation and beyond its headwaters.

In Civil War and subsequent politics a line of fierce cleavage had yawned between them—and each faction had been a power.

It was to the leadership of such a clan that Bad Anse had succeeded when hardly twenty-one by the death of a father whose end had not come upon a bed of illness.

It was to the herding of such a flock that he had ridden away from the cabin of Fletch McNash on the night when the girl's scornful taunt followed him.

It was an unfortunate thing that Cal Douglas should, on a February afternoon, have shot to death his brother-in-law, Noah Watt, even if, as Cal earnestly assured the jury, "he was jest obleeged an' beholden ter do it." All the circumstances of the affair were inopportune for his kins-

men and the kinsmen of the man who died with a bullet through his vitals.

Cal bore a name for surly character, and even in a land where grudge-bearing is a religion he was deemed ultrafanatical in fanning the flame of hatred. Noah Watt himself was little loved by either the Haveys, into whose family he had married, or the McBriars, from whom he sprang. Neighbors told of frequent and violent bickerings between the man and his shrewish wife, who was the twin sister of Cal Douglas.

"Cal Douglas an' Noey Watt's woman air es much alike es two peas in a pod," went neighborhood pronouncement. "They air both soured on mankind an' they glories in human misery."

Had the fight on that winter evening ended in the death of both participants, McBriars and Haveys would alike have called it a gentle riddance and dropped the matter where it stood. But since a Havey had slain a McBriar and the Havey still lived it could not, in honor, be so dropped. It left an uneven score.

Since the mountaineer has little to do in the winter and spring save gossip, the affair grew in importance with rehearsing, and to each telling was added new features. It was significantly pointed out east of the ridge that Noah had incurred the displeasure of Bad Anse Havey by the suspicion of tale-bearing to old Milt McBriar. It was argued that the particular wife-beating which led to the tragedy might have passed as uneventfully as several similar episodes heretofore had not the heads of the Haveys made it a pretext for eliminating a McBriar who dwelt in their midst and carried news across the ridge to his own people.

## VI

For several years the feud had slept, not the complete sleep of death, but the fitful, simmering sleep of cautious animosity. But neither clan felt so overwhelmingly strong as to court an issue just yet and, realizing the desperate quality of any outbreak, both Milt McBriar "over yon" and Anse Havey over here had guarded the more belligerent kinsmen with jealous eye. They had until now held them checked and leashed, though growling.

For these reasons the trial of Cal Douglas had been awaited with a sense of crisis

in the town of Peril, where it might mean a pitched battle. So it had been awaited, too, up and down the creeks and branches that crept from the ragged hills, where men were leading morbid lives of isolation and nursing grudges.

During the three days that the suspense continued, each recess of court found the long-limbed frame of Milt McBriar tilted back in a split-bottom chair on the flagstones at the front of the hotel. His dark face and piercing eyes gazed always thoughtfully and very calmly off across the dusky town to the reposeful languor of the piled-up, purple sky-line. Likewise, each recess found seated at the other end of the same house-front the shorter, heavier figure of a fair-haired man with ruddy face and sandy mustache. Never did he appear there without two companions, who remained at his right and left. Never did the dark giant speak to the florid man, yet never did either fail to keep a glance directed toward the other.

The man of the sandy hair was Breck Havey, next to Bad Anse the most influential leader of the clan. His influence here in Peril made or unmade the officers of the law.

When these two men came together as opposing witnesses in a homicide case the air was fraught with elements of storm.

"Thar's war a brewin'," commented a native, glancing at the quietly seated figures one noon. "An' them fellers air in their bilin'."

Physical exhaustion will finally tell, even over such handicaps as a mountain feather bed and the fumes of a backwoods cabin.

If Juanita Holland did not at last actually fall asleep, she drifted into a sort of nightmare coma from which she awoke with a start.

She wondered if she had really screamed aloud as her eyes opened and stared at the rafters, but little Dawn's sleeping breath rose and fell undisturbed at her side and the snores about her went on unbroken. She raised her hand and wiped the perspiration from her eyes. She even ventured to look cautiously about.

After all, she must have slept heavily, for now besides the four beds there was a pallet on the floor, and at its top the fire-light, which was lower now, but still strong, showed a tousled head and at its

foot two bare feet. Jeb had come home from the dance.

Again she shut her eyes, but their lids were hot and feverish. The whole procession of the day's wretched occurrences paraded before her, and she wondered if these creatures were worth the effort she was making in their behalf. Here they slept about her the sodden sleep of beasts, herded together in dirty congestion. How, into such a life, could she hope to introduce clean ideals or ambitions?

From present disgust and discouragement the trend of her reflections swept forward into premonitions and sorry prophecies for the future. If to-night was bad, what might to-morrow be?

The messenger who had talked low out there in the dark, when the tall stranger had still been to her only a soothing voice, was a native. He looked as if he had been trained to face even the uncertainties of such a life as this. And yet his utterance, too, had been heavy and shrill with excitement.

"Thar's liable ter be hell ter-night!" What might even now be happening over there where Milt McBriar designed to give the Haveys "somethin' ter celebrate proper"?

What monstrous things might she have to face at the very outset of her mission? Could it be that the sleeping volcano of violence would select her coming as a cue for eruption, and that she, who had seen only the better things of life until to-day, must begin her work by looking at such a revolting drama?

She had come here only to try to aid and assist, and in welcome the very crags and everything within their sandstone gates were showing her a snarl of bared fangs and evil, burning eyes.

For what seemed centuries she lay there, aching in heart and mind and body. She kept her eyes tight shut and tried to count sheep jumping over a fence. She tried to think of pleasant, inconsequential things and of dances and house-parties where she had had a good time.

And finally she fell again into that half sleep which dreams of wakefulness. It may have lasted minutes or hours, but suddenly she roused again with a start from a new nightmare and lay trembling under the oppression of a poignant foreboding. What was it that she had subconsciously heard or imagined? She was

painfully wide awake in the slumbering cabin. At last she was sure of a sound, low but instinct with warning.

Beardog was growling just outside the door.

Then, violently and without the preface of gradual approach—precisely as though horsemen had sprung from the earth—there clattered and beat past the front of the cabin a staccato thunder of wildly galloping hoofs and a rattle of scattered rocks. She felt an uncanny freezing of her marrow. Horses travel perilous and broken roads in that fashion only when their riders are in wild haste.

As abruptly as the drum-beat had come it died again into silence, and there was no diminuendo of hoof-beats receding into distance. The thing was weird and ghostly. She had not noticed in the weariness of her arrival at the cabin that the road ran deep in sand to the corner of the fence and that after fifty yards of rough and broken rock it fell away again into another sound-muffling stretch. She knew only that she was thoroughly frightened, and that whatever the noise was, it proclaimed hot and desperate haste.

Yet even in her terror she had moved only to turn her head and had opened her eyes cautiously and narrowly.

There was no sound in the cabin now; not even the stertorous breath of a snore. The fire flickered faintly and occasionally sent up from its white bed of ashes a dying spurt, before which the darkness fell back a little for the moment.

She could see that Fletch McNash had half risen in his bed. His head was partly turned in an attitude of intent listening, and his pose was as rigid as that of a bird-dog frozen on a point. It had all been momentary, and as Juanita gazed she saw other figures stir uneasily, though no one spoke. The missionary lay still, but the woman's figure moved restlessly beneath the heaped-up comforter.

So, for a few moments, the strange and tense tableau held, and the girl, watching the householder's alert yet motionless pose, remembered him as he had hunched drunkenly over his plate a few hours ago. The two pictures were hard to reconcile.

Then, at some warning which her less acute ears failed to register, she saw Fletch McNash's right hand sweep outward toward the wall and come up gripping the rifle.



Still there was no word, but the eldest boy's head had risen from the pallet.

Keyed now to concert pitch, the girl held her body rigid, and through half-closed lids looked across the dim room. While she was so staring and pretending to sleep, there drifted from a long way off an insistent, animal-like yell with a peculiar quaver in its final note. She did not know that it was the famous McBriar rallying cry, and that trouble inevitably followed fast in the wake of its sounding. She knew only that it fitted in with her childhood's terrified conception of the Indian's war-whoop. But she did know that in an instant after it had been borne along the wind she had seen a thing happen which she would have disbelieved had she heard it from the lips of a narrator.

She saw in one breathing space the half-raised figure of Fletch McNash under the quilts of his bed, and that of young Jeb under the covers of his pallet. She saw in the next breathing space, with no realization of how it had happened, both of them crouched low at the center of the floor; the father's eyes glued to the front door, the son's to the back. The elder man bent low, like a runner on his mark awaiting the starting signal. His right hand held the rifle at his front, his left lightly touched the floor with fingers spread to brace his posture, and his face was tensely upturned.

So, while she counted ten, father and son crouched in precisely similar poses, one covering the barred door at the front with a repeating rifle, the other seeming to stare through the massive timbers of that at the back with leveled pistol. No one spoke. No one moved, but the regular swelling breath of sleep had died, for every pair of lips in the place was holding its breath, bated.

Then came a fresh pounding of hoofs and scattering of gravel, and a chorus of angry, incoherent voices sounded above the noise of flight—or was it pursuit? Whatever words were being shouted out there in the night were swallowed in the medley, except a wake of oaths that seemed to float behind.

The noise, like the other which had preceded it, died swiftly, but in the instant that it lasted Fletch McNash had lifted his left hand and brought his rifle to the "ready" and his son had instinctively thrust forward his cocked revolver.

For a full minute, perhaps, the girl in the bed had the picture of two figures bent low like bronze emblems of motionless preparation, yet not a syllable had been spoken, and when, from quite a distance beyond, there came the snap of a single shot, followed by the retort of a volley, they still neither spoke nor moved. But at last, as if by one impulse, they rose and turned to face each other.

Then, and then only, was there utterance of any sort inside the house.

In a voice so low that Juanita would not have heard it save that every sense was painfully alert, Fletch said to his son: "I reckon ther war's on again."

The boy nodded sullenly, and the father commanded in an almost inaudible undertone:

"Lay down."

The boy went back to his pallet and the father to his bed. For a long time there was dead silence, and then one by one they took up again their chorus of snores. Tomorrow might bring chaos, but to-night offered sleep. Still the girl lay gazing helplessly up at the rafters and wondering what things had happened out there in the grim, uncommunicative silence of the slopes.

A little while ago she had been dreading what *might* come. Now, in an access of terror, she thought of what *must* come.

"Ther war's on." That was enough. Evidently there had been "hell" over there at the dance. She had reached the country just in time to see a new and sanguinary chapter open. Her view of the life had so far consisted only of thumbnail sketches, but they had been terrible little keyhole pictures, and she trembled as she lay there contemplating what might be revealed when the door should be fully opened.

She would in all probability see people she actually knew, with whom she had spoken, and whose hands she had taken, the victims of this brutal blood-lust. She would have to live day in and day out with murderers and accustom herself to their atrocities. Every delicate fiber in her nature throbbed with repulsion and panic. Perhaps even she, regarded as the avowed enemy of Bad Anse Havey, would be a victim.

The horror of the whole system danced a grizzly rigadon of death across her throbbing eyeballs.



Through her head ran hideously lines  
of verse:

—But never came the day;  
And crooked shapes of terror crouched,  
In the corners where we lay:  
And each evil sprite that walks by night  
Before us seemed to play.

And in the face of such things these human beasts could sleep!

But one was not sleeping, and after a while among the snoring slumberers Good Anse Talbott rose and knelt before the hearth. There were still a few glowing embers there, and as he bent and at last took the knotted hands away from his seamed face they cast a feeble light upon his features and upon the bare feet that twisted convulsively on the stone fireplace.

It was a tortured face, and as the girl watched him she realized for the first time the significance of the words "to wrestle in prayer." It suddenly came to her that she had never before seen a man really pray. For an hour the backwoods missionary knelt there, pleading with his God for his unrepentant people.

Outside a single whippoorwill wailed plaintively, "These poor hills! These poor hills!"

## VII

IN the lowlands morning announces itself with the rosy glow of dawn and up-flung shafts of light, but here in the hills of Appalachia even the sun comes stealing with surreptitious caution and veiled face, as if fearful of ambuscade.

When Juanita opened her eyes, to find the tumbled beds empty save for herself, she told herself with a dismal heart that a day of rain and sodden skies lay ahead of her.

The dim room reeked with wet mists, and an inquisitive young rooster stalked jauntily over the puncheon floor, where his footfalls sounded in tiny clicks. It was a few minutes after five o'clock, and Juanita shivered a little with the clammy chill as she went over to the door and looked out.

Bending over a gushing spring at one corner of the yard in the unconscious grace of perfect naturalness, her sleeves rolled back and her dark hair tumbling, knelt the girl Dawn.

Juanita crossed the yard, and as she came near the younger girl raised a face

still glistening with the cold water into which it had been plunged and glowing with shyness.

The older woman nodded with a smile that had captivated less simple subjects than Dawn and said: "Good morning. I think you and I are going to be great friends. I know we are if you will try to like me as much as I do you."

Then the girl from Philadelphia plunged her face, too, into the cold, living water, and raised it again, smiling through wet lashes. Standing with the bare toes of one foot twisting in the wet earth and the fingers of both hands nervously clutching at the calico of her skirt, Dawn looked with artless worship on the fuller beauty of the "furrin" visitor, who was, save for the swelling of more womanly curves, as slender as herself.

"What makes ye like me?" she suddenly demanded in a half-challenging voice. "You make me like you," laughed Juanita.

The mountain girl held her eyes still in the unwavering steadiness of her race, then she said in a voice that carried an under-note of defiance:

"Ye hain't niver seen me afore, an—" she broke off, then added doggedly, "an' besides, I don't know nuthin'."

"I mean to see you often after this," announced the woman from down below, "and the things you don't know can all be learned."

A sudden eagerness came to the younger face and a sudden torrent of questioning seemed to hover on her lips, but it did not find utterance. She only turned and led the way silently back toward the house. When they were almost at the door Dawn hesitated, and Juanita halted with an encouraging smile. It was clear that the mountain girl found whatever she meant to say difficult, for she stood indecisive and her cheeks were hotly suffused with color, so that at last Juanita smilingly prompted: "What is it, dear?"

"Ye said—" began Dawn hastily and awkwardly, "ye said suthin' 'bout me a tryin' ter like ye. I—I don't hafter try—I *does* hit." Then, having made a confession as difficult to her shy taciturnity as a callow boy's first declaration of love, she fled abruptly around the corner of the house.

Juanita stood looking after her with a puzzled brow. This hard mountain re-

serve which is so strong that friends rarely shake hands, that fathers seldom embrace their children, and that the kiss is known only to courtship, was new to her.

At breakfast she did not see Dawn—the dryad had vanished!

During the meal no allusion was made to the happenings of last night, but the girl noticed that inside the door leaned the householder's "rifle-gun" and under young Jeb's left armpit bulged the masked shape of a pistol-butt.

Young Jeb's face yesterday had been that of a boy, this morning it was the sullen face of a man confronting grim realities. Had Juanita been more familiar with the contemporary affairs of the community, she might have known that on many faces along Tribulation that morning brooded the same scowl from the same cause. The McBriar yell had been raised last night in the heart of the Havey country, and this morning brought the shame of a land invaded and dishonored.

Dawn did not reappear until Juanita had mounted and turned her mule's head forward. Then, as she was passing the dilapidated barn, the slim, calico-clad figure slipped from its door and intercepted her in the road, holding up a handful of queer-shaped roots.

"I 'lowed ye mought need these hyar," said the girl still diffidently.

Juanita smiled as she bent in her saddle to take the gift.

"Thank you, dear; what are they?"

"Hit's ginseng," Dawn assured her. "Hit grows back thar in ther woods an' hit's got a powerful heap of virtue. Hit frisks ther speret an' drives away torment. Ef ye starts ter swoon argin, jest chaw hit."

Juanita repressed her amusement.

"You see, dear," she declared, "there's one very wonderful thing you know that I didn't know. And don't forget, when we meet again we are old friends."

Then, when she had mounted her mule, looking back over her shoulder, Juanita saw the figures of both Fletch and Jeb cross the fence at the far side of the yard and turn into the mountain thicket. Each carried a rifle cradled in his bent elbow.

When, just before sunset yesterday afternoon, a verdict of acquittal for Cal Douglas had come from the jury-room, the town of Peril had once more held its

breath and doors had closed and the streets had cleared of such as wished to remain non-combatants. But with no comment or criticism Milt McBriar mounted his horse and rode out of town, shaping his course over the hills toward his own house. Following his example with equal quiet, his kinsmen mounted, too, and disappeared.

As for Cal Douglas, he reserved any enthusiasm his vindication may have brought to his heart until he was back again in the depths of the hills. He and his kinsmen turned their horses by a shorter and steeper trail to the house where the dance was going forward with shuffling and fiddling and passing of the jug.

When Milt McBriar and his fellows started home an informer or two from the Havey ranks kept them in view, themselves unseen, until they passed through the gap and started down the other side of the ridge into their own domain.

That they were being so watched was either known to the McBriars or assumed by them. But a picked squad on fresh mounts was waiting over there in a place where the road ran deep through forest and laurel, and this squad was equipped with repeating rifles. Milt McBriar himself did not go with them. He had made all his arrangements in advance, and it was not seemly that the chief should take a personal part in an execution which he had decreed.

"Let me hear the news, boys," Old Milt had said with a wave of his hand, and then he had ridden on stolidly toward his own domain.

The house where the dance was being held stood between the knees of two hills.

Near midnight a half-dozen men who had not been invited rode carefully over an almost obliterated trail which wound blindly through the hills at the back of the place and hitched their horses in a rock-surrounded hollow a half-mile from the house. Other horses and mules were hitched all along the country road, but these belonged to the legitimate guests.

As the half-dozen men, whose arrival had been so cautiously accomplished, began slipping down, each holding his own course in the cover of the laurel, there was nothing to indicate that any warning had gone ahead of them. The moon still rode high and flooded the open spaces with a bath of silver radiance. The shadows fell

deep and impenetrable in patches of cobalt. The ridges stood up boldly against a sky in which innumerable stars and the band of the Milky Way were pallid ghosts of light undone by the moon's magnificence.

From the houses with their yellow windows and their open doors came no note of apprehension—no intimation of suspicion. A medley of voices, now and then a laugh, a din of scraping feet, and the whine and boom of fiddles gave out a careless chorus to the night.

Slowly, with an adept craft that hardly broke a twig under foot, three of the new arrivals hitched their way forward to a point of vantage down near the road.

They went crouched low, holding to the shadows with rifles thrust out ahead and faces almost smiling in their grim foretaste of sure success. In a few moments they would have before them the doors and windows as lighted targets. Then whoever saw Cal Douglas would crook forefinger on trigger and the error of the jury would be rectified. The others would follow with a volley at random for good measure.

It was almost too easy. It seemed a shame to snatch a full and red revenge with such scant effort. To be sure, a moment later there would be a wrathful flood of men rushing out of the pandemonium to rake and search the hillsides, but there would first come the panic-ridden instant of utter surprise—and that would be enough.

Then, as the foremost figure, crouching in easy range of a window, braced himself on one knee and peered forward under his upturned hat-brim, there came the reports of several rifles—but they were not the rifles of the McBriar squad, and they came not from the hills in front, but from the laurel at the back. They broke from directly between the carefully picked squad and its horses.

The man who had braced his knee and cocked his rifle gave out a brief, gurgling sound as an oath was stifled off in a hemorrhage of the throat and pitched forward on his face. After that the figure lay without stirring, its own blood reddening the rifle whose trigger-guard pressed against its forehead.

The doors vomited men. There was a trailing and ragged outburst of firearms, and many dark figures plunged here and

there across the silvered spaces where the shadows did not fall.

### VIII

Of the six men who had crept down, three had lain within one hundred yards of the house when the shots came from their rear. The other three were off at the side, ready to bring up the horses as close as might prove safe when the moment came for flight. But they, too, found themselves cut off. Had the man who fired on the one who was about to fire waited one minute longer there would have been more deaths than the single one. His colleagues would then have been, like himself, covering their respective victims—victims who confidently thought themselves executioners. But as it was, they had not quite yet worked themselves into positions untrammelled by intervening rock and timber.

The man who fired first knew this, for he had not heard the perfectly imitated quaver of "scritch-owls" which was to signify a common readiness. But as he had eyed his crouching victim across his rifle-sights he had also been able to look beyond him, and had seen the figure of Cal Douglas pause at the lighted window. He knew that to wait a moment would be to wait too long. So the others had to fire blindly through black undergrowth at speeding shadows—and they missed.

The fleeing murder squad melted back into the black timber, and some of them, signaling with the call of frog and owl, came together in temporary safety. They dared not go to their own horses, since they might be discovered in the effort. The road that led into the McBriar country would be watched. If they were to carry away unpunctured skins they must flee the other way—into the Havey territory and astride stolen Havey horses. It was every man for himself, and they had not paused to count noses. They hurriedly swung themselves into saddles at the remote end of the line of hitched mounts and galloped pell-mell down the road toward the cabin of Fletch McNash.

When the theft of the horses was discovered Anse Havey sent pursuing parties to ride the roads in both directions.

It had seemed to Havey wiser to withhold his warning from all save those whom he needed to use. To all the rest the affair had come without notice, and the hue and

cry which followed the rifle-shots was genuine in its excitement.

But in a very few minutes the pandemonium fell away and sullenness supplanted the shouting. The mountains behind, where several men were stealthily seeking escape and many others were stalking them, lay silent in the moonlight. Here and there an owl quavered and a frog boomed, and some were not owls and frogs, but men, calling as lost quail call at twilight when the covey has been scattered under fire.

A hundred yards beyond the window a small and inquisitive knot of men gathered around a figure that had hunched forward, sprawling on a cocked rifle. Some one turned the figure up and straightened its limbs so that they should not stiffen in such grotesque attitude. The face, with the yellow lantern-light shining down on it, was the face of a boy of twenty. Its thin lips were set in a grim smile of satisfaction, for death had overtaken him without a suspicion of its coming.

Perhaps, had a photograph of his retina been taken, it would have disclosed the portrait of Cal Douglas pausing at the open window.

"Hit's little Nash Watt!" exclaimed a surprised voice, using the diminutive which in the mountains takes the place of junior and stays with a man well on in life. The victim who had been designated to avenge the death of Noah Watt had been Noah Watt's younger brother.

Meanwhile the pursuing horsemen were gaining slowly on those that fled. The murder squad had failed and must bear back to Milt McBriar, if they ever got back, a narrative of frustrated effort. They were bitterly angry and proportionately desperate. So, as they clattered along the empty road, meeting no enemy whom they could shoot down in appeasement of their wrath, they satisfied themselves with raising their war-cry for the benefit of the sleeping cabins.

A little distance beyond Fletch McNash's place lay a cross-trail by which they might find a circuitous way back over the ridge, but it was too steep and broken to ride. They could make better time on foot over the "roughs," so there they abandoned their mounts and plunged into the timber. When the pursuers came up with the discarded horses they realized that further effort in the night-time would

be bootless. Yet, since the heaving flanks and panting nostrils of the horses testified that they had been only a few minutes late, they took a last chance and plunged into the thicket.

There a single defiant shot, sent from a long way up the hillside, was their only challenge, and their volley of reply, fired at the flash, was merely a retort of hatred. But even in the isolation of the hills certain news travels on wings, and the morning would find every cabin dweller wearing a face of grim and sullen realization. The phrase which Fletch McNash had whispered to his boy would travel to the headwaters of every fork, and the faces of the women would once more wear the drawn misery of anxiety for their men.

It was into this newly charged atmosphere that Juanita Holland and her missionary guide rode in the morning mists. The face of the preacher still bore something of last night's torture and despair, for his eyes were looking ahead and foresaw the undoing in a few moments of passion what he had so uncouthly but sincerely labored through years to accomplish.

He had planned to take the girl to the gap in the ridge, because it was remote from a railroad and no section stood in greater need of schooling. If she meant to set up a serviceable school in this territory—unless it were to be limited to one faction of the feud—its doors must stand open at the border, alike to the children of east and west. But now the ridge would be an armed frontier.

Good Anse Talbott was in many ways an inadequate ally. He was both narrow and illiterate, but he was earnest.

At last the girl rode resolutely up to her escort's saddle-skirts and asked: "Brother Talbott, hadn't you better tell me what it all means?"

The missionary lifted a face that was almost haggard.

"Hit means," he said, with no idea of irreverence, "thet Satan's got both underholts—an' God help this country."

Then he sketched for her the history of the feud and deduced conclusions from what they had both seen and heard.

She listened with a sickening heart until he changed the subject and told her that the Widow Everson, with whom she was to stop, had a sizable house where she would be comfortable.



Yet, as the day advanced and they rode through cloistered hollows where the greens were deep and the air moist, and the sun sent only vagrant flakes of gold filtering through the branches, it all seemed incredible. The melody of peace and joy poured from the swelling throats of cardinal and thrush.

At last the girl saw, still a long way off, a fertile little valley where the corn seemed taller and richer than on the scattered coves. There, like a tiny match-box, on a high level near which the wall of mountain broke into a broad gateway, she could make out a house. It was not of logs, but of brick, and stood in an enclosure that looked more like the Blue-Grass than the mountains.

From its chimney went up a thread of smoke, blue and straight, until it lost itself overhead. Then the missionary drew his mule to a standstill and raised one talon-like hand, pointing across the vista.

"Does ye see yon brick house nigh ther gap? Thet's Bad Anse's place, an' over thar acrost ther ridge, three mile away by crow-flight an' a half-day's ride by ther roads, is whar Milt McBriar dwells. Ye kain't see hit from hyar."

Juanita followed his words and his brown index-finger, and in her heart beat something like the emotions which must have stirred the Crusaders when their eyes first looked on the walls of the Jerusalem they had come to take from the Saracens.

It was almost sundown when they reached the house of the Widow Everson, and at sight of the woman standing at the fence to meet them Juanita's heart took strength. This house was not of logs, but of undressed boards, with gaily painted window and door frames of red, and though two days ago she would have called it mean, she had revised her views enough to regard it now as almost magnificent.

The widow dwelt here with her two sons, and the trio, by virtue of great diplomacy, had succeeded in maintaining a neutrality throughout the strife.

The comforts of the place were such as must serve to give contentment where teaming is arduous and the mail-carrier comes twice a week, but cleanliness dwelt there and homely cheer of a sort.

Before they had yet entered the house the girl saw a horseman approaching with an escort of several men who carried rifles balanced across their pommels. They

came from the east, and though Juanita did not know who they were, she recognized the central rider, himself unarmed, to be a person of consequence.

He was tall, and under his faded coat his rather lean figure fell into an attitude of well-muscled strength despite his fullness of years. His face, though calm, even thoughtful, was more in cut of feature than in expression the face of a man of tense emotions and warlike readiness in quarrel.

"'Evenin', ma'am," said the newcomer. "No, I hain't a goin' ter light. I jest heered thet Brother Talbott war a comin' over hyar, an' I wanted speech with him."

The missionary nodded.

"All right, Milt," he said, and the girl knew, as she had already suspected, that here was the second of her chief enemies.

"I reckon ye all knows what happened last night," she heard him saying slowly. "Hit war a pity, an' I hears thet ther Haveys are a chargin' hit up ergin me. Thet's nat'ral enough, I reckon. They 'lows thet I'd walk plumb acrost hell on a rotten plank ter do 'em injury. Ef they stopped ter reason hit out a spell they'd recollect thet I went over thar ter Peril an' let a jedge thet didn't own his own soul an' a jury they hed done packed, clar one of their kinfolks fer killin' a cousin of mine—an' thet I never raised a hand. I reckon they didn't hardly hev no call ter figger thet I was *skeered* of them. I done what I done because I wanted peace. I was fer lettin' ther law take hit's co'se, even when I knowed the cote war crooked es a drunkard's elbow."

He paused, and no one spoke, so at last he went on again.

"But little Nash Watt war young an' hot-hearted. He could hardly see hit in ther light of wisdom, and he didn't come ter me fer counsel. So he jest went hell-splittin' over thar with some other boys thet he overpersuaded—an' he didn't come back. I'm sorry. I was right fond of Little Nash, but I hain't complainin' none. He started trouble an' he got hit."

Again the dark giant paused; then he came to his point. His voice was regretful, almost sad, but tinged with resignation.

"So Little Nash is a layin' dead down thar, an' no McBriar durstn't venture down ter fetch his body home."

He waved a hand toward the west, and



the faces of his escort lowered. They seemed the faces of men who "durst" go anywhere, but their chief went on.

"I knowed, Brother Talbott, thet ye sarves Almighty God, an' thet thar hain't no word ye carries but what all men will listen ter ye, so I've done come ter ye in behalf of Little Nash's maw an' his wimmenfolks. I 'lowed I'd ask ye ef ye'd ride down thar and fotch home ther body?"

The missionary nodded, and though he was travel-stained and very tired, he said: "I'll start right now."

Then Milt McBriar continued: "An' ef ye sees fit, ye kin tell Anse Havey thet I hain't a suin' fer peace, but thet I hain't a blamin' him nuther, an' thet ef he wants ther truce ter go on I'm a willin' ter hev hit thetaway. I hain't holdin' no grudge on account of last night."

## IX

JUANITA'S eyes grew a little misty as she thought of that desolated cabin where a mother and sisters were grieving for the boy who had been "hot-hearted." Even the sight of his older kinsman, who sat his horse with such composure while his eyes wandered off to the purple haze of the far mountains, stirred in her an emotion of sympathy.

Of course, she knew nothing of the ten acres of "bottom land" which were to be Little Nash's when Cal Douglas should have ceased to breathe, nor how it was covetousness and cold thrift rather than a hot heart that had sent him out with his rifle in the night. She only heard the McBriar say "I'm much obleeged;" and saw him turn his cavalcade east.

The tired missionary started his mule west again, and she herself followed the Widow Everson into the cabin which was for the time to be her home. When the widow left her she rummaged in her saddlebags and drew out a small leather case. She sat for a long while silent in her shuck-bottomed rocking-chair, gazing wearily out at the west, where sunset fires were beginning to kindle, and where an old-rose haze was drowsing over the valley and glowing more brightly in the twisting ribbon of a far-away stream. But her eyes came often back from the panorama out there to dwell a little wistfully on a photograph in the leather frame.

It was the picture of the man she had sent away. Had he himself been there just

then, with her courage at ebb-tide, and had he stretched out his arms, she would have shaken her head wearily on abstract resolves and come into their embrace. But he was not there.

In the quaint conversation of the Widow Everson and her sons Juanita found so much of the amusing that she had to school herself against too great an appreciation of their utterly unintentional humor. Though she was a "fotched-on woman" to be taken on probation, it was only a matter of hours before the family capitulated, as people in general had a fashion of doing under the spell of her graciousness and charm. Jerry Everson, whom men accounted surly, for the first time in years brushed his shapeless hat and remembered not to "hang it on the floor," and Sim Everson hied him into the misty woods at dawn and brought home squirrels for her first breakfast in his house.

When from the front porch, where the morning-glory vines had been carefully cut away in accordance with the country's distaste for "weeds a trailin' all over the God's blessed face of a dwellin'-house," she saw the mists of the next morning dissipate, she already felt at home. She soon came to recognize that instead of going back after a cursory inspection to draw plans for schoolhouses, she must stay here, and, as a condition precedent, win her way naturally into the confidence of those whom she sought to influence.

In the forenoon of her first day she left the house and, crossing the tiny garden where the weeds were already growing tall and rank enough to hint of future ragged victory, she made her way by a narrow trail that led to the crest of the ridge. The Everson boys watched her go up the steep path and nodded their heads with grins of approval.

"Thet gal hain't string-halted none," observed Jerry, and Sim replied hotly: "String-halted? Hell! Thet gal's plumb supple."

Juanita was steering her course for a patriarchal poplar that sent a straight shaft heavenward at the rim of the crest, opening its verdure like a great flag unfurled on a mighty parapet. She knew that up there she could look two ways across the divide, and that her battle-ground would be spread before her.

She looked to the east, and line after

line of hills melted into the sky. She looked to the west, and there, too, they rose, phalanx on phalanx, to dissolve in a smoky haze that effaced the horizon. It seemed as if in a majesty of relentlessness they reached from sunrise to sunset, and so, as far as the locked-in life of their people went, they might.

To the west she saw the thread of smoke that went up like a contemptuous challenge from the house of Bad Anse Havey and the square brick walls of his fortresslike abode. Then she looked east again, and down there, where a creek-bed caught the sky like a splinter of blue grass, lay another building with open space about it and corn-fields stretching farther away. It was a squat structure of logs, and she knew from its size and its blockhouse stanchness that its thread of smoke went up from the hearth of the McBriar.

Resolutely she threw back her slender shoulders and quoted some favorite verses:

"It was morning on hill and stream and tree,  
And morning in the young knight's heart;  
Only the castle moodily  
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free  
And gloomed by itself apart;  
The season brimmed all other things up  
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup."

She nodded her head and looked down again.

"And the castle," she declared to herself, "sha'n't go on rebuffing. Neither castle. That's what I'm here for."

She stood there a long while, and finally she saw, where for a space the road ran near the brick house, unshielded by the woods, a straggling little cortège. At its front rode a stoop-shouldered man in whom, even at that far distance, she thought she recognized the missionary. Behind him came a few horsemen riding in two squads, and between the squads crawled a "jolt-wagon" drawn by mules. She knew that the Haveys were bringing back to the frontier the enemy's dead, and she shuddered at the cold reality.

It may have been three hours later that Good Anse Talbott rode up to the Widow Everson's. When the girl, who had returned long ago from the crest, came out to meet him at the door she found him talking there with Milt McBriar, who had also ridden up, but from the other direction.

"Anse Havey 'lows," the preacher was saying, "that he hes done fotched home ther body of little Nash Watt, an' thet ther boy was shot ter death a layin' in ther la'rel a hundred paces from the winder whar Cal Douglas was a standin'!"

"I've done already acknowledged thet," declared Milt in a voice into which crept a trace of truculent sullenness.

The missionary nodded. "I hain't quite through yit, Milt," he went on evenly, and the girl, who stood leaning against the door-frame, caught for an instant a sparkle of zealot earnestness in his weary eyes.

"Anse is willin' ter take yore hand on this truce. He's willin' ter stand pledge thet ther Haveys keeps faith. But I'm a preacher of the Gawsel of God, Milt, and I don't 'low ter be no go-between without both of you men *does* keep faith."

Milt McBriar stiffened resentfully, and his dark brows drew together under his hat-brim.

"Does ye doubt thet I'll do what I says?" he inquired in a voice too soft for sincerity.

The missionary did not drop his steady and compelling eyes from the gaze direct. It was as if he were reading through the pupils of the other and searching the dark heart.

"I aims ter see thet ye both starts out fair, Milt," he said, still quietly. "An' ter thet end I aims ter admonish ye both on ther terms of this meetin' atween ye."

For an instant Milt McBriar's semblance of calm reflectiveness slipped from him and his voice rose raspingly. "Did Anse Havey learn ye thet speech?"

Good Anse Talbott shook his head patiently.

"No. I told Anse ther same thing I'm a tellin' you. Neither Anse ner ther four men that fotches ther body will hev any sort of weepson about 'em when they comes acrost thet stile. Ye've got ter give me yore hand thet none of yore men hain't a goin' ter be armed. I'm a servant of ther Most High God—" For an instant fire blazed in the preacher's eyes and his voice mounted with fervor. "Fer years I've done sought ter teach His grace an' His hatred of murder ter ther people of these hyar hills. When you two men shakes hands on this truce I aims ter be standin' by with a rifle-gun in my hands, an' ef I sees anything crooked I'm goin' ter use hit."

The dark giant stood for a time silent, then he gravely nodded his head. "Them terms suits me," he said briefly.

The two men walked down to the fence and separated there, going in opposite directions.

A few minutes later Juanita, still standing fascinatedly in the doorway, was looking out across the shoulder of the missionary. He presided at the threshold with grave eyes, and, even after these peaceful years, there was something of familiar caress in the way his brown hand lay on his rifle-lock. Then the girl saw a strange and primitive ratification of treaty.

On either side of the little porch stood a group of solemn men, mostly bearded, mostly coatless, and all unarmed. In front of those, at the right stood Anse Havey, his eyes still the dominant feature of the picture.

Over across from him was the taller and older chieftain of the other clan. They stood there gravely, with a courtesy that cloaked their hatred. Out in the road was the "jolt-wagon," and in its deep bed the girl could see the canvas that covered its burden.

As Bad Anse took his place at the front of his escort his gaze met that of Juanita. He did not speak, but for an instant she saw his face harden, his eyes narrow, and his lips set themselves. It was the glance of one who has been lashed across the face and who cannot strike back, but who will not soon forget.

This time the girl's eyes did not drop, and certainly they held no hint of relenting or plea for forgiveness.

But at that moment the head of the Haveys turned from her and began speaking.

"I got your message, Milt," he said casually, "an' I reckon you got my answer. I've brought back Little Nash."

"I'm obleeged ter ye." The McBriar paused, then volunteered: "Ef ther boy had took counsel of me, this thing wouldn't never hev happened."

Bad Anse Havey stood looking at the other, then he nodded.

"Milt," he carelessly announced at the end of his scrutiny, while the ghost of an ironical smile glinted in his eyes, though it left his lips grave, "I've got several hosses an' mules down thar in my barn that we found hitched out in ther timber when Nash an' his friends took to the

la'rel." Again he paused and studied the faces of the McBriar men before he went on. "One of 'em is your own roan mare, Milt. One of 'em b'longs ter Sam thar, and one is Bob's thar." He pointed out each man as he spoke. "Ye can get 'em any time ye send down for 'em."

The girl caught her breath and, despite her dislike, acknowledged the cool insolence with which Anse had answered Milt's plea of innocence. Milt replied only with a scowl, so Anse contemplatively continued, as though to himself:

"Hit's right smart pity for a feller to go out shootin' in the night-time an' to take a kinsman's horse—without takin' his counsel. It *might* lead to some misanderstandin'."

A baleful glare flashed deep in the eyes of the taller man, and from the henchmen at his back came an uneasy shuffle of brogans.

But the voice of Good Anse Talbott relieved the tension.

"Stiddy, thar, men," he quietly cautioned. "Ye didn't hardly meet ter talk 'bout hosses. I'll lead them nags back myself, Milt."

Then Anse Havey stepped forward and held out his hand.

"I gives ye my hand, Milt McBriar," he said, "that ther truce goes on."

"An' I gives ye mine," rejoined the other.

After a perfunctory shake the two turned together and went down the steps. The girl saw both squads lifting the covered burden from the wagon and carrying it around the turn of the road, where the other wagon waited. She believed that the feud was ended, but it is doubtful if either of the principals whose hands had joined parted with great trust in the integrity of the other's intentions. It is certain that one of them at least was already making plans for the future, not at all in accordance with that compact of peace.

## X

As days grew into weeks Bad Anse Havey heard nothing of the establishing of a school at the head of Tribulation, though all the gossip of the countryside which might interest a dictator filtered through the valleys to his house.

He smiled a little over the copy of Plutarch's "Lives," which was the companion of his leisure moments, and held

his counsel. While he thought of Juanita herself with a resentment which sprang from hurt pride, he felt for her, as a menace to his power, only contempt.

But Juanita's resolve had in no wise weakened. She had seen that her original ideas had all been chaotic and born of ignorance, so she occupied herself, like a good and patient general, in pulling all the pins out of her little war map and drafting a completely new plan of campaign.

With Good Anse Talbott she rode up dwindling watercourses to the hovels of the "branch-water folks" and across hills wheresoever the cry of sickness or distress called him, and since his introduction was an open sesame, she found welcomes where she went.

Dust-covered in the station at Peril were trunks which she had not been able to bring across the creek-beds, and she smiled as she thought of a still more insane piece of foolishness of which she had been guilty in her dense initial ignorance. Beside the trunks there stood there in the little baggage-room a crated piano! Whenever she saw a patient teamster struggling and maneuvering for ten minutes over one twisting series of broken ledges, or "manpowering" out of the way fallen wreckage of last night's storm, she thought of her piano and laughed.

But even the small wardrobe of her saddle-bags was beyond her needs now. To be out of the picture meant to appear in native eyes "stuck-up" and to lose influence. So she adopted plain calicoes and sunbonnets like those worn by the women about her, except that even severity of line and material could not take from her figure its trim distinction of grace and beauty.

And soon this figure, that walked with an almost lyric grace, yet with a boyish strength and litheness, became familiar along the roads and trails.

Instead of asking "Who mought thet be?" mountaineers nodded and said: "Thet's *her*," and some women added: "God bless thet child."

She had been into many gloomy cabins that repelled the brightness of the summer sun, and she had been more like sunlight than anything that had ever come through their narrow doors before.

One wild afternoon Good Anse stopped by the gate and called to her. Clouds were piling and tumbling along the ridges

in angry ramparts of raw and leaden heaviness. Now and then a cannonading of thunder rumbled with its echoes through the mountains. Already great drops were falling, and the missionary's slicker shone like black armor.

"Thar's a goin' ter be a bornin' at ther Calloway house, I reckon," he said simply. "Thar hain't no doctor nigher then Peril, an' ther woman's mighty puny. I reckon ye durstn't hardly ride over thar, would ye?" Then he added: "Hit's ten mile by crow-flight an' hit's a comin' on ter storm."

The preacher, who, from the spur of necessity, was something of a doctor, too, scowled on her, as he always scowled when something was tearing his breast which he wished to hide, but the scowl softened when, ten minutes later, she was riding beside him. The rain had already become a lashing downpour, and the twilight was rent by garish sheets of lightning.

At last Good Anse said slowly: "I don't hardly feel fitten ter try ter do nuthin'. Ye see—" he broke off, and when he looked round at her again the face under his dripping hat-brim was whiter even than the lightning should have limned it as his voice rose in contention with the thunder. "Calloway's wife hain't much ter look at now. She's plumb broke, but wunst she war ther purtiest gal on Meetin'-House Fork. In them days they called me Hell-Cat Talbott—an' hit war God's will thet she wouldn't marry me."

Juanita never forgot that night of thunder and squalor and suspense. The night long she watched beside the wretched, pain-racked woman and fought for two lives by the light of a fire into which the rain sputtered down the low, wide chimney.

At the hearth sat two men. One clutched his face and combed nervously at his unkempt beard with talonlike fingers. He rocked from side to side and groaned, brokenly, deep in his throat. The other sat unmoving and stared, wide-eyed, at the smoke-blackened stones of the fireplace. Often, too, he knelt, and the fire shone on spasmodic lips moving in prayer. So they waited—the husband and the discarded lover.

The rain drove and rattled like shot against the slab roof, and some of it dripped through. The storm went shrieking and volleying through the hills, where the timber bent to its savage buffeting.



Over it all rolled the artillery of the thunder, and now and again came the death-crash of some forest patriarch that, after centuries of standing, had given way.

Juanita kept vigil and thanked God for her little knowledge of medicine and the use of chloroform.

When day came at last and a tiny bundle of humanity lay beside its wasted but faintly smiling mother, she carried away in reward an incoherent "God bless ye" from bearded lips.

She sometimes rode over to the cabin of Fletch McNash and brought little Dawn back with her to spend a day or two. The "furrin" girl and the mountain girl wandered together in the woods, and Dawn's diffidence gave way and her adoration grew. Twice Juanita found another visitor at the McNash cabin—Bad Anse Havey. He recognized her only with a haughty nod, like that of an Indian chief, and she gave him in return a slight inclination of her head, accompanied by a glance of starry contempt in her violet eyes. Yet, in the attitude of the mountaineers to the man, she saw such hero-worship as might have been accorded to some democratic young monarch walking freely among his subjects.

Once Fletch said: "Ma'am, how's yore school a comin' on? Air ye gittin' things started ter suit ye?"

Juanita flushed.

"Not yet," she answered. "I'm trying to get acquainted first. When I do start, I hope to make up for lost time."

"I reckon thet school will be a right good thing over thar; don't ye 'low so, Anse?" Fletch's good-natured density had not recognized the hostility between his two guests.

Anse laughed quietly.

"I reckon," he said, "so long as the lady just keeps on sayin' 'not yet' thar won't be no harm done. I don't quarrel with dreams."

The lady flushed, and a hot retort rose to her lips, but she only smiled.

"I'm biding my time, Fletch," she assured him. "My dream will come true."

But for this dream's fulfilment she must have land. There must be dormitories for boys and girls, and playgrounds where muscles and brains, grown slow from heavy harness, could be quickened. She fancied herself listening to the laughter of children who had not before learned to laugh.

That should be the first thing taught, but even above that dream rose another one. On some green hillside should stand her tiny but model hospital, with a "fotched-on" trained nurse and white cots to which the sick might come. From comfortless beds in musty cabins women might be brought to have God's sun and air and cleanliness attend upon the birth of their children. But as she made inquiries of landholders whom a price might tempt to sell, she was met everywhere with a reserve which puzzled her until a barefooted and slouching farmer gave her a cue to its cause.

This man rubbed his brown toe in the dust and spoke in a lowered voice.

"I don't mind a tellin' ye thet I'd be plumb willin' ter sell out an' move." His eyes shone greedily as he added: "Fer a fair figger, but I moughtn't live ter move ef I sold out."

"What do you mean?" she asked, much puzzled.

"Wall, I wouldn't hardly like ter hev this travel back ter Bad Anse, but I've done been admonished not ter make no trades with strangers."

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a low voice, and her face flushed wrathfully. "Who does your land belong to?" she demanded after a moment's silence. "Are you a bondman to Bad Anse Havey? Isn't your property your own?"

He looked away and rummaged in his pockets for a few crumbs of leaf tobacco, then he commented with the dreary philosophy of hopelessness: "Hit's a God's blessed truth thet a feller hyarabouts is plumb lucky es long as his *life's* his own."

So, she told herself, Bad Anse had begun his war with boycott! She could not even buy a foothold on which to begin her fight. Back there in the Philadelphia banks lay enough money, she bitterly reflected, to buy the country at an inflated price, to bribe its courts, to hire assassins and snuff out human lives, yet, since the edict of one man carried the force of terror, she could not purchase a few acres to teach little children and care for the sick. At least it was a confession that, for all his fine pretense of scorn, the man recognized and feared the potentiality of her efforts.

## XI

As the bright greens of June were scorched into the dustier hues of July and



the little spears of corn grew taller, she began to feel conscious of a certain drawing back, even of those who had been her warm admirers, and to notice scowls on strange faces as they eyed her.

Somewhere a poison squad was at work. Of that she felt sure, and her eyes flashed as she thought of its authorship. Each day brought her new warnings offered under the semblance of kindness and friendship.

"Folks hereabouts liked her powerful well, but hit warn't hardly likely thet Bad Anse, ner Milt McBriar, would suffer her ter go forward with her projects. They'd done been holdin' off 'cause she war a woman, an' she'd better quit of her own behest."

So they were willing to let her surrender with the honors of war! Her lips tightened.

In answer to detailed questioning her informant would shake his head vaguely and suspect that "hit warn't rightly none of his business now; he just 'lowed hit war a kindly act ter give her timely warnin'."

Old Bob McGreegor had a water-mill a half-mile from the Widow Everson's house, and had there been competition in his neighborhood his trade would have died, for the tongue in Old Bob's head was a member given to truculent bitterness, and his temper was the channel through which the dyspepsia that racked him found torrential outlet. It was intimated that the spring which crept down through the laurel thickets above his house often brought floating grains of yellow corn. Those kernels attested the proximity of a still. Distilling, under such circumstances, engenders a steadfast distaste for innovations hinting at a change of order.

Be that as it may, Old Bob was, in word of mouth, the most violent man in the hills. His body was knife-slashed, bullet-pitted, and marked of fist and human tooth, and out of no battle had he ever come victorious.

One Sunday afternoon the girl was standing at the stile of the widow's house, with Jerry at her elbow, when Old Bob came down the road. He was a strange sight in his bare feet, his ragged trousers, and the faded Prince Albert coat, which had drifted into his ownership a quarter of a century ago and been donned every Sabbath since.

But he paused at the gate and stood there scowling villainously at the girl.

"Is thet *her*?" he exploded at the end of his scrutiny.

"Thet," said Jerry, who was now the girl's dumb admirer, "is Miss Holland—Miss Juanita Holland."

"Hit's ther hell of a name fer any gal," observed the old man, still boring into her face with hostile eyes. "How much longer do she 'low ter tarry in these parts?"

The girl flushed scarlet, and then telling herself that this was one of the deficiencies whom the hill people called "fitty," she turned away and looked down the road.

"Folks round hyar," said Jerry slowly, and in an ominously quiet voice, "hopes thet she stays a long spell."

"Like hell they does!" ripped out the gray-bearded moonshiner fiercely. "Ther only folks thet wishes thet air them thet eats with ther McBriars an' drinks with ther Haveys an' tells lies ter both on 'em. Shore-'nough folks hain't honin' ter hev no fotched-on women spreadin' new-fangled notions of corruption through ther country. What's more, they hain't a goin' ter suffer hit no longer. Bad Anse is gittin' damn tired of puttin' up with sich, jest because hit's a woman."

Juanita Holland wheeled, stung into speech at last.

"I reckon," she said quietly, falling unconsciously into the idiom, while her cheeks blazed, "there isn't much danger."

"No, by Heaven!" flared the man. "Hit hain't danger; hit's a plumb sartin'."

Then Jerry Everson crossed the stile.

"Uncle Bob," he said slowly, "I reckon ye've done talked plenty. Be gone now whilst ye've got a chanst."

Bob McGreegor broke into a volley of fiery oaths, but the young mountaineer silenced him with a viselike grip on his shoulder.

"Folks," he said, "hev been makin' hit a practise ter take a heap offen ye because ye've got gray ha'r an' a weak mind. In pint of fact, one more lickin' wouldn't harm ye none, an' ef ye hain't plumb heedful, ye're a goin' ter git hit right now."

The girl, genuinely anxious for the old man, started across the stile to intercede, but with a sudden change of mood her heckler turned and started ambling up the road, rumbling as he went.

But Juanita that night thought long and gloomily over the outbreak of the drunken miller.

During those weeks of June and the first half of July the mountains seemed to breathe freer because of the truce, but the grievance that had been rankling in McBriar breasts since the night of the dance had lost none of its soreness. Who killed Nash Watt? Bad Anse Havey knew that the plighted assurances of his enemy would not long outlast the answering of that question, and he was not resting idle.

Juanita Holland had bought a small piece of ground from the Widow Everson near her own house, and upon it a cabin was being reared.

One afternoon, while old Milt McBriar was sitting on the porch of his house, a horseman rode up and "lighted." The horseman was not of pleasant expression, but he knew his mission and was sure of his welcome.

"Evenin', Luke," welcomed the McBriar chief, and as the visitor sank into a chair with a nod, he laconically announced: "I've done found out who kilt Nash Watt."

Old Milt never showed surprise. It was his pride that his features had banished all register of emotion. Now he merely leaned over and knocked the ash from his pipe against the railing.

"Wall," he commanded curtly, "let's hev yore tale."

"They picked out a man fer ther job thet hain't been mixed up in no feud fight-in' heretofore," pursued the other with unruffled calmness. "He's a feller thet nobody wouldn't hardly suspect; him bein' peaceable an' mostly sober. But he shoots his squirrels through the head every time he throws up his gun. Thet war ther kind of man they wanted."

Milt McBriar shifted his position a little. He seemed bored.

"Who war this feller?"

The bearer of tidings was reserving his climax and refused to be hurried.

"I reckon ye'll be right smart astonished when I names his name, but thar hain't no chanst of bein' mistook. I've done run ther thing down."

"I hain't nuver astonished," retorted McBriar. "Who war he?"

Very cautiously the second man looked around and then bent over and whispered

a name. There was a short pause, after which the chief commented: "Wall, I reckon I don't need ter tell yer what ter do now."

"I reckon I knows," confessed Luke with a somewhat surly expression.

But Milt McBriar was paying no attention. His face was darkening.

"I wish I could afford ter git ther *real* man!" he exclaimed abruptly. "I wish I durst hev Anse Havey kilt."

"Wall"—this time it was the underling who spoke casually—"I reckon I mought as well die fer a sheep as a lamb. Shell I kill Anse Havey fer ye?"

The chieftain looked at him during a long pause, then slowly shook his head.

"No, Luke," he said quietly; "I hain't quite ready ter die myself yit. I reckon if I hed ye ter kill Bad Anse thet's 'bout what'd happen. Jest git ther lamb this trip an' let ther old ram live a spell."

So, one unspeakably sultry morning, a few days after that informal session, Good Anse Talbott arrived at the Widow Everson's house. As Juanita Holland appeared in the door to greet him he came at once to the point.

"Fletch McNash hes done been kilt," he said. "'Bout twilight last night, es he war a comin' in from ther barn somebody shot one shoot from ther la'el. I reckon hit'd be right smart comfort ter his woman an' little Dawn ef ye could ride over thar an' help 'tend ther buryin'. Kin ye start now?"

## XII

Go! Juanita would go if it were necessary to run a gantlet of all the combined forces of the Haveys and McBriars. Her heart ached for the widow and the boys, but for Dawn the ache was as deeply poignant as it could have been for a little sister of her own. Their intimacy had been to Juanita a solace and a substitute for all the things she had put behind—things that left emptiness and ache in her heart. To-day her little protégée was a child. To-morrow she would be a woman, and the day after—the girl shuddered as she reflected on the Calloway woman who had a few years ago been the "purtiest gal on Meetin'-House Fork."

Dawn, and girls like her, were the stake for which she had come here to fight. It was such lives she meant to redeem. Now across the lot of this joyous little creature

had fallen the shadow of the seeming inevitable—of the grim, sullen, home-breaking thing that brooded here, feeding on human life. So it was with set face and hot indignation that Juanita mounted for the journey.

Yet, in the rancor of her unreasoning anger, it was not against the actual assassin that her censure chiefly burned. She chose rather to go back of all that and think of Anse Havey as the head and front of the whole wretched, blood-drenched régime. He seemed even more responsible than Milt McBriar, because his lawless fame had gone more picturesquely abroad.

As they rode the hills were full of mid-summer languor. The trees were unstirring in the hushed heat. Only the minnows in the little pools and the geese that waddled down to the cool waters seemed free of torpidness and lethargy. The locusts and grasshoppers sang from dry roadside stalks and flew rattling away from the ironweeds and thistles as they passed.

The horses kicked up clouds of choking dust, and along the edges of the shrunken streams little clusters of white and pale-yellow butterflies fluttered wearily.

The houses, where a roof broke through the timber, were sullen and closed of door, despite the heat; but Juanita no longer thought of them as hovels where men and women closely akin to the dumb beasts lived as in dens. Love and hate and hope and despair, she had learned, burned as fiercely here as elsewhere, and though more nakedly, perhaps more honestly. The poverty which at first it had seemed must strangle everything but animal instinct, was robbed of its abjectness. Its self-denial was a compromise only with necessity, never with self-respect. The same Spartan spirit had animated Kenton and Boone when they discarded every non-essential from their pioneer packs. She herself was in effect as poor as they, because her possessions lay beyond ramparts of granite and sandstone. So far had Juanita grown under the teachings of those she had come to teach.

At last they reached the McNash cabin and found gathered about it a score of figures with sullen and scowling faces. As she crossed the yard the crowd opened for her and gazed after her respectfully. Even the missionary did not cross the threshold with her, but let her enter alone on her errand of comforting the "wimmenfolks."

From the barn came the screech of saw and rat-tat of hammer, where those whose knack ran to carpentry were fashioning the box which was to serve in lieu of a casket.

There was no fire now, and the cabin was very dark. In a deeply shadowed corner lay Fletch McNash, made visible by the white sheet that covered him. That sheet had been borrowed from a neighbor who "made it a pint ter hev things handy fer' buryin's." It had served the same purpose before, and would again.

Juanita had come in silently, and for a moment thought that no one else was there. The younger children had been sent away, and the neighbors remained outside with rough sense of consideration. Among them was no excitement; they smoked stoically and talked of indifferent topics. Death was a thing with which they had always lived, and this case was like many others.

Then, as Juanita stood just inside the lintel, she heard a low moan and crossed the room.

There, in a squat chair near the cold hearth, sat Mrs. McNash, her back turned to the room. She was leaning forward and gazing ahead with unseeing eyes. Dawn was kneeling at her side with both arms about her mother's drooping shoulders.

It was from Dawn, whose tear-stained face was wan and white, that the groan had come. The elder woman had uttered no sound. For hours she had been sitting there in just that attitude, tearless and mute, with a face that was as drawn and taut as though parchment instead of skin was stretched across the bones of her skull. Sometimes a spasm of shaking ran through her body like a chill, but except for that she neither moved nor spoke. It was the grief of the mountain woman which finds no outlet and instils into her offspring a wormwood and thirst for vengeance with their suckling.

Juanita bent and impulsively kissed the withered face, but the woman only stirred a little, like a half-awakened sleeper, and looked stolidly up. After a while she spoke in the lifeless, far-away tone of utter lethargy.

"Ef ye'd like ter see him, jest lift up ther sheet. He's a layin' thar." Then once more she sank back into the coma of her staring at the hearth with its dead ashes.

But Dawn had not looked tragedy in the face so long that it had made her the stoic. She was wild only as the song-bird is wild, and not as the hunted animal. She rose and stood shaken with deep sobs and, putting both hands out before her, came gropingly and blind with tears into the outstretched arms of Juanita Holland.

Then the door opened, letting in two men, and in them Juanita recognized Jeb McNash and Bad Anse Havey.

At their coming Dawn looked up, drawing away from the embrace of the older girl, and retreated silently to a corner, as though ashamed of having been discovered in tears. For a few moments there was silence in the room, complete except for the rap of Jeb's pipe when he knocked out its ashes against the chimney.

Bad Anse stood with folded arms in the dim light and gave no sign that he had recognized the presence of the "furrin" woman.

The boy jerked his head toward the hearth and said in a strained, hard voice: "Set ye a cheer, Anse," and after that no one spoke. Jeb's thin but muscular chest rose and fell to the swell of heavy breathing and his face was wrapped black in a scowl that made his eyes smolder and his lips snarl. Juanita had dropped back to one of the beds with Dawn's face buried in her lap. As she sat there she studied the faces which were all shadows in the dimness, but which grew in distinctness when her eyes became accustomed to the dark, standing out more clearly, just as features painted on an old, discolored canvas come out under an intent gaze.

But even in the murk Anse Havey's eyes shone clear and insistent and held her gaze with an almost uncanny fascination. It was difficult to remember all the villainies of which she believed him guilty when she could actually see him, for the face was that of a strong, fighting philosopher who acts swiftly and surely, but who thinks even more swiftly and surely. As she looked at him she told herself that she hated him the more for his hypnotic eyes—they gave him much of his evil power over men.

Then, as if rousing from a long dream, Mrs. McNash looked up, and for the first time appeared to realize that her son and his companion had entered the place.

The dead blankness left her pupils, and into them leaped a hateful fire. Her voice

came in shrill and high-pitched questioning: "Wall, Jeb, hev ye got him yit?"

The boy only shook his head and glowered at the wall, while his mother's voice rose almost to a scream.

"Hain't ye a goin' ter do nothin'? Thar lays yore pap what nuver harmed no man, shot down cold-blooded. Don't ye hear him a callin' on yer ter settle his blood score? Air ye skeered? Ther spirit of him thet fathered ye's a pleadin' with ye—an' ye sets still in yore cheer!"

Juanita felt the slender figure in her embrace shudder at the lashing invective that fell from the mother's lips. She saw the boy's face whiten; saw him rise and turn to Bad Anse Havey, half in ferocity, half in pleading.

"Maw's right, Anse," he doggedly declared. "I kain't tarry hyar no longer. He b'longs ter me. I've got ter go out an' kill him. Thar hain't but one thing a stoppin' me now," he added helplessly. "I don't know who did hit; I hain't got no notion."

He stood before the clan chief, and the latter rose and laid one hand on the shoulder which had begun to tremble. Man and boy looked at each other, eye to eye, then the elder of the two began to speak.

"Jeb, I don't want ye to think I don't feel for ye, but ye don't know who the feller is, an' ye can't hardly go shootin' permiscuous. Ye've got to bide your time."

"But," interrupted the boy tensely, "*you* knows. *You* knows everything hyarabouts. In Heaven's name, Anse, I hain't askin' nothin' out of ye but jest one word. Jest speak one name, thet's all I needs."

The mother had dropped back into her stupor again, and her son stood there, his broganed feet wide apart and his whole body rigid and tense with passion.

Anse Havey once more shook his head.

"No, Jeb," he said quietly; "I don't know—not yet. The McBriars acted on suspicion—an' they killed the wrong man. Ye ain't seekin' to do likewise, be ye? Ye ain't quite twenty-one, Jeb, an' I'm the head of the family. I reckon ye'd better take counsel of me, boy. I ain't bent on deludin' ye, an' ye can trust me. Ye've got to give me your hand, Jeb, that until ye're plumb, everlastingly sartain who got your pa, ye won't raise your gun against any man."



The boy sank down into his chair and bowed his head in his hands, while his finger-nails bit into his temples. Even Juanita Holland had felt the effect of Havey's wonderfully quieting voice. Finally Jeb McNash raised his face.

"An' will ye give me yore hand, Anse Havey, thet if ye finds hit out afore I do, ye'll tell me thet man's name?"

"I ain't never turned my back on a kinsman yet, Jeb," said Anse gravely.

The boy nodded his acquiescence and hurriedly left the room. Juanita gently lifted Dawn's head from her lap and went forward to the hearth.

She had listened in silence, outraged at this callous talk and this private usurpation of powers of life and death. Now it seemed to her that to remain silent longer was almost to become an accomplice.

Something in her grew rigid. She saw the bent and lethargic figure of the bereaved wife and the stark, sheeted body of the feud's last victim. Before her stood the man more than any one else responsible for such conditions.

"Mr. Havey," she said, as her voice grew coldly purposeful with the ring of challenge, "I have been told that you did not mean to let me stay here; that you did not intend to give these poor children the chance to grow straight and decent."

She paused, because so much was struggling indignantly for utterance that she found composure very difficult. And as she paused she heard him inquire in an ironically quiet voice: "Who told ye that?"

"Never mind who told me. I haven't come here to answer your questions. I came to these feud-cursed hills to fight conditions for which you stand as sponsor and patron saint. I came here to try to give the children release from ignorance—because ignorance makes them easy tools and dupes for murder lords—like you."

Again her tumult of spirit halted her and she heard Dawn sobbing with grief and fright on the bed.

"Are ye through?" inquired Anse Havey. His voice had the flinty quiet of cruelly repressed passion, and his face had whitened, but he had not moved.

"No; I'm not through," she went on with rising vehemence. "I came here seeking to interfere with no man's affairs—wishing only to give your people, without price, what they are entitled to—the

light that all the rest of the world enjoys. I found the community bound hand and foot in slavery to two men of a like stripe. I found their hirelings murdering each other from ambush. I'm only a woman, but I carry the credentials of decency and civilization. You two men have everything else—everything *except* decency and civilization. You and Milt McBriar!"

He had listened while the muscles of his jaws stood out in cramped tensility and the veins began to cord themselves on his temples. Now he said in a low voice, between his teeth: "By Heaven, don't liken me to Milt McBriar!"

The girl laughed a little hysterically and wildly, then swept on:

"I do liken you to Milt McBriar. What in Heaven's name is the difference between you? He kills your vassals and you kill his. Both of you do it by the proxy of hirelings and from ambush. In this house a man lies dead—dead for no quarrel of his own, but because of your quarrel with Milt McBriar. But it seems that's not enough. You must enlist the son of the dead man into a life that will have the same end for him. You bind him apprentice to your merciless code of murder."

Her hands were clenched and her eyes burning with her tempest of rage. When she stopped speaking the man inquired once again: "Are ye through now?" But Juanita threw both hands out and continued:

"You have taken the boy—very well. I mean to take the girl. I shall try to undo in her and in her children the evil you will do her brother. I shall try to give the family one unblighted branch. Unless you kill me, I shall stay here and fight. I'll fight you and your enemy McBriar alike, because you are only two sides of the same coin. I'll try to take the ground out from under your feet and leave you no standing room outside a State's prison. Dawn shall learn the things that will, some day, set this country free."

Mrs. McNash was looking up vaguely, but her thoughts were still far away, and this outpouring of speech near at hand meant little to her.

Juanita, as she finished her wild peroration, fell suddenly to trembling. Her strength seemed to have gone out with her words. Her knees seemed too weak to support her, and for the first time in her



life, as she looked into the face of Anse Havey, ominously blanched with rage, she was physically afraid of a man.

His eyes seemed to pierce her with the stabs of rapiers, and in his quiet self-repression was something ominous. For a moment he did not permit himself to speak, then he thrust a chair forward and said in a level, toneless sort of voice: "If ye're all through now, mebbly ye'd better sit down. Such eloquence as that's liable ter tire ye out right smartly."

The girl made no move to take the chair, and Anse Havey took one step forward and pointed to it. This time his voice came quick and sharp, like the crack of a mule-whip.

"Sit down, I tell ye! I've got just a few words ter say my own self."

### XIII

DAWN drew back on the quilted feather bed, her fingers twisting about each other in an excess of nervous excitement. She had never before heard any one, man or woman, speak a word of rebellion or defiance to Bad Anse Havey. It had not occurred to her that there was in the world a person bold enough to do so.

For a few moments Bad Anse Havey did not speak, and Juanita dropped almost limply into the chair he had pushed forward. Havey paced the narrow length of the room, pausing once to gaze down at the rigid body of the dead man. At last he came and took his place squarely before her by the hearth, both hands thrust deep into his coat-pockets. A long black lock fell over his forehead and he impatiently shook it back.

"Dawn," he said finally, "I wish ye'd go to the door an' tell one of them fellers out there not ter let no one come in till I'm through."

"So you mean to keep me prisoner here while you attempt to intimidate me?" Juanita spoke a little scornfully. "I suppose I might have expected that. It doesn't frighten me, however."

"Wait a minute, Dawn!" said Havey, still in a low, unexcited voice. "Is there any person out thar, ma'am, ye'd like to have come in? I 'lowed that in here, whar we both come to try ter help friends in affliction, ye'd know nothin' couldn't harm ye."

Juanita flushed deeply with annoyance. She had meant to be bitterly ironical; and

this barbarian had parried her thrust with a dignity greater than her own.

"Please go on," she begged. "I've already told you that I'm not yet terrorized."

"In the first place," he began in his deliberate voice, "ye've said some things thet I doubt not ye believe to be true, but they're most all of 'em lies."

He flung back his head and looked squarely down at her, his eyes narrow and snapping, but with his voice pitched to a low cadence. "Ye've said things that, since ye're a woman, I ain't got any way of answerin'. The only thing I asks is thet ye harken to what I want to say."

"Go on; I'm listening with humble attention."

"Ye've called me a murderer an' a hirer of murderers. That's a lie. I've never killed no man that didn't have his face t'ords me, nor one that wasn't armed. I've never hired any man killed."

"Ye've likened me to Milt McBriar. Thet was a lie, too. Ye've said some right bitter things, an' I can't answer ye. If ye was a man I could."

"And if I were a man, what would you say to me?" she inquired.

"I reckon"—his words came with an icy coldness—"I'd be pretty liable to tell ye to eternally go to hell."

"And if I were a man," she promptly retorted, "I'd endeavor with every ounce of manhood I had in me to see that you and the others like you *did* go there. I'd try to see that you went the appropriate way—through the trap of the gallows."

She saw his attitude stiffen and his face flush brick-red to the cheek-bones. But after a few seconds she heard him speak with a fair counterfeit of amusement.

"Wall, it 'pears like we've both got to be right smart disappointed—on account of your bein' a woman."

And this time it was she who flushed.

"I don't hardly know why I'm takin' the trouble to make any statement to ye," Havey went on. "It ain't hardly worth while. Ye came up here with your mind fixed. Ye've read a lot of hearsay stuff in newspapers, an' facts ain't hardly apt to count for much. I reckon afore ye decides to hang me ye'll let me have my day in court, won't ye?"

"Before your own judge and your own jury?" she naively asked him. "That's the way you usually have your day in court, isn't it, Mr. Havey?"

"It's you that's settin' as the court just now," he reminded her. "I reckon ye can judge for yerself how much I owns ye."

In spite of herself she smiled.

"I rather think I can," she admitted.

"Approximately, at least."

"I think I understand ye better than ye do me," he went on slowly. "I think ye're plumb honest in all the notions ye fotchted up here, despite the fact that most of 'em are wrong. Ye've done come with a heap of money to teach folks what *you* 'low they'd ought to know. Ye didn't know that they'd ruther have ignorance than charity. Ye think that you an' Almighty God have gone in partners fer the regeneration of these mountains, where no woman has ever been insulted an' no man has to bar his door against thievery; where all we ask is to be left alone. I reckon every day ye're wonderin' 'Is my halo on straight?' It's nat'ral enough that ye should be right scornful of a man that some newspaper reporter has called a murderer."

His voice fell away, and Juanita heard again the beating of the hammers out in the barn.

"Is that all?" she asked, but the man shook his head and stood there looking down on her until under the spell of his unusual eyes she felt like screaming out: "Talk if you want to, but for Heaven's sake don't look at me. I can't stand it!"

"Mebby ef ye'd stopped to think about things," he resumed, "ye'd have seen that I didn't have no quarrel with your plans. Mebbly I mought even have been able to help ye. I could have told ye for one thing that whether the ways here be right or wrong, they've done stood fer two hundred years. Ye've got to go slow changin' 'em. Ye can't hardly pull up a poplar saplin' with one jerk. Thar's a tap-root underneath it thet runs down half-way to hell."

"If people hyarabouts is distrustful of furrin teachers an' ways, it's because of the samples they've had. A feller came here once from the settlements to teach school. He was a smart, upstandin' feller an' well liked. A man by the name of Trevor."

"When folks found out that he was locatin' coal an' buyin' their land fer next to nothin'—robbin' them of their birth-right—it looked right smart like somebody might kill him. I warned him away to save his life. Ye've got to make folks for-

get about Trevor afore ye makes 'em trust *you*."

"Thank you," said Juanita coldly. "I'll try to show them that I'm not another Trevor. Are you warning me away to save my life?"

"I'm tol'able ignorant," went on the man, "but I've read a few books, an' one of 'em told the story of the Trojan hoss. I wanted ter see what kind of a critter *you* was a ridin' into these hills. I come to this cabin the night ye got here to find out."

"I thought so," she quietly answered. "I was to be inspected like an immigrant, and the lord of the land was to decide whether or not I should be sent back."

"Put it that way if ye've a mind to," he answered. "Ye was comin' to be a school-teacher here. Well, I'd done been a school-teacher here. I see your smile—ye're wonderin' what I could teach. Maybe, after all, it's a right good idea to teach A B C's before ye starts in with algebra an' rhetoric. Ye wouldn't have me as a friend, an' I reckon that won't break my heart."

"Then," said the girl, looking up and meeting his eyes with a flash of challenge, "I shall endeavor to get along without your favor. We could hardly have met on common ground at best. I shall teach the ten commandments, including 'Thou shalt not kill.' I shall teach that to lie hidden behind a bush and shoot an unsuspecting enemy is cowardly and despicable. I would not be willing to tell them that they must live and die vassals to feudal tyranny."

"No," he agreed, "ye couldn't hardly outrage your holy conscience by tryin' to teach 'em things in a way they could understand, could ye? If Jeb had a come to ye, like he came to me, askin' the name of the man he sought to kill, ye would have said ter him, 'It was so-and-so, but ye mustn't harm him, because somebody writ in a book two thousand years ago that killin' is a sin.' An' the hell of it is ye'd 'low such talk would satisfy *him*."

"Ye couldn't do no such wicked thing as to stop an' reflect that he's a mountain boy, an' that for two hundred years the blood in his veins hes been a comin' down to him full of grudge-nursin' an' hate. Ye couldn't make allowances for the fact that he wasn't hatched in a barn-yard to peck at corn-cobs an' berries, but in an eagle's nest—that he's a bird of prey. Ye

couldn't consider the fact that the killin' instinct runs in the current of his blood an' was drunk in at his mother's breast. Ye'd just teach barn-yard lessons to young eagles, an' that's why ye might as well go home."

"I'm grateful for this teacher's course," retorted Juanita hotly, "and I'm not going home."

Anse Havey went on:

"But I know that boy. I know that if I'd talked thataway he'd just about have gone out in the la'rel an' got somebody. Hit might not 'a' been the right feller, and he might have found that out later. I reckon ye never had a father murdered, did ye?"

"Hardly," answered the girl with a scornful toss of her head. "You see, I wasn't reared among gun-fighters."

"Well, I have," responded the man. "I was in the Legislature down at Frankfort when it happened, a helpin' to make the laws that govern this State. I was fer them laws in theory—but when that word came I paired off with a Republican, so's not to lose my vote on the floor, an' I come back here to these hills an' got that feller. I reckon I ought to be ashamed to tell ye that, but I'm so plumb ign'rant that I can't feel it. I knew how Jeb felt, an' so I held him off with a promise to wait. Of course ye couldn't accept the help of a man like that."

He turned and withdrew his hands from his pockets.

"I'm through," he added, "an' I'm obleeged to ye fer harkenin' to me."

She rose and stood before him and, despite his bitter resentment of her scorn, he recognized in her a sort of courage he had never before seen in a woman—a courage of conviction and the crusader's deep purpose. And she was very beautiful and gallant as she stood there and shook her head.

"There is something in your point of view, Mr. Havey," she acknowledged. "But it is all based on twisted and distorted principle."

"I don't think myself a saint. I guess I'm pretty weak. My first appeal to you was pure weakness. But I stand for ideas that the world has acknowledged to be right, and for that reason I am going to win. That is why, although I'm a girl, with none of your physical power, and no gun-fighters at my back, you are secretly

afraid of me. That is why you are making unfair war on me. I stand for the implacable force of civilization that must sooner or later sweep you away and utterly destroy your dominance."

For the first time Bad Anse Havey's face lost its impassiveness. His eyes clouded and became puzzled, surprised.

"I reckon I don't hardly follow ye," he said. "If ye wants it to be enemies, all right, but I ain't never made no war on ye. I don't make war on womenfolks, an' besides I wouldn't make a needless war no-how. All I've got to do is to give ye enough rope an' watch ye hang yourself."

"If you think that," she demanded, with a quick upleaping of anger in her pupils, "why did you feel it necessary to prevent my buying land? Why do you coerce your vassals, under fear of death, to decline my offers? Why, if my school means no menace, do you refuse it standing room to start its fight?"

The man's pose stiffened.

"Who told ye I'd hindered anybody from sellin' ye land?"

"Wherever I inquire it is the same thing. They must ask permission of Bad Anse Havey before they can do as they wish with their own."

"By Heaven, that's another lie," he said shortly. "But I reckon ye believe that, too. I did advise folks hereabouts against sellin' to strangers, but that was afore ye come."

He paced the length of the room a while, then halted before her.

"Some of that property," he went on, and this time his voice was passionate in its earnestness, "has enough coal an' timber on it to make its owners rich some day. Have ye seen any of the coal-minin' sections of these hills? Well, go an' have a look. Ye won't find any mountaineer richer fer the development. Ye'll find 'em plundered an' cheated an' robbed of their homes by your civilized furriner. I've done aimed ter perfect my folks against bein' looted. I aims to go on perfectin' 'em."

"Ignorance won't protect them," she insisted.

Suddenly he demanded without preface: "How old are you?"

Her glance traveled to his face, and his direct eyes told her that there was no impertinence in his question.

"I am twenty-two," she curtly replied.

"Twenty-two!" he repeated after her, she thought a little scornfully. "I'm just five years more than that, but I'm thirty years older than you in everything but years. I've seen enough of all this thing down here not to get wrought up about it. I've got enough lead right here in my own body now"—he clapped one hand to his chest and went on with the same fixed expression and the same calculatedly calm voice—"to kill all the leaders of the McBriar crowd, if it were run back into bullet-molds again. Every day's liable to be my last day. I've shook hands of friends that were warm in the mornin' an' thet were cold an' lifeless at night—like his'n."

He jerked his head toward the bed and the sheeted form upon it.

"Yes, an' I've tried to keep the scores tol'able even. I'm in a fix to lay by theories an' look facts in the face, I reckon. I don't hold out peace offerin's to men that are seekin' to knife me. I fight the devil with fire, an' I tries to make it hot."

"It hadn't occurred to me to doubt that," she observed.

"I told ye we was distrustful of furriners," went on Havey. "Some day thar'll be a bigger war here than the Havey-McBriar war. Ye've seen somethin' of that. That other war will be with *your* people, an' when it comes there won't be any McBriars or Haveys. We'll all be mountaineers standin' together an' holdin' what God gave us. God knows I hate Milt McBriar an' his tribe—hate 'em with all the power of hatin' that's in me—an' I'm a mountain man. But Milt's people an' my people have one thing in common. We're mountain men, an' these hills are ourn. We have the same killin' instinct when men seek to rob us. We want to be let alone, an' if we fight amongst ourselves it ain't nothin' to the way we'll fight, shoulder to shoulder an' back to back, against the robbers from down below."

The man paused, and as Juanita looked into his blazing eyes she shuddered, for it seemed that the killing instinct of which he spoke was burning there. She thought of nothing to say, and he continued:

"It's war between families now—but when *your* people come—come to buy for nothin' and fatten on our starvation, we men of the mountains will forget that, an' I reckon we'll fight together like all damnation against the rest. Thet's why I'm counselin' folks not to sell heedless."

"Then you did not forbid your people to sell to me?" inquired the girl.

"Why, in Heaven's name, should I make war on ye?" he suddenly demanded. "Does a man fight children? We don't fight the helpless up here in the hills."

"Possibly," she suggested with a trace of irony, "when you learn that I'm not so helpless you won't be so merciful."

"We'll wait till that time comes," said the man shortly. He paused for a moment, then went on: "Helpless! Why, Heaven knows, ma'am, I pity ye. Can't ye see what odds ye're contendin' against? Can't ye see that ye're fightin' God's hills and sandstone an' winds an' thunder? Can't ye see ye're tryin' ter take out of men's veins the fire in their blood—the fire that's been burnin' there for two centuries? Ye're like a little child tryin' ter pull down a jail-house. Ye're singin' lullaby songs to the thunder. Yes, I feel right sorry fer ye, but I ain't a fightin' ye."

"I'm doing none of those things," she answered with a defiant blaze in her eyes. "I'm only trying to show these people that their ignorance is not necessary; that it's only part of a scheme to keep them vassals. You talk about the wild, free spirit of the mountain men. I think that free men will listen to that argument."

Anse Havey laughed.

"Change 'em!" he repeated, disregarding the slur of her last speech. "Why, if ye don't give it up and go back to your birds that pick at berries, do you know what will happen to ye? I'll tell ye. Thar will be a change, but it won't be in us. It'll be in *you*. You'll be mountaineized."

She stood and looked at him, and her violet eyes were brimming with starry contempt. Her delicate chin tilted disdainfully and her lips curled. It was such a look as some Caesar's daughter, borne on the necks of slaves, might have cast down on a barbarian slave chained to his sweep in the galleys. So she regarded him, for the galley-slaves, too, had been criminals.

"Who will change me?" she inquired with a stinging scorn of voice. "You—and men like you?"

Havey felt the force of her disdain, but he showed no recognition. His words, as he answered, came with an almost courteous calm.

"Mebby it won't be me, ner yet men like me. But the air ye breathe, the life ye live, the water ye drink, all the things



that God Almighty forges in places that's clost to his free sky, them things will do it.

"Ye can't live where the storms come from an' where the rivers are born an' not have their spirit get into your blood. Ye may think ye're in partners with God, but I reckon ye'll find the hills are bigger than *you* be. How much land do ye need?"

"Why?"

"Because I aim to see ye get it. Ye say I'm scaired of ye. I aim to show ye how much I'm scaired. I aim to let ye go your own fool way an' flounder in your own quicksand. An' if nobody won't sell ye what ye want let me know an', by Almighty God, I'll make ye a free gift of a farm an' I'll build your school myself. That's how much I'm scaired of ye. I've tried to be friends with ye, an' ye won't have it. Now just go as fur 'as ye feels inclined an' see how much I mind ye."

He turned abruptly on his heel and went out, quietly closing the door behind him.

#### XIV

THAT summer Juanita's cabin rose on the small patch of ground bought from the Widow Everson, for in these hills the raising of a house is a simple thing which goes forward subject to no delays of striking workmen or balking contractors. The usual type, with its single room, may be reared in a few days by volunteers who turn their labor into a frolic. Neighbors lend a hand, and there are no bosses and no underlings, but each man is a monarch contributing his labor as an equal, and the smell of freshly sawed lumber goes up like incense in the air, while the simple craftsmen strive mightily in a good-humored rivalry of skill and brawn.

To Juanita's ears the sound of the hammers and the scream of the little portable sawmill down in the valley had been a music in keeping with the languorous haze of the horizon and the spicy fragrance of the cider-presses. She had owed much to Jerry Everson and to Good Anse Talbott, for had her building force been solidly of Havey or McBriar complexion the school would henceforth have stood branded, in native eyes, a feud institution.

But Good Anse and Jerry, who were tolerated by both factions, and were gifted with a rough-hewn diplomacy, had known upon whom to call, even while they had seemed to select at random. So a stanch

little house of squared logs had gone up in a place just above and to the right of the widow's, where the girl could see from her window the tall poplar on the crest. It had three rooms, and she had been gayer and blither while she supervised her volunteer helpers than at any other time since she had come to the hills.

Something of herself had gone into the fashioning which gave the place, in spite of the meager limitations of necessity, a touch of art and character. She had designed and helped build a hearth of rough stone, which would not only warm but decorate as well. She had seen to the thoroughness of the chinking, too, until one man who dwelt in a wind-riddled house of his own gravely shook his head and expressed fear that "she war liable ter sicken fer lack of fresh air." The windows he regarded with even greater suspicion as making a needless concession to one's enemies.

Juanita Holland had grown up largely with boys. Of late, since she had fancied herself disappointed of heart, she had often been asking herself the question: "Why are boys so much manlier than men?" But these big, loosely knit, leather-sinewed, bearded creatures, were more boys than men, after all, and for them she felt a quick comradeship.

The cabin had been finished just before the news came of the death of Fletch McNash, and Jerry Everson had gone over with her to survey and admire it.

As he stood under the newly laid roof, sniffing the fresh, woody fragrance of the green timbers, he produced from under his coat what looked like a giant powder-horn. He had scraped and polished it until it shone like varnish, and he hung it by its leather thong above the hearth.

"What is it for, Jerry?" demanded the girl, and with that he took it down again and set it to his lips and blew.

A mellow sound, not loud, but far-carrying, like the fox-hunter's tally-ho, floated over the valley.

"Our house hain't more then a whoop an' a holler away," he said awkwardly, "but when ye're livin' over hyar by yoreself, ef ye ever wants anything in ther night-time, jest blow thet horn."

After she had almost burst her cheeks with effort, he added: "Don't never blow this signal onless ye wants ter raise merry hell."



Then he imitated very low, through pursed lips, three long blasts and three short ones.

"What's that signal?" she demanded.

"Ye've heered ther McBriar yell," he told her. "Thet horn calls ther Havey rallyin' signal. When thet goes out every Havey thet kin tote a gun's got ter git up an' come. Hit means war."

"Oh!" exclaimed Juanita, then she laughed and quoted low to herself:

"Shame on the false Etruscan who lingers at his home

When Lars Porsena, of Clusium, is on the march for Rome."

In a minute she added: "Thank you, Jerry. I won't call the Haveys to battle."

The night after she had flung her challenge down to Bad Anse Havey Juanita stayed at the McNash cabin to be with Dawn and the widow. The next day she went with them to the mountainside "buryin'-ground," where Good Anse performed the last rites for the dead.

The "jolt-wagon" which carried the unpainted box was drawn ploddingly by oxen, for the "buryin'-ground" lay up a steep trail, and the funeral procession made its way in a laborious and straggling line. It was a strange cortège and mournful, despite the bright calico of the women's dresses.

As they rode, mountain fashion, facing to the side and shaking their arms like wings, they would have made a picture grotesquely funny had it not been so grotesquely wretched and somber. The dusty purple of the ironweed tops seemed to be waving plumes of ragged mourning, and in a patch of briers they came to the freshly dug grave where the sun glinted on the men's rifle-barrels.

Juanita, looking around the circle, saw the still apathetic face of the wife and the tearful one of little Dawn, and she wondered if her own features were as stolid as those others about her. Here, where the ridges piled up with such a power of accumulated sullenness, all outward display at emotion seemed out of place.

She watched the grim, set lips and tightly clenched hands of Jeb and little Jesse as their eyes with one accord traveled toward the eastern ridges where dwelt the authors of this death, and she shudderingly felt that this burial marked not an end but a beginning. So she looked away

from those faces, sickened by foreboding, though deeply in sympathy, too, and her eyes met, across the open grave, those of Bad Anse Havey.

It seemed to her that he must read their message, "For all this I challenge you," but his eyes did not change nor alter.

Through it all, through the singsong drone of Brother Talbott's "discourse," through the whining falsetto of their hymn-singing, even through the thud of clod on casket, one impression seemed printing itself ineffaceably on her brain. It was an impression of guns.

There, with the scorched green behind them, with the red and blue calico and the hoddens-gray of their clothing, there was color enough, yet the most insistent note of the picture was the dull gleam of the rifles. The one scrupulously clean and modern note, too, was in the condition and pattern of these weapons.

Men might go unshaven and unwashed, but their arms were greased and polished and they came to the funeral under arms—for the history of to-day might repeat the history of yesterday.

After it was all over, and it had been decided that the widow was to take the younger children up Meeting-House Fork to live with a brother, the missionary and the teacher started back. Jeb was to stay here alone to run the farm, and when Juanita returned to the ridge Dawn went with her.

Juanita had insisted on this. She could not bear to think of her little protégée losing herself in the uncouth environment of the "branch-water folks"; and she hated to lose the influence she had gained over the child just as she stood at the transitory period of life where influences meant so much.

So when they turned back Dawn sat perched on a pillion behind Good Anse Talbott, and Jeb, watching his family separate in two directions and leave him, leaned, a solitary figure on the stile, and twisted his bare toes in the hot dust. He gazed staringly at the blistered woods, and on his face sat murder in the making. The reflections that were to be his companions were thoughts that would rankle in isolation and spur him to his sorry destiny.

Perhaps it was the misery in Juanita Holland's eyes that elicited from the missionary, after a long and silent ride, an abrupt question.

"Well, ma'am, hev ye had enough? Does ye still aim ter stay?"

She looked up, and beside the bewilderment and pain in her clouded pupils there was also the hurt, as if of an accusation of cowardice.

"Stay?" she exclaimed. "Of course. Why shouldn't I stay?"

"Wall"—his weary expression went gazing off up the slopes—"I reckon ye hain't hardly had a good time up hyar, an' hit's mighty liable ter git wuss. Ye see, ye've done made Anse Havey mad, an' hit looks right smart like ye're takin' a heap of pains fer nothin'."

"For nothing!" She wondered if it were for nothing. Others might warn her for purposes of intimidation; their gloomy prophecies might be inspired, but from the sad, world-weary lips of Brother Anse and the tired soul in his tired body would come no false message. "Do you believe it's for nothing, Brother Anse? Haven't you given your life to it? Has it all been vain? Do you regret it?"

Very slowly and wearily he shook his head.

"No; but I was born amongst 'em, an' God laid this work on me ter chasten me an' give me a chanst ter live down my iniquities. I didn't hev no choice, an' yit sometimes—" He paused, and added in a dead voice: "Sometimes hit seems like I hain't accomplished nothin'. They listens ter me, but they goes right back an' sheds blood ergin. Hit's born in 'em, an' when they dies they passes hit down ter their children."

"I hoped," she told him with gentle reproach, "that you at least could see some value in my poor efforts; that you sympathized with them."

The missionary looked into her face and his eyes burned with the fierce fire of prophecy.

"Little gal," he said vehemently, "hit looks ter me like ye're a plumb saint sent by Almighty God, but I kain't b'ar ter see yore heart break. Hit's a young heart, an' these mountings will break hit. They're too big, an' men like Anse an' Milt will stop ye. God knows I wants ter see ye stay, but God knows I counsels ye ter go."

"I'll stay," she said simply.

After that they rode in silence until Dawn, from her pillion, spoke for the first time. They were passing a tumbling waterfall, shrunken now to a trickling rill.

On each side loomed huge sentinels of moss-covered rock.

"Wunst, when I war a leetle gal," she said, "Unc' Perry war a hidin' out up thet branch from ther revenuers. I used ter fotch his victuals up thar ter him."

Juanita turned suddenly with a shocked expression. It was as if her little song-bird friend had suddenly and violently reverted; as if the flower had turned to poison weed. And as Juanita looked Dawn's eyes were blazing and Dawn's face was as dark as her black hair—dark with the same expression which brooded on her brother's brow.

"What is it, dear?" Juanita asked, and in tense and fiery voice the younger girl exclaimed:

"I wishes I war a man. I wouldn't wait and set still like Jeb's doin'. By Heaven, I'd git thet murderer. I'd cut his heart outen his body."

"I tole ye," quietly commented Brother Anse, "thet ther instinct's in ther blood. Anse Havey went down ter Frankfort an' set in ther Legislater—but he come back ther same man thet went down. Somethin' called him. Somethin' calls ter every mountain man thet goes away, an' he harkens ter ther call."

"Anse come back," repeated Dawn triumphantly. "An' Anse is hyar. Ef Jeb sets thar an' don't do nothin', I reckon Anse Havey won't hardly let hit go by without doin' nothin'. Thank Heaven, thar's some men left in ther hills like Anse Havey—but ef Jeb don't do nothin', and Anse don't do nothin', I'll do hit myself."

Again Juanita shuddered, but it was not the time for argument, and so she went on, bitterly accusing Havey in her heart for his wizard hold on these people—a hold which incited them to bloodshed as the fanatical priests of the desert urge on their wild tribesmen.

She did not know that Bad Anse Havey went every few days over to the desolated cabin and often persuaded the boy to ride home with him and spend a part of the time in his larger brick house. She did not know that Bad Anse was coming nearer to lying than he had ever before come in withholding his strong suspicions from the boy because of his unwillingness to incite another tragedy.

So when one day a McBriar henchman by the name of Luke Thixton had left the

mountains and gone West, Anse hoped that this man would stay away for a long while, and he refrained from mentioning to Jeb that now, when the bird had flown, he knew definitely of his guilt. Proof positive had confirmed his deeply grounded suspicions too late, and he had made no effort to intercept the refugee, so now he set himself methodically about the task of guarding the boy lest his suspicions should go baying on a false trail.

While Dawn, under the guidance of her preceptress, was making the acquaintance of a new and sweeter life, whose influences fed her imagination and fired her quick ambition, her brother was more solemnly being molded by the Havey chief. He was drinking in, as Anse Havey read, the lives of the men of whom Plutarch wrote and of the laws of his own State which should arm him to safeguard his timber and coal against the depredations of the "furriner."

Each teacher thought of the other as an irreconcilable foe, and each had at heart, without realizing it, the same object. Each was striving in honesty and earnestness to protect and strengthen the same people.

The water-mill of old Bob McGregor was the nearest spot to the dwelling of Bad Anse Havey where grist could be ground to meal, and sometimes when Jeb came over to the brick house he would volunteer to throw upon his shoulders the sack of corn and plod with it up across the ridges. He would sit there in the dusty old mill while the slow wheel groaned and creaked and the cumbersome millstones did their slow stint of work.

So one day, toward the end of August, Juanita, who had climbed up the path to the poplar to look over her battle-field and renew her vows, saw Jeb sturdily plodding his way in long, resolute strides through the woods toward the mill, a heavy sack upon his shoulders and a rifle swinging at his side. His face was sullen as usual, with downcast eyes, but he did not see her, and she did not call to him as he passed on and out of sight in the sunburnt woods.

That day chance had it that no one else had come to mill and Bob McGregor had persuaded the boy to drink from the "leetle blue kag" until his mind was ripe for mischief. While the mill slowly

ground out his meal Jeb McNash sat on a pile of rubbish in the gloomy shack, nursing his knees in interlocked fingers. Old Bob drank and stormed and cursed the inertia of the present generation. The lad's lean fingers tautened and gripped themselves more tensely and his eyes began to smolder and blaze with a wicked light as he listened.

"Ye looks like a right stand-up sort of a boy, Jeb," growled the old fire-eater who had set more than a few couples at each other's throats. "An' I reckon hit's all right, too, fer a feller ter bide his time, but hit 'pears ter me like ther men of these days don't do nothin' *but* bide thar time."

"I won't bide mine no longer then what I has ter," snapped the boy. "Anse 'lows ter tell me when he finds out who hit war thet got my pap. Thet's all I needs ter know."

Old Bob shook his head knowingly and laughed in his tangled beard.

"I reckon Anse Havey'll take his leisure. He's got other fish ter fry. He's a thinkin' 'bout bigger things than yore grievance, son."

The boy rose, and his voice came very quietly and ominously from suddenly whitened lips. "What does ye mean by thet, Uncle Bob?"

"Mebby I don't mean nothin' much. Then ergin mebbly I could give ye a pretty good idee who kilt yore pap. Mebbly I could tell ye 'bout a feller—a feller thet hain't fur removed from Old Milt hisself—thet went 'snoopin' crost ther ridge ther same day yore pap died with a rifle-gun 'crost his elbow and his pockets struttin' with ca'tridges."

It was as if each word were a hot needle galling and irritating the obsession about which the lad's thoughts had been pivoting for weeks.

The finger-nails of his hands bit into their palms and his brows drew themselves into a wrinkled mask of malevolence.

"Who war he?" came the tense demand with the sudden snap of rifle-fire. "Who war thet feller?"

Old Bob filled and lighted his pipe with fingers that had grown unsteady from the ministration of the "leetle blue kag." He laughed again in a drunken fashion.

"Ef Bad Anse Havey don't 'low ter tell ye, son," he artfully demurred, "I reckon hit wouldn't hardly be becomin' fer me ter name his name."

The boy picked up his battered hat.

"Give me my grist," he said shortly. He stood by, breathing heavily but silently while the sack was being tied, then, putting it down by the door, he wheeled and faced the older man.

"Now ye're a goin' ter tell me what I needs ter know," he said quietly, "or I'm a goin' ter kill ye whar ye stands."

Uncle Bob laughed. He had meant all the while to impart that succulent bit of information, which was no information at all, but mischief-making suspicion. He had held off only to infuriate and envenom the boy with the cumulative force of climax.

"Hit warn't nobody but—" After a pause he went on, "but old Milt McBriar's own son, Young Milt."

"That's all," said Jeb soberly; "I'm obleeged ter ye."

He went out with the sack on his shoulders and the rifle under his arm, but when he had reached a place in the woods where a blind trail struck back he deposited his sack carefully under a ledge of overhanging rock, for the clouds were mounting and banking now in a threat of rain and it was not his own meal, so he must be careful of its safety.

Then he crossed the ridge until he came to a point where the thicket grew down close and tangled to the road. He had seen Young Milt going west along that road this morning and by nightfall he would be riding back. The gods of chance were playing into his hands.

So he lay down, closely hugging the earth, and cocked his rifle. For hours he crouched there with unspeakable patience, while his muscles cramped and his feet and hands grew cold under the pelting of a rain which was strangely raw and chilling for the season. The sun sank in an angry bank of thunder-heads and the west grew lurid. The drenching downpour blinded him and trickled down his spine under his clothes, but at last he saw the figure he awaited riding a horse he knew. It was the same roan mare that Bad Anse had restored to Milt McBriar.

When Young Milt rode slowly by, fifty yards away, with his mount at a walk and his reins hanging, he was untroubled by any anxiety, because he was in his own territory and was at heart fearless. The older boy from Tribulation felt his temples throb and the rifle came slowly up and

the one eye which was not closed looked pointblank across immovable sights and along a steady barrel into the placid face of his intended victim.

He could see the white of Milt's eye and the ragged lock of hair under the hat-brim which looked like a smudge of soot across his brow. Then slowly Jeb McNash shook his head. A spasm of battle went through him and shook him like a convulsion to the soles of his feet. He had but to crook his finger to appease his blood-lust—and break his pledge.

"I done give Anse my hand ter bide my time 'twell I war dead sartain," he told himself. "I hain't *quite* dead sartain yit. I reckon I've got ter wait a spell."

He uncocked the rifle and the other boy rode on, but young Jeb folded his arms on the wet earth and buried his face in them and sobbed, and it was an hour later that he stumbled to his feet and went groggily back, drunk with bitterness and emotion, toward the house of Anse Havey. Yet when he arrived after nightfall his tongue told nothing and his features told less.

## XV

JUANITA, living in the cabin she had built with the girl who had become her companion and satellite, making frequent hard journeys to some house which the shadow of illness had invaded, found it hard to believe that this life had been hers only a few months. Suspense seemed to stretch weeks to years, and she awoke each new day braced to hear the news of some fresh outbreak, and wondered why she did not. A few neighborhood children were already learning their rudiments, and plans for more buildings were going forward.

Sometimes Jeb came over from the brick house to see his sister, and on the boy's face was always a dark cloud of settled resolve. If Juanita never questioned him on the topic that she knew was nearest his heart it was because she realized that to do so would be the surest way to estrange his friendship and confidence.

In one thing she had gained a point. She had bought as much property as she should need. Back somewhere behind the veil of mysteries Anse Havey had pressed a button or spoken a word, and all the hindrance that had lain across her path straightway evaporated. Men had come to her, with no further solicitation on her



part, and now it seemed that many were animated by a desire to turn an honest penny by the sale of land. In every conveyance that was drawn—deeds of ninety-nine-year lease instead of sale—she read a thrifty and careful knowledge of land laws and reservation of mineral and timber rights which she traced to the head of the clan.

Anse Havey had seemed ready to abide by his proposal, for when she met him on the road one day, instead of riding by her with a curt, high-headed nod, he drew rein and asked bruskiy: "Got all the land ye need?"

She looked at him, statuesquely sitting his horse, and raised her brows inquiringly. "Why?" she asked coolly.

"Because if ye ain't, I stands ready to supply the balance."

"Thank you," she told him, partly because it gave her a feminine pleasure to bring that glitter of cold wrath to his eyes; "I only ask you to be just. I sha'n't tax your generosity."

"Suit yourself," was his short reply. "I'm ready to keep my word. It looks like a pity fer ye to sink so much money on a plant ye won't never have no call to use; but that's *your* business."

Her eyes flashed anger.

"Is that a threat?" she inquired. "It doesn't frighten me. I shall use it enough to bring your system to ruins."

He laughed. "Go ahead," he said. "An' any time ye needs more rope call on me."

As summer spent itself there was opportunity for felling timber, and the little sawmill down in the valley sent up its drone and whine in proclamation that her trees were being turned into squared timbers for her buildings. Often she would go down there and watch the pile grow, and every log that went groaning against the teeth of the ripping disk was to her a new block for her house of dreams.

When one or two solid buildings should stand there it would all seem more tangible. Now, because of the murmurs of warning which continued to come to her, she could not shake off the sense that she might awake to find her whole scheme a mere vision. It concerned no man, whispered the vague, disquieting little voices of rumor, to prevent her building a plant, if she chose to do so in the face of warning, but hands might fall blighting to arrest

the use of that plant in ways subversive of the wishes of certain leaders.

Once, when Milt McBriar rode up to the sawmill, he found the girl sitting there, her hands clasped on her knees, gazing dreamily across the sawdust and confusion of the place.

"Ye're right smart interested in thet thar wood-pile, hain't ye, ma'am?" he inquired with a slow, benevolent smile.

His kindliness of guise invited confidence, and there was no one else within ear-shot, so the girl looked up, her eyes a little misty and her voice impulsive.

"Mr. McBriar," she said, "every one of those timbers means part of a dream to me, and with every one of them that is set in place will go a hope and a prayer."

He nodded sympathetically. "I reckon," he said, "ye kin do right smart good, too."

"Mr. McBriar," she flashed at him in pointblank questioning, "since I came here I have tried to be of use in a very simple and ineffective fashion. I have done what little I could for the sick and distressed, yet I am constantly being warned that I'm not to be allowed to carry on my work. Do you know of any reason why I shouldn't go ahead?"

He gazed at her for a moment quizzically, then shook his head.

"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed, "I wouldn't let no sich talk es thet fret me none. Folks round hyar hain't got much ter do except ter gossip 'round. Nobody hain't a goin' ter hinder ye. We hain't such bad people, after all."

After that she felt that from the McBriars she had gained official sanction, and her resentment against Anse Havey grew because of his scornful ungraciousness.

The last weeks of that summer were weeks of drought and plague. Ordinarily, in the hills storms brew swiftly and frequently and spend themselves in violent outpourings and cannonading of thunder, but that year the clouds seemed to have dried up, and down in the table-lands of the Blue-Grass the crops were burned to worthless stalk and shrunken ear. Even up here, in the birthplace of waters, the corn was brown and sapless, so that when a breeze strayed over the hillside fields they sent up a thirsty, dying rasp of rattling whisper.

But it was not only in the famished forests and seared fields that the hot breath of the plague breathed, carrying death in its fetid nostrils. Back in the



cabins of the "branch-water folks," where little springs diminished and became polluted, all those who were not strong enough to throw off the touch of the specter's finger sickened and died, and typhoid went in and out of Havey shack and McBriar cabin whispering, "a pest on both your houses."

The Widow McNash had not been herself since the death of Fletch. She who had once been so strong over her drudgery, sat day long on the door-step of her brother's hovel and, in the language of her people, "jest sickened an' pined away."

So, as Juanita Holland and Good Anse Talbott rode sweating mules about the hills, receiving calls for help faster than they could answer them, they were not astonished to hear that the widow was among the stricken. Though they fought for her life, she refused to fight herself, and once again the Eastern girl stood with Dawn in the brier-choked "buryin'-ground," and once more across an open grave she met the eyes of the man who stood for the old order.

But now she had learned to set a lock on her lips and hold her counsel. So, when she met Anse and Jeb afterward, she asked without rancor: "May I take little Jesse back with me, too? He's too young," she added, with just a heart-sick trace of her old defiance, "to be useful to you, Mr. Havey, and I'd like to teach him what I can."

Anse and Jeb conferred, and the elder man came back and nodded his head.

"Jesse can go back with ye," he said. "I'm still aimin' to give ye all the rope ye wants. When ye've had enough an' quits, let me know, an' I'll take care of Fletch's children."

Strangely enough, the death of her mother did not seem to bring as much torture to the soul of the mountain girl as had that of her father. Often, indeed, she sat with a wide stare in her deep eyes and an agonized twist on her petal-like lips, in the mute suffering of a stoic race. But Juanita saw that this hard form of sorrow was yielding, and that even in a few weeks the new and, to Dawn, wonderful phases of life here at the Holland cabin would rouse her out of herself.

All unconsciously her silvery peals of laughter would ring out at each fresh challenge to her sense of humor. She spoke no more of vengeful thoughts, and

Juanita believed that she was once more the light-hearted song-bird, the depths of whose nature had not yet been truly stirred; a creature meant rather to smile to the sunshine than to moan to the storm-winds.

And on *her* farm, as folks called Juanita's place, that September saw many changes. Near the original cabin was springing up a new structure, larger than any other house in that neighborhood, except, possibly, the strongholds of the chiefs, and as it grew and began to take form it imparted an air of ordered trimness to the countryside about it. It was fashioned in such style as should be in keeping with its surroundings and not give too emphatic a note of alien strangeness.

Because that was an easier form of building, and the only form understood by these men, it was as square as a block-house erected in days of Indian warfare, and it was as solid. In the words of one of its builders, "It would stand thar jest like thet, barrin' fire an' ther wrath of God, 'twell kingdom come." It was a house of many windows, and if its doors and shutters were as heavy as if they, too, had been built with a thought of standing a siege, that was because the frailer wood-work of the outer world could not be had. But the logs were solidly laid, and their squared faces were smooth inside and out. A broad, high veranda went around the structure, and Juanita could look at the skeleton which was growing day by day to be less of a skeleton, and see in her mind's eye exactly what its finished appearance would be.

She would picture the whole place as the future was to know it, with the little hospital perched on the hill slope and dormitories and workshops lying in an ordered hamlet about a trim campus. Dawn, to whom the growing of such unprecedented splendor was a world's wonder, shared her enthusiasm, and in her anticipation was a sparkle like wine. She used to walk around the sharp curve of the road which hid the place until you were almost upon it and "make believe" that she was a stranger who had never traveled that road before. She would pretend to be amazed at the sight of a trim hillside with lines of colorful flowers and rows of hollyhocks waving a welcome.

Juanita wished that her cabin could house more occupants, for the plague had

left many motherless families, and many children might have come into her fold. As it was, she had several besides the McNashes as her nucleus, and while the weather held good she was rushing her work of timber-felling and building which the winter would halt. Young Jesse at first retained his sullenness of mien, standing on his dignity in this woman-ruled place and refusing to participate in any work which he regarded as incompatible with his man's prerogatives.

He scowled with infinite contempt over their plans for what he called the "weed yarden," but as the weeks went on he, too, became enthused and toiled sturdily and uncomplainingly. Jeb, on his visits, was slow of censure or praise, but his face did not lighten and the sparkle of coming autumn found no reflection in the moody eyes, wherein smoldered a growing blood-lust. Juanita guessed that he reported progress to Bad Anse Havey, and though she had never invited him, and had lost no opportunity to affront him, she began to feel indignant at the clan chief's cool ignoring of her work.

Heretofore men had come to her on her own terms. Here was one who could dismiss her from his scheme of things with no care or thought beyond a frank contempt, and her woman's latent vanity was piqued.

One day in early October young Milt McBriar happened upon Dawn and Juanita walking in the woods.

The gallant colors and the smoky mists of autumn wrapped the forests and brooded in the sky. An elixir went into the blood with each deep-drawn breath and set to stirring forgotten or hitherto unawakened emotions. Effervescence tingled in the air and glory reigned over the woods, where every tree became a torch and every night an artist painting in the dark from a palette of increasing gorgeousness.

There was the fulness and gaiety of a great festival between the horizons which seemed to communicate itself even to the geese as they waddled pompously up from the creek to banquet at leaky corn-cribs. On the slopes, where the first frost had brought down showers of persimmons and the walnuts and hickory nuts, there was all the tapestried wonder of a carnival. The sugar-trees flamed in scarlet. The oaks and hickories and poplars were

garbed in russet and burgundy and yellow. Only the pines did not go mad with the festival spirit, but remained stoically somber. And in this heady atmosphere of quickened pulses the McBriar boy halted and gazed at the Havey girl.

Juanita saw Young Milt's eyes flash with an awakened spirit. She saw a look in his face which she was woman enough to interpret even before he himself dreamed what its meaning might be. The silent gaze of the youth who would some day be chief over the McBriars followed the lissom movements of the girl whose father the McBriars had done to death—followed them mutely and steadfastly, and into the pupils came something softer than any light that had burned there before—softer and hungrier.

Dawn was standing with her head up and her lids half closed looking across the valley to the Indian summer haze that slept in smoky purple on the ridges. She wore a dress of red calico, and she had thrust in her belt a few crimson leaves from a gum-tree and a few yellow ones from a poplar. In her black hair were more of them—from a scarlet sugar-tree—and as she felt the eyes of the boy on her face and realized how she was bedecked, her cheeks, too, kindled into a carmine flush, so that she stood there, a tremendously vivid little incarnation of barbaric beauty.

Juanita Holland did not marvel at the fascinated, almost rapt look that came into Young Milt's eyes, and Young Milt, too, as he stood there in the autumn woods, was himself no mean figure. His lean body was quick of movement and strong, and his bronzed face wore the straight-looking eyes that carried an assurance of fearless honesty. Juanita remembered that his father's eyes, too, wore that seeming, and that behind them lay a world of evil. But the boy had at least all the seeming of a cleaner and better replica of his sire. He had been away to Lexington to college and was going back. The keen intelligence of his face was marred by no note of meanness, and now, as he looked at the girl of the enemy, his shoulders came unconsciously erect with something of the pride that shows in men of wild blood when they feel in their veins the strain of chieftains.

But Dawn, after her first blush, dropped her lids a little and tilted her chin, and



JEB WAITED, THEN THE RIFLE CAME SLOWLY UP

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without a word snubbed him with the air of a Havey looking down on a McBriar.

Milt met that gaze with a steady one of his own and banteringly said: "Dawn, kinder 'pears like ye mought 'a' got tangled up with a rainbow."

Her voice was cool as she retorted: "I reckon that's better then gitting mixed up with some other things."

"I was jest a thinkin', es I looked at ye," went on the boy gravely, "thet hit's better then gittin' mixed up with *anything* else."

Dawn turned away and went stalking along the woodland path without a backward glance, and Milt followed at her heels, with Juanita, much amused, bringing up the rear. The Easterner thought that these two young folks made a splendid pair, specimens of the best of the mountains, as yet unbroken by heavy harness. Then, as the younger girl passed under a swinging rope of wild grapevine, stooping low, a tendril caught in her hair.

Without a word Young Milt bent forward and was freeing it, tingling through his pulses as his fingers touched the heavy black mass, but as soon as she was loose the girl sprang away and wheeled, her eyes blazing.

"How dast ye tech me?" she demanded, panting with wrath. "How dast ye?"

The boy laughed easily. "I dast do anything I wants," he told her.

For a moment they stood looking at each other, then the girl dropped her eyes, but the anger had died out of them, and Juanita saw that, despite her condescending air, she was not displeased.

Juanita, of course, knew nothing of Jeb's suspicion that had led him into the laurel, but even without that information, when Young Milt met them more often than could be attributed to chance on their walks and fell into the habit of strolling back with them, strong forebodings began to trouble her.

And one morning these forebodings were verified in crisis for, while the youthful McBriar lounged near the porch of Juanita's cabin talking with Dawn, another shadow fell across the sunlight: the shadow of Jeb McNash. He had come silently, and it was only as Young Milt, whose back had been turned, shifted his position, that the two boys recognized each other.

Juanita saw the start with which Jeb's figure stiffened and grew taut. She saw

his hands clench themselves and his face turn white as chalk; saw his chest rise and fall under heavy breathing that hissed through clenched teeth, and her own heart pounded with wild anxiety.

But Milt McBriar's face showed nothing. His father's masklike calmness of feature had come down to him, and as he read the meaning of the other boy's attitude he merely nodded and said casually: "Howdy, Jeb."

Jeb did not answer. He could not answer. He was straining and punishing every nerve fiber cruelly simply in standing where he was and keeping his hands at his sides. For a time he remained stiff and white, breathing spasmodically; then, without a word, he turned and stalked away.

That moon a horseman brought a note across the ridge, and as Juanita Holland read it she felt that all her dreams were crumbling—that the soul of them was paralyzed.

It was a brief note, written in a copy-book hand, and it ran:

I'll have to ask you to send the McNash children over to my house. Jeb doesn't want them to be consorting with the McBriars, and I can't blame him. He is the head of his family.

Respectfully,

ANSE HAVEY.

## XVI

A STRONGER thing to Juanita Holland than the personal disappointment which had driven her to this work was now her eager, fiery interest in the undertaking itself. In these months she had disabused herself of many prejudices. There remained that lingering one against the man with whom she had not made friends.

The thing she had set out to do was a hundredfold more vital now than it had been when it stood for carrying out a dead grandfather's wish. She had been with these people in childbirth and death, in sickness and want; she had seen summer go from its tender beginning to a vagabond end with its tattered banners of ripened corn; autumn had blazed and flared into high carnival.

Close to the heart of this woman lay a worship of the chivalric, not in its forms and panoplies, but in its essence—in its scorn of the mean and untruthful; its passion of simple service; in its consecration to fighting for the weak.



All those deep qualities were intimately wound up and tangled with the life and work she had undertaken. The laurel had clasped its root tendrils about her being, and to fail would surely break her heart.

She must conquer, she told herself, and unconsciously her thought even fell into the simple tensivity of the people about her, and she stood murmuring to herself: "Oh, God, I've just got to win—I've just got to win!"

But as young Jeb had turned on his heel and stalked away, even before the coming of the note she knew what would happen, and what would happen not only in this instance, but in others like it. This would not be just losing Dawn, bad as that was. It would be paralysis and death to the school; it would mean the leaving of every Havey boy and girl.

So she stood there, and afterward said quietly: "Milt, I guess you'd better go," and Milt had gone gravely and unquestioningly, but with that in his eye which did not argue brightly for restoration of peace between his house and that of his enemy.

When the two girls had gone together into the cabin Dawn stood with a face that blanched as she began to realize what it all meant, then slowly she stiffened and her hands, too, clenched and her eyes kindled.

For a while neither of them spoke. Until Jeb's appearance Young Milt had simply been himself to Dawn; now, as she looked back, it was as if she reviewed the situation with her brother's eyes. She had been permitting a McBriar to walk in the woods with her, and she had even smiled on him. Not only was it a McBriar, but with one exception the most responsible and typical of all the McBriars.

Into her heart crept something of deep shame. She felt like a nun who has been recreant to her vows and traditions. It seemed to her that her dead father's spirit was rebuking her and her dead mother scolding her. She would not let Young Milt speak to her again. She would not wipe her feet on him should he throw himself on the earth before her.

But deep and uncompromising as the clan loyalty was in her blood, another loyalty now stood above it. She was a Havey, but not even Haveys should tear her away from Juanita Holland, the woman she loved and deified.

She came across to the chair into which the older girl had dropped listlessly and, falling to her knees, seized both Juanita's hands. She seized them tightly and fiercely, and her eyes were blazing and her voice broke from her lips in turgid vehemence.

"I hain't a goin' ter leave ye!" cried Dawn. "I hain't a goin' ter do it."

No word had been spoken of her leaving, but in this life they both knew that certain things bring certain results, and they were expecting a note from Bad Anse.

"I hope not, dear," said Juanita, but without conviction.

Then the mountain girl sprang up and became transformed. With her rigid figure and blazing eyes she seemed a torch burning with all the pent-up heritage of her past.

"I tells ye I hain't a goin' ter leave ye!" she protested, and her utterance swelled to fiery determination. "Es fer Milt McBriar, I wouldn't spit on him. I hates him. I hates his murderin' breed. I hates 'em like—" she paused a moment, then finished tumultuously—"like all hell. I reckon I'm es good a Havey as Jeb. I hain't seen Jeb do nothin' yit."

Again she paused, panting with passionate age, then swept on while Juanita looked at her sudden metamorphosis into a fury and shuddered.

"When I wasn't nothin' but a baby I fotched virtuals ter my kinfolks a hidin' out from revenuers. I passed right through men thet war a trailin' 'em. I've done served my kinfolks afore, an' I'd do hit ergin, but I reckon I hain't a goin' ter let 'em take me away from ye."

But Juanita was thinking, through her daze of grief and fear for the future, that in more ways than one she had failed. This child who had seemed so different from the bloodthirsty people about her was, after all, cut to the same ungoverned pattern.

She was as wild as the wildest of them. At the first note of provocation every vestige of the applied civilization had dropped from her like a discarded cloak. And now the young girl was standing there teaching the older one the immutability of the hills.

"Ye're a goin' ter have trouble es long es ye stays hyar," Dawn went on vehemently. "Thar hain't nothin' but trouble hyarabouts. I've seed it since I was born."

Anse Havey went down below ter ther settlements an' trouble called him home. Ye seed what happened the night ye come. Ye knows what's happened since. Hit won't niver end 'twell ther last McBriar's done been kilt. But ef ye stays hyar, I 'lows ter stay with ye."

She halted in her tirade and Juanita's voice came very low with a question.

"And if Anse Havey sends for you, dear; what then?"

The girl stood trembling and white for a moment, then her rage turned into a torrent of tears. She flung herself down on her knees again and buried her face in the other girl's lap, her defiance all converted to pleading. That question was like asking a subject whether he would defy an emperor's edict.

"Don't let 'em have me," moaned the girl. "Don't let 'em. Hit's ther first time I've ever been happy. Don't let 'em!"

Juanita could think of only one step to take, so she sent Jerry Everson for Brother Talbott, whom she had seen riding toward the shack hamlet in the valley.

"Thar hain't but one thing thet ye kin do," said Good Anse slowly when he and Juanita sat alone over the problem with the note of Havey command lying between them. "An' I hain't noways sartain thet hit'll come ter nothin'. Ye've got ter go over thar an' have speech with Anse."

Juanita drew back with a start of distaste and repulsion. Yet she had known this all along. She knew that to let the children who had come to her go back to the old life for which she had unfitted them, with their ambitions aroused to unsatisfied hunger, would kill her. Moreover, it would break their hearts. It would be the end of everything. For them she would even humble herself before Bad Anse Havey, but it is doubtful if *Judith* consented more reluctantly to go to the tent of *Holofernes* than she to go to the brick house against which she had launched so many anathemas.

"Ye see," she heard the missionary saying, "thar's jest one way Anse kin handle Jeb, an' nobody else kain't handle him at all. He thinks he's right. I reckon ef ye kin persuade Anse ter reason with him ye'll hev ter promise that Young Milt hain't a goin' ter hang round hyar."

"I'd promise that," she said eagerly. "I'd promise almost anything. I can't give them up—I can't—I can't!"

"Ef Anse didn't perfect little Dawn from ther McBriars, Jeb would, ter a God's sartainty, kill Young Milt," went on the preacher, and the girl nodded miserably.

"I don't 'low ter blame ye none," he said slowly, almost apologetically, "but I've got ter say hit. Hit's a pity ye've seen fit ter say so many bitter things ter Anse. Mountain folks air mighty easy hurt in their pride, an' no one hain't niver dared ter cross him afore."

"No," she cried bitterly, "he will welcome the chance to humiliate and to refuse my plea. He has been waiting for this; to see me come to him a suppliant on bended knee, and then to laugh at me and turn me away." She paused and added brokenly: "And yet I've got to go to him in surrender—to be refused—but I'll go."

"Listen," said the preacher, and his words carried that soft quality of pacification which she had once or twice heard before. "Thar's a heap worse fellers than Bad Anse Havey. Ef ye could jest hev seed yore way ter treat him a leetle diff'rent—"

"How could I?" demanded Juanita hotly. "How could I be friends with a murderer and keep my self-respect?"

The brown-faced man looked up at her and spoke simply.

"I've done kept mine," he said.

The girl rose.

"Will you go with me?" she asked a little weakly. "I don't feel quite strong enough to go over there alone. While they are humbling me I would like to have a friend at hand. I think it would help a little."

"I'm ready right now," and so, with the man who had guided her on other missions, she set out to make what terms she could with the enemy she had so stubbornly defied.

It seemed an interminable journey, though they took the short cut of the foot-trail over the hills. It was a brilliant afternoon, full of music and sparkle and color, but for her the life had gone out of nature's pageantry.

Under the poplar, where she had so often stood to look down defiantly on the brick house far below, Juanita paused and grew a little faint. She put out one hand and steadied herself against the cool bark of its giant bole. In a faint, self-con-

temptuous voice she quoted once more, but in an altered and shaken spirit:

"The very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;  
The castle alone in the landscape lay,  
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray."

The house that had come down to Anse Havey had been built almost a century before. It was originally placed in a section so large that elsewhere it would have been a domain—a tract held under the original Virginia grant. Since those days much of it had been parceled out as marriage portions to younger generations. The first Havey had been a gentleman whose fathers had been associates of Lord Baltimore and who had fought with Washington for independence. It had taken the stalwart strain several generations to relapse into the ruck of semiilliteracy.

The house itself was a relic of days before the richer traditions of Virginia had faded. It had been put there when such places were wilderness outposts of the culture left behind. In the attic still stood a dust-covered rawhide trunk that had lumbered west with the early currents, and in that trunk moldered such needless things as bits of colonial silver, brocaded petticoats, and breeches with silver knee-buckles. Then gradually, as the uprooted tree falls into dry rot, the gallant and scholarly blood had sunk and on it fed the slow waste of decay; just as the moth and the mildew fed on the brocades and satins.

The bricks for these walls had been baked in a home-made kiln, and the walls themselves had been reared like those of a fortress. There was a porch at the front and two floors, but the narrow windows were shuttered as heavily as those of a frontier prison, and when its doors were barred the enemy who sought to enter must knock with a battering-ram and sustain a welcome from loopholes.

Cabins that had once housed slaves, barns, a smoke-house, an ice-house, and a small hamlet of dependent shacks clustered about a clearing which had been put there rather to avoid surprise than to give space for gardening. The Havey of two generations ago had been something of a hermit scholar, and in his son had lurked a diminishing craze for books and an increasing passion for leadership.

The feud had blazed to its fiercest heat in his day, and the father of Bad Anse Havey had been the first Bad Anse. His

son had succeeded to the title as a right of heritage, and had been trained to wear it like a fighting man. Though he might be a whelp of the wolf breed, the boy was a strong whelp and one in whom slept latent possibilities and anomalous qualities, for in him broke out afresh the love of books.

It might have surprised his newspaper biographers to know how deeply he had conned the few volumes on the rotting shelves of the brick house, or how deeply he had thought along some lines. It might have amazed them had they heard the fire and resonance with which he quoted the wise counsel of the foolish *Polonius*. "Beware of entering a quarrel, but being in, so bear thee that the opposer may beware of thee."

As to entering a quarrel, it sufficed his logic that he had been born into it; that he had "heired" his hatreds.

And because in these parts his father had held almost dictatorial powers, it had pleased him to send his son, just come to his majority, down to the State capital as a member of the Legislature, and the son had gone to sit for a while among lawmakers.

## XVII

IN other years Bad Anse Havey remembered days in that house when the voices of women and children had been raised in song and laughter. Then the family had gathered in the long winter evenings before the roaring back-logs, and spinning-wheel and quilting-frame had not yet gone to the cobwebs of the cockloft. But that was long ago.

The quarter-century over which his memory traveled had brought changes even to the hills. The impalpable ghost of decay moves slowly, with no sound save the occasional click of a sagging door here and the snap of a cord there, but in twenty-five years it moves—and an inbred generation comes to impaired manhood. Since Bad Anse himself had returned from Frankfort his house had been tenanted only by men, and an atmosphere of grimness hung in its shadows. A half-dozen unkempt and loutish kinsmen dwelt there with him, tilling the ground and ready to bear arms. More than once they had been needed.

It was to this place that Juanita Holland and the preacher were making their way

on that October afternoon. Through the trees and undergrowth, as they came nearer, the girl could see that the faded grass had grown ragged and weed-choked in the yard and that the fruit-trees about it were gnarled and neglected and the beegums leaned askew. All softening touches of comfort and ease had gone to wreck, and the impression was that of a place where war sat enthroned above the ruins of thrift.

At a point where they should go down to the road and make their way around to the front the girl halted and stood resting, palpitant with the prospect of eating humble-pie and more than a little frightened at the probability of failure. The missionary shook his head as he rested on a fallen log and contemplated her expression.

There was beauty and pride in her pose; lissom grace to ensnare a lover; charm to captivate an observer; but little of that humility which befitted one who came, stripped of power, to sue for terms. Defiance still shone too rebelliously from her eyes.

At the gate they encountered a solitary figure gazing stolidly out to the front, and when their coming roused it out of its gloomy reverie it turned and presented the scowling face of Jeb McNash.

"Where air they?" he demanded wrathfully, wheeling upon the two arrivals, and then he repeated violently: "By Heaven, where air they? Why hain't ye done fotched Dawn an' Jesse?"

"Jeb," said the missionary quietly, "we done come over hyar fust ter hev speech with Anse Havey. Whar's he at?"

"I reckon he's in his house, but ye hain't answered my question. I'm ther one for ye ter talk ter fust. Hit's *my* sister ye've done been sufferin' ter consort with murderers, an' hit's me ye've got ter reckon with."

Brother Talbott only nodded. "Son," he gently assured him, "we aims ter talk with *you*, too, but I reckon ye hain't got no call ter hinder us from havin' speech with Anse fust."

For a moment Jeb stood dubious, then he jerked his head toward the house.

"Go on in thar, ef ye sees fit. I hain't got no license ter stop ye," he said curtly; "but don't aim ter leave 'thout seein' me, too."

Several shaggy retainers were lounging

on the front porch, but as Good Anse Talbott and Juanita turned in at the gate these henchmen disappeared inside. They would all be there to witness her humbling, thought the girl. It would please him to receive her with his jackal pack yelping derisively about him.

Then she saw another figure emerge from the dark door to stand at the threshold, and the flush in her cheeks grew deeper. Bad Anse Havey stood and waited, and when they reached the steps of the porch he came slowly forward and said gravely: "Come inside." He led the way, and they followed in silence.

Juanita found herself in the largest room she had yet seen in the mountains—a room dark at its corners despite a shaft of sun that slanted through a window and fell on a heavy table in a single band of light. On the table lay a litter of pipes, loose tobacco, cartridges, and several books. Down the stripe of sunlight the dust-motes floated in pulverized gold, and the radiance fell upon a book which lay open, throwing it into relief, so that as the girl stood uncertainly near the table she read at the top of a page the caption, "Plutarch's Lives."

But she caught her breath in relief, for the retainers had disappeared.

Her first impression was that of a place massively and crudely timbered, where even the sun attacked the murk feebly. She had always thought of this house as the castle of the enemy, and now that she had entered it the impression seemed rather strengthened than lessened; but it was a medieval castle, crude and smoke-stained, the home of entrenched darkness.

Many of the details of the room bore the atmosphere of other days. The stag horns over the mantel-shelf were trophies of long ago, and the long-barreled percussion-cap gun which hung across their prongs, with its powder-horn and shot-pouch, belonged to a past era. The aged hound that rose stiffly from the floor to growl and lie down again with much awkward circling looked as though he had been dreaming of trails through other decades.

Bad Anse stood just at the edge of the sun-shaft, with one side of his face lighted and the other dark.

But if to the girl the whole picture was one of somber composition and color, it presented a different aspect to Bad Anse



himself as the young mountaineer stood facing the door. Juanita Holland was also at the edge of the sun-shaft, and the golden motes danced around the escaping curls of her brown hair and seemed to caress the delicate color of her flushed cheeks, kissing her lips into carmine and intensifying the violet of her eyes. Her slender figure stood very straight in the blue gingham gown and her sunbonnet had fallen back and hung by its loosely knotted strings.

And at her side stood the bent figure of the missionary, neutral and drab, as though painted into the picture with a few strong strokes of a brush that had been dipped in only one color, and that color dust-brown. When he spoke his voice, by some fusing of elements, seemed in keeping with the rest of him—colorless.

"We've done come ter hev speech with ye, Anse," he began. "I reckon ye know what hit's erbout."

The Havey leader only nodded, and his steady eyes and straight mouth-line did not alter their sternness of expression.

He saw the stifled little gasp with which the girl read the ultimatum of his set face and the sudden mist of tears which, in spite of herself, blurred her eyes. He pushed forward a chair and gravely inquired: "Hadn't ye better set down, ma'am?"

She shook her head and raised one hand, which trembled a little, to brush the hair out of her eyes.

Palpably she was trying to speak, and could not for the moment command her voice. But at last she got herself under control, and her words came slowly and carefully.

"Mr. Havey, I have very little reason to expect consideration from you. Even now, if it were a question of pleading for myself, I would die first, but it isn't that." She paused and shook her head. "You told me that I must fail unless I came to you. Well, I've come—I've come to humiliate myself. I guess I've come to surrender."

His face did not change and he did not answer. Evidently, thought the girl bitterly, she had not sufficiently abased herself. After a moment she went on in a very tired, yet a very eager voice:

"You are a man of action, Mr. Havey. I make my appeal to your manhood. I suppose you've never had a dream that has come to mean everything to you—but

that's the sort of dream I've had. That little girl, Dawn, wants a chance. Her little brother wants a chance. I've humbled myself to come and plead for them. If you take them away from me you will smash my school. I don't underestimate your power *now*. Children are just beginning to come to me, and if you order these to leave, the others will leave, too, and they won't come back. It will kill my school. If that's your purpose, I guess it's no use even to plead. I know you can do it—and yet you told me you weren't making war on me."

"I reckon," interrupted Brother Talbott slowly, "ye needn't have no fear of thet, ma'am. Anse wouldn't do thet."

"But if you aren't doing that," went on Juanita, "I want to make my plea just for the sake of these children of your own people. I'm ready to accept your terms. I'm ready to abase and humble my own pride, only for God's sake give them a chance to grow clean and straight and break the shackles of illiteracy."

She waited for the man to reply, but he neither spoke nor changed expression, so with an effort she went on, unconsciously bending a little forward in her eagerness:

"If you could see the way Dawn has unfolded like a flower, the thirsty intelligence with which she has drunk up what I have taught her; the way it has opened new worlds to her; I don't think you could be willing to plunge her back into drudgery and ignorance. She is a woman, or soon will be, Mr. Havey. You don't need women in your feuds."

Again came the cautioning voice of the preacher in his effort to keep her away from antagonizing lines.

"They hain't been called away fer no reason like thet, ma'am." But Juanita continued, ignoring the warning:

"The other boy is too young for you to use yet. Let him at least choose for himself. Let him reach the age when he shall have enough knowledge of both sides to make his own choice fairly. I'm not asking odds. You have Jeb, and he wears your trade-mark in his face. The bitterness that lurks there shows that he is wholly your vassal; yours and the feud's. Doesn't that satisfy you? Won't you let the others stay with me?"

She broke off, and her voice carried something like a gasp. Anse Havey's face stiffened.



Even now he did not speak to her, but turned toward the missionary.

"Brother Talbott," he said slowly, "would ye mind waitin' out there on the porch a little spell? I'd like to talk with this lady by myself."

As the missionary turned with his heavy tread it seemed to the girl that her last ally was leaving her and that she was being abandoned to the quiet and cruel will of her stronger enemy. She wheeled and clutched at the frayed, drab cloth of the preacher's coat-sleeve.

"No! No!" she exclaimed nervously. "Don't leave me. Let me have one friend."

The brown man took both her hands in his and looked reassuringly into her eyes.

"Ef I thought thet thar was any danger of ye havin' ter listen at anything ye wouldn't want ter hear, little gal," he said quietly, "I reckon nuther Anse Havey ner all his people could make me leave this room. But hit's all right. I knows Anse Havey, an' hit's better thet jest ther two of ye talks this thing over."

Then, as she dropped her hands at her sides, bitterly ashamed of her moment of weakness, he went out and closed the door behind him. When he had gone there was a short silence which Havey finally broke with a question:

"Why didn't ye say all these things to Jeb? I sent the letter on his say-so."

"But you sent it—and all the Havey power is in your hands. Jeb wouldn't understand such a plea. I come to the fountainhead. My school is not a Havey school nor a McBriar school. It is meant to open its doors to both sides of the ridge, regardless of factions."

"Did Young Milt come there ter git eddication? I thought he went to college down below." The question carried an under-note of irony.

Juanita shook her head.

"No," she answered. "He came there as any other passer-by might have come, and he hasn't come often. Let me keep the children and he sha'n't come again."

For a time Bad Anse stood there regarding her with a steady and piercing gaze, while his brows drew together in a frown rather of deep thoughtfulness than of displeasure. She sank into a chair and her eyes turned from his disconcerting gaze and wandered about the room.

She had been in many mountain houses

now and had become accustomed to the half light within their walls. She knew that these interiors were at first vague and grew in detail as the eyes fitted themselves, this thing and that stealing slowly and, as it seemed, covertly, out of the shadows. Now her eyes fell upon something that seemed strangely out of place here, and her gaze rested on it with a strange fascination.

It was an ancient portrait in a broken frame. Through its darkened and cracked paint there stood out the figure and face of a man of magnificent bearing, dressed in the blue and buff uniform of a Continental officer. There was nobility of brow and heroic resoluteness of eye, but around the lips lurked the gentle spirit of the chivalrous gentleman. Whoever had posed for that picture might have been a worthy type of the men who built the republic, and the hand that rested on the sword-hilt was the slender hand of an aristocrat.

Her eyes traveled back to the other man, the feud leader of the mountains, and it was as if she were seeing new things in his face, too. Its features were cast in the same mold as those that looked out from the frame. There was the same brow and chin and carriage of the head; but the mouth was set and stern. The gentle pride had turned to arrogance.

Then such blood as that must flow in the veins of Bad Anse Havey! He was, after all, only changed by the generations that had fought a bitterer battle for life. Could she appeal to the latent chivalry that must sleep somewhere in his heart?

Suppose this man's blood had been going up instead of down from that start? Suppose that instead of relapse his lot had been to march with the vanguard? What a splendid creature he might have been!

So fascinatedly did the canvas hold Juanita Holland's attention that she heard his words as though coming from somewhere outside.

"I asked Brother Talbott to go out," he was saying, "because I didn't hardly want to hurt your feelin's by telling you before him that your school can't last. You're goin' about it all the wrong way, an' it's worse to go about a good thing the wrong way than to go about a bad thing the right way. I told ye once that ye couldn't change the hills, an' that ye'd change first yourself. I say that again.

Ye can't take fire out of blood with books. But if ye've done persuaded Brother Anse that you're doin' good, I didn't want him to hear me belittle ye."

The girl did not answer, and the man followed her eyes to the portrait.

"Ye ain't harkenin' to nothin', I says," he told her. "Shall I begin over an' say it again?"

"No," she stammered; "I heard you—only that picture is rather wonderful. I was looking at it."

He laughed shortly.

"That's the Revolutionary Havey," he explained. "I reckon we've run right smart to seed since his time. That old man died in his bed with his family 'round him. I reckon he didn't hardly have an enemy in the world. His name was Anse, too, but it wasn't Bad Anse. It was after that that the Haveys quit dyin' peaceful. There ain't been many lately that's done it. His grandson started the feud an' he passed it down to the rest of us. We grows to manhood an' gets our legacy of war. That's the thing ye aims to change in a few weeks. It seems to me ye've bit off more than ye can chew."

Anse Havey went to the window, where he drank deeply of the spiced air. Then he began to speak again, and this time it was in a voice the girl had never before heard—a voice that held the fire of the natural orator and that was colorful with emotion.

"The first time ye saw me ye made up your mind what character of man I was. Ye made it up from hearsay evidence, and ye ain't never give me no chance to show ye whether ye was right or wrong. Ye say I've never dreamed a dream. Good God! ma'am, I've never had no true companionship except my dreams. When I was a little barefoot shaver I used ter sit there by that chimley an' dream dreams, an' one of 'em's the biggest thing in my life to-day. There were men around Frankfort, when I was in the Legislature, that 'lowed I might go to Congress if I wanted to. I didn't try. My dream was more to me than Congress—an' my dream was my own people: to stay here and help 'em."

He stepped over to the table and, with a swift and passionate gesture, caught up two books.

"These are my best friends," he said, and she read on the covers "Plutarch's

Lives" and "Tragedies of William Shakespeare."

The girl looked up with amazement, and she met in his gaze a fire and eagerness which silenced her. She could not tell whether she was being wrought upon by the strange fire that dwelt in his eyes or the colorfulness of his voice or the influence of something beyond himself, as though the ripe old portrait were talking. But as she listened and looked at the magnificent physique of the living man's wedgelike torso, tapering from broad shoulders to slender waist, she was conscious only of the compelling masculine that seemed to vibrate about him.

Here was a man with all the primal vigor of manhood. Were he living in days when women sought strong mates, Anse Havey would have had his choice of wives. She thought of the man she had almost married and who lacked all this. Anse Havey was an outlaw, and at home would seem a crude barbarian, but he was the sort of barbarian whose brain and body could lay a spell on those about him.

She felt a wild thrill of admiration, not such as any other man had ever caused, but such as she had felt when she watched the elemental play of lightning and thunder and wind along the mountain tops.

## XVIII

"It's only lonesome people," Anse Havey went on, "that knows how to love an' dream. I've stood up there on the ridge with Julius Caesar and Alexander the Great, an' it seemed to me that I could see 'em as plain as I see you now. I could see the sun shinin' on the eagles of the legion an' the shields of the phalanx. I'm rich enough, I reckon, to live amongst other men that read books, but a dream keeps me here. The dream is that some day these here mountains shall come into their own. These people have got it in 'em ter be a great people, an' I've stayed here because I aimed to try an' help 'em."

"But," she faintly expostulated, "you seem to stand for the very things that hold them back. You speak almost reverently of their killing instinct and you oppose schools."

The man shook his head gravely and continued:

"I'm a feudist because my people are feudists an' because I can lead 'em only so long as I'm a fightin' Havey. God

knows, if I could wipe out this blood-spillin' I'd gladly go out an' offer myself as a sacrifice to bring it about. You call me an outlaw—well, I've done made laws an' I've done broke them, an' I've seen just about as much crookedness an' lawlessness at one end of the game as at the other."

"But schools?" demanded Juanita. "Why wouldn't they help your dream toward fulfilment?"

"I ain't against no school that can begin at the right end. I'm against every school that can only unsettle an' teach dissatisfaction with humble livin' where folks has got to live humble."

He paused and paced the room. He was no longer the man who had seemed the immovable stoic. His eyes were far away, looking beyond the horizon into the future.

"It's took your people two centuries to get where they're standin' to-day," he broke out abruptly, "an' fer them two hundred years *we've* been standin' still or goin' back. Now ye come down here an' seeks to jerk my people up to where ye stands in the blinkin' of an eye. Ye comes lookin' down on 'em an' pityin' 'em because they won't eat outen your hand. They'd rather be eagles than song-birds in a cage, even if eagles are wild an' lawless. Ye comes here an' straightway tells 'em that their leaders are infamous. Do ye offer 'em better leaders? Ye refuses the aid of men that know 'em—men of their blood—an' go your own ignorant way. Do ye see any reason why I should countenance ye? Don't ye see ye're just a scatterin' my sheep before they knows how to herd themselves?"

"I'm afraid," said the girl very slowly and humbly, "that I've been a fool."

"Ye says the boy Jeb wears my trademark in the hate that's on his face," continued Anse Havey passionately. "He's been here with me consortin' with them fellers in Plutarch and Shakespeare. If I can curb him an' keep him out of mischief he's goin' down to Frankfort some day an' learn his lessons in the Legislature. He ain't goin' to no college, because I aims to fit him for his work right here. I seek to have fellers like him guide these folks forward. I don't aim to have them civilized by bein' wiped out an' trod to death."

He paused, and Juanita Holland repeated helplessly: "I've been a fool!"

"I reckon ye don't know that young

Jeb McNash thinks little Milt kilt Fletch, an' that one day he laid out in the la'el to kill little Milt," Bad Anse pursued. "Ye don't know that the only reason he stayed his hand was that I'd got his promise ter bide his time. But I reckon ye do know that if Milt was killed by a Havey all that's transpired in ten years wouldn't make a patch on the hell-raisin' that'd go on hereabouts in a week. Do ye think it's strange thet Jeb don't want his sister consortin' with the boy that he thinks murdered his father?"

Juanita rose from her chair, feeling like a pert and cock-sure interloper who had been disdainfully looking down on one with a vision immeasurably wider and surer than her own. At last she found herself asking: "But surely Young Milt didn't kill Fletch. Surely you don't believe that?"

"No, I know he didn't; but there's just one way I can persuade young Jeb to believe it—an' that's to tell him who did."

His eyes met hers and for a moment lighted with irony. "If I did *that*, I reckon Jeb would be willin' to let ye keep Dawn an' Jesse—an', of course, he'd kill the other man. Do ye want me to do it?"

He moved to the closed door and paused with his hand on the knob.

"No; stop!" she almost screamed. "It would mean murder. Merciful God, it's so hard to decide some things!"

Anse Havey turned back to the room.

"I just thought I'd let ye see that for yourself," he said quietly. "Ye ain't hardly been able ter see why it's hard for us people to decide 'em."

Suddenly a new thought struck her, and it brought from her a sudden question. "But you know who the murderer is; and you have spared him?"

The man laughed.

"Don't fret yourself, ma'am. The man that killed Fletch has left the mountains, an' right now he's out of reach. But he'll be back some day, an' when he comes I reckon the first news ye'll hear of him will be that he's dead." Once more it was the implacable avenger who spoke.

The girl could only murmur in perplexity: "Yet you have kept Jeb in ignorance. I don't understand."

"I've got other plans fer Jeb," said Bad Anse Havey. "I don't 'low to let him be a feud killer. There's others that can attend to that."

He flung the door open and called Jeb, and a moment later the boy, black of countenance, came in and stood glaring about with the sullen defiance of a young bull just turned into the ring to face the matador.

"Jeb," suggested the chief gravely, "I reckon if Dawn don't see Young Milt again ye ain't goin' to object to her havin' an education, are ye?"

The boy stiffened, and his reply was surly.

"I don't 'low ter hev my folks a consortin' with no McBriars."

Anse Havey spoke again, very quietly: "Milt didn't know no more about that killin' than I did, Jeb."

"How does ye know that?" The question burst out fiercely and swiftly. The boy bent forward, his eyes eagerly burning above his high cheek-bones and his mouth stiff in a snarl of suspense. "How does ye know?"

"Because I know who did."

"Tell me his name!" The shrill demand was almost a shriek.

Again Jeb's face had become ashen and his muscles were twitching. Anse laid a hand on his shoulder, but the boy jerked away and again confronted his elder, while his voice broke from his lips in an excess of passion. "Tell me his name. By God, he b'longs ter me!"

"No, I ain't goin' to tell ye his name just yet, Jeb," Anse calmly announced. "He ain't in these parts now. He's left the mountains, an' it wouldn't do ye much good to know his name—yet. Two days after he comes back I'll tell ye all ye wants to know, an' I won't try ter hinder ye, but ye must let the children stay over there at the school. Dawn's heart's set on it, an' it wouldn't be fair to break her heart."

The boy stood trembling in wrath and indecision. Finally his voice came dubiously. "Ye done give me yore hand once before thet es soon es ye knowed ye'd tell me—an' ye lied ter me."

Anse Havey shook his head with unruffled patience.

"No; I didn't lie to ye, son. I wasn't sure till after he left. I ain't never lied to no man."

A long silence fell on the room. Through the open window came the silvery call of a quail in some distant thicket. After a while the boy raised his head and nodded. "I'll give ye my hand," he said.

When he left the room Juanita rose from her chair.

"There is no way to thank you, Mr. Havey," she said with a touch of diffidence. "I don't believe that two wrongs ever yet made a right. I don't believe that you can win out to law by lawlessness. But I do believe you are sincere, and I know that you're a man."

"And, for my part," he answered slowly, "I think ye're just tryin' to grow an oak-tree in a flower-pot, an' it can't be done. I think that all ye can do is to breed discontent—an' in these hills discontent is dangerous. But I ain't hinderin' your school an' I don't 'low to. Ye'll find out for yourself that it's a failure an' quit at your own behest."

"I sha'n't quit," she assured him, but this time she smiled as she said it. "I am going ahead, and in the end I am going to undermine the régime of feud and illiteracy; that is, I and others like me. But can't we fight the thing out as if it were a clean game? Can't we be friendly adversaries? You've been very generous, and I've been a bigoted little fool, but can't you forgive me and be friends?"

He straightened and his face hardened again, and slowly he shook his head. His voice was very grave and uncompromising, though without discourtesy. "I'm afraid it's a little too late for that."

Juanita slowly drew back the hand she had extended and her cheeks flushed crimson. It was the first time in her life that she had made an unsolicited proffer of friendship—and it had been rebuffed.

"Oh!" she murmured in a dazed, hurt voice in which was no anger. Then she smiled. "Then there's nothing else to say, except to thank you a thousand times."

"Ye needn't have no uneasiness about my tryin' to hinder ye," he assured her slowly. "I ain't your enemy an' I ain't your friend. I'm just lookin' on, an' I don't have no faith in your success."

"Don't you feel that changes must come?" she questioned a little timidly. "They have come everywhere else."

"They will come." His voice again rose vehemently. "But they'll be made *my* way—*our* way, not yours. These hills sha'n't always be a reproach to the State of Kentucky. They're goin' to be her pride some day."

"That's all!" exclaimed the girl, flinging at him a glance of absolute admiration.



"I don't care who does it, so long as it's done right. You've got to see sooner or later that we're working to the same end. You may not be my friend, but I'm going to be yours."

"I'm obleeged to ye." He spoke gravely, and turning on his heel, left the room by the back door. For a while she waited for him to return, and then realizing that the interview was ended she, too, turned and went out to the porch.

It seemed to Juanita Holland, as she climbed the ridge again, that a decade had passed since the shadow of Jeb McNash had fallen across the flower-bed. With that note from Anse Havey had come a crushing sense of her helplessness and a full realization that no wheel could turn when one of the dictators raised a forbidding hand. So she had gone, expecting to face vindictiveness, and had for the first time caught a glimpse of the soul that lay shuttered behind the mask of Anse Havey's veiled eyes.

It had been only a glimpse, and it made her want to see more. So she came back thinking of a half-barbaric man of strong limbs and fearless heart who walked under the constant menace of death and who combined in his audacious make-up a dash of the magnificent. His was a thankless mission at best; a lonely vigil through a long night. Not only did he face the constant threat of McBriar hate, but to the outside world he was Bad Anse Havey.

Then the girl smiled, for the October air was still full of champagne sparkle and she was young enough to be stirred by the sterling mark of romance. At all events, she had met a *man*. Here was no swordless sheath.

So, when she reached the ridge and stood again under the poplar-tree, she looked first to the east where she could see the ox-teams still snaking logs down to the mill and others bringing up squared timbers for her buildings, and a happy smile lifted the corners of her lips. She patted the bark of the big tree and, gazing affectionately at it, as at an old and confidential friend, she murmured: "I'm back again, and it's all right." Then, with another glance at the somber pile of brick, she murmured: "Feud leader, lawmaker, lawbreaker, and student of Shakespeare! Of course, you're not at all typical, but you're a very interesting somebody, Hon. Bad Anse Havey."

Then the smile faded as she turned and a patch of roof down the other way caught her eye and reminded her of something. She had yet the very delicate and unpleasant duty of telling young Milt McBriar that to him the school was closed and its hospitality withdrawn. She was glad he was still a boy, for that would mean that in him remained a touch of chivalry and generosity. Soon Young Milt would be going back to Lexington again to college, for he was one of the few youths of the hill aristocracy who was receiving an education.

Juanita had often wondered why it had not changed him more. He was almost as typical a mountaineer as those who remained at home, and in him she found a discouraging exponent of the immutability of heredity.

As chance would have it, Young Milt rode by her place the next day. She knew he would come back the same way, and that afternoon, as he was returning, she intercepted him beyond the turn of the road. With the foreign courtesy learned abroad, he lifted his hat and dismounted.

Juanita had always rather liked Young Milt. The clear fearlessness of his eyes gave him a certain attractiveness, and his face had so far escaped the clouding veil of sullenness which she so often saw.

At first she was a little confused as to how to approach the subject, and the boy rolled a cigarette as he stood respectfully waiting.

"Milt," she said at last, "please don't misunderstand me. It's not because I want to, but I've got to ask you to give me a promise. You see, I need your help."

At that the half smile left the boy's lips and a half frown came to his eyes.

"I reckon I know what ye mean," he said. "Young Jeb, he's asked ye ter warn me off. Why don't Jeb carry his own messages?"

"Milt," she gravely reminded him, resting her hand for a moment on his coat-sleeve, "it's more serious than that. Jeb ordered me to send his sister back to the cabin. You are having an education. I want her to have one. She has the right to it. I love her very dearly, Milt, and if you are a friend you won't rob her of her chance."

The boy's eyes flashed.

"An' ye're goin' ter send her back thar ter dwell amongst them razorback hawgs



an' houn'-dawgs an' fleas?" he demanded spiritedly.

"That depends on you. Jeb is the head of his family. I can't keep her without his consent. I had to promise him that you shouldn't visit her."

For a moment the heir to McBriar leadership stood twisting the toe of his heavy boot in the dust and apparently contemplating the little rings it stamped out. Then he raised his eyes and contemplatively studied the crests of ridges softening with the coming of sunset.

At last he inquired: "What hes Dawn got ter say?"

"Dawn hasn't said much," Juanita faltered, remembering the girl's tirade, then she confessed: "You see, Milt, just now Dawn is thinking of herself as a Havey and of you as a McBriar. All I ask is that you won't try to see her while she's here at the school—not, at all events, until things are different."

The boy was wrestling with youth's unwillingness to be coerced.

"An' let Dawn think that her brother skeered me off?" he questioned at last with a note of rising defiance.

"Dawn sha'n't think that. She shall know that you have acted with a gentleman's generosity, Milt—and because I've asked you to do it."

"Hain't I good enough ter keep company with Fletch McNash's gal?" The lad was already persuaded, but his stubbornness fired this parting shot.

"It's not a question of that, Milt, and you know it," declared Juanita. "It's just that one of your people killed one of his. Put yourself in Jeb's place."

Still for a while the boy stood there scowling down at the ground, but at last he raised his face and nodded.

"It's a bargain, ma'am, but mind I only says I won't see her hyar. Some day I'll make Jeb pay fer it."

He mounted and rode away while the lazy, hazy sweetness of the smoky mists hung splendidly to the ridges and the sunset flamed at his back.

Juanita never knew what details of the incident came to Old Milt's ears, but when next the head of the house passed her on the road he spoke with a diminished cordiality, and when she stopped him he commented: "I hear ye're a runnin' a Havey school over thar now. Little Milt tells me ye warned him offen yore place."

She tried to explain, and though he pretended to accept all she said in good humor, she knew in her heart she had made a powerful and bitter enemy.

Even now, when the desolate fall rains must soon wash all the color from the hills and leave them reeking and gray, the drought hung on. It had been unprecedented, and sometimes the smoke of the ridges mingled with the real smoke of forest fires. In places, as one rode the hills, one came upon great blackened stretches where charred and blistered shafts alone remained in memory of the magnificent forestry of yesterday.

One afternoon Anse Havey, wandering through the timber on his own side of the ridge, came upon a lone hunter, and when he drew near it proved to be young Milt McBriar.

"Mornin', Milt," said Havey. "I didn't know ye ever went huntin' over here."

The boy, who in féud etiquette was a trespasser, met the scrutiny with a level glance.

"I was a gunnin' fer boomers," he said, using the local phrase for the red squirrels of the hills. "I reckon I hain't hardly got no license ter go gunnin' on yore land."

Anse Havey sat down on a log and looked up at the boy steadily. At last he said gravely:

"Hunt as much as ye like, Milt, only be heedful not to start no fires."

Milt nodded and turned to go, but the older man called him back.

"I want to have a word with ye, Milt," he said soberly. "I ain't never heard that neither the McBriars nor the Haveys countenanced settin' fire to dwellin'-houses; have you?"

"I don't know what ye means," responded the boy, and the gaze that passed between them was that of two men who can look direct into any eyes.

"I 'lowed it would astonish ye," went on Anse. "Back of the new schoolhouse that's still full of shavin's an' loose timber there's a little stretch of dry woods that comes right down to the back door. Somebody has done laid a trail of shavin's an' leaves in the brush there an' soaked 'em with coal-oil. Some feller aims to burn down that schoolhouse to-night."

"Did ye tell Miss Holland?" demanded Milt in a voice of deep anxiety.

"No, I ain't named it to her." Bad

Anse sat with a seeming of indifference in his face, at which the lad's blood boiled.

"Does ye aim ter set hyar an' let her place git burnt up?" he snapped out wrathfully. "Because if ye does, I don't."

Anse Havey laughed.

"Well, no," he replied; "I didn't aim to do that."

Suddenly he rose.

"What I did aim to do, Milt, was this: I aimed to go down there to-night with enough fellers to handle either the fire or whoever starts it. I aimed to see who was doin' a trick like that. Will you go with me?"

"Me?" echoed Milt in astonishment. This idea of the two factions acting in consort was a decided innovation. It might be a trap. Suddenly the boy demanded: "Why don't ye ask pap?"

"I don't ask your pap nothing." In Havey's reply was a quick and truculent snap that rarely came into his voice. "I'm askin' you, an' you can take my proposition or leave it. That house-burner is goin' to die. If he's one of my people I want to know it. If he's one of your people you ought to feel the same way. Will you go with me?"

The boy considered the proposal for a time in silence. Dawn would be in danger! At last he said gravely:

"Hit sounds like a fair proposition. I'll go along with ye, an' meantime I'll keep my own counsel."

### XIX

ANSE HAVEY had been looking ahead. When old Milt McBriar had said "Them Haveys 'lows thet I'd cross hell on a rotten plank ter do 'em injury" he had shot close to the mark. Bad Anse knew that the quiet-visaged old murder lord could no more free himself from guile and deceit than the rattler can separate itself from the poison which impregnates its fangs and nature.

When he had taken Milt's hand, sealing the truce, he had not been beguiled, but realized that the compact was only strategy and was totally insincere. Yet in Young Milt he saw possibilities. He was accustomed to rely on his own judgment, and he recognized a clean and sterling strain in the younger McBriar.

He hated the breed with a hatred that was flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, but with an eye of prophecy he foresaw the

day when a disrupted mountain community must fall asunder unless native sons could unite against the conquest of lowland greed. He could never trust Old Milt, but he hoped that he and Young Milt, who would some day succeed to his father's authority, might stand together in that inevitable crisis.

This idea had for a long time been vaguely taking shape in his mind, and when he met Young Milt in the woods and proposed uniting to save Juanita's school he was laying the corner-stone for that future alliance.

At sunset Young Milt came, and he came without having spoken of his purpose at home. The night was sharp and moonless, with no light save that which came from the coldly glittering stars, and Anse and Young Milt crouched for hours, knee to knee in the dead thickets, keeping watch.

At last they both saw a creeping figure which was only a vague shadow moving among shadows, and they peered with straining eyes and raised rifles. But the shadow fell very still, and since it was only by its movement that they could detect it, they waited in vain.

What hint of being watched was given out no one could say. The woods were quiet, and the two kneeling figures in the laurel made no sound. The other men, waiting at their separated posts, were equally invisible and noiseless, but some intangible premonition had come to the shadow which lost itself in the impenetrable blackness and began its retreat with its object unaccomplished.

Young Milt went back to his house in the cold mists of dawn. No shot had been fired, no face recognized, but the Havey and the McBriar both knew that the school had been saved by their joint vigilance.

Some days later the news of that night-watch leaked through to Jerry Everson, who bore the tidings to Juanita, and she wrote a note to Anse Havey asking him to come over and let her express her thanks in person.

The mail-rider brought her a brief reply penned in a hand of copy-book care.

I don't take any credit. I only did what any other man would do, and young Milt McBriar did as much as I did. Thank him if you want to. It would only be awkward for me to come over there.

Respectfully, ANSE HAVEY.

The girl laid the letter down with a sense of disappointment and chagrin. She had been accustomed to having men come to her when she summoned them, and come willingly. For a time she was deeply apprehensive, too, lest the effort which had failed at first might be more successfully repeated, but that week brought the long-delayed rains. They stripped the hills of glory and left them gray and stark and dripping. The horizon reeked with raw fogs, and utter desolation settled on the mountains.

Trickling streams were torrents again and the danger of fires was over. Old Milt McBriar heard of his son's part in the watching of the school and brooded blackly as he gnawed at the stem of his pipe, but he said nothing. The boy had been sent away to college and had had every advantage. Now he had unwittingly, but none the less surely, turned his rifle on one of his father's hirelings bent on his father's work, for the oil-soaked kindling had been laid at Old Milt's command.

The thing did not tend to make the leader of the McBriars partial to the innovations from down below.

One day, when Juanita went down to the post-office, which nestled unobtrusively behind the single counter of the shack store at the gap, she found a letter directed in a hand which set her heart beating and revived many old memories.

The sun had come out after those first rains and a little of the Indian summer languor still slept along the sky-line, but the woods were for the most part bare and the air piercing. In a formless mass of wet mold that no longer rattled crisply under foot lay all the leaves that had a few days ago been stitches in the tapestried and embroidered mantle of the hills—all except a few tenaciously clinging survivors and the russet of the scrub-oaks. The pines that had been sober greens through the season of flaming color were still sober greens when all else had turned to cinnamon and slate. But in spite of the cold Juanita wished to carry that letter up to the crest and read it under the poplar.

As she climbed she heard the whistle of quail off in a corn-field and two or three rabbits jumped up and loped into the cover, flaunting their cotton tails. Then she tore the end from her envelope and began to read the letter from the man she had sent away.

He said that he had made a sincere effort to reconcile himself to her decision which exiled him. The effort had failed. He had been to the Mediterranean and the East.

"Do you remember the terrace at Shepherd's, when you and I sat there together?" he asked, and the girl who knew him so well could fancy the lonely longing in his face as he wrote:

Can you close your dear eyes and see again the motors purring by and the donkeys and camels and street fakirs with cobras in flat baskets and apes on chains? Can you hear the laughter of the tea-drinkers under the awnings and the fellaheen chatter and Viennese orchestras contending with the tom-toms of returning pilgrims? Dearest, can you see the blue triangles of shadow that the Pyramids throw down in the moonlight on the yellow sands of the desert? The desert has no loneliness greater than mine.

She let the letter drop for a moment. Loneliness? Suddenly she felt that she herself was the loneliest person in the universe. Then she read again:

Can you see Jaffa Gate and the Tower of David in Jerusalem? I have been there—alone this time. Do you remember how you were touched by the fanatical devotion that lighted the heavy faces of the Russian peasants who had journeyed so far in their pilgrimages to the shrines of the Holy City? Can you see them again in their sheepskin jackets and felt boots and ragged beards creeping on hands and knees through the Temple of the Sepulcher and kissing the stones?

I, too, was a pilgrim seeking peace, but I did not find it. Can you not find it in your heart to be touched by my devotion? Not only happiness, but peace dwells where you are, and I am coming to you.

Do not forbid me, for I am coming anyway. I am coming because I must; because I love you.

Yes, she remembered all the things of which he spoke—and many others. All the old life she had renounced rose before her, slugging her senses with homesickness.

Around her lay the escarpments of the isolated hills which would soon sink down to the sodden wretchedness of a shut-in winter. She could see ahead, at that moment, only failure, and hear only the echoes of many warnings.

She sat for a long time gazing off at the distances and shivered a little in the bite of the raw air. Then she looked up and

saw a figure at her side. It was Bad Anse Havey.

He bowed and stripped off his coat, which, without asking permission, he threw around her shivering shoulders.

"I didn't aim to intrude on ye," he said slowly. "I didn't know ye was up here. Do ye come often?"

"Very often," she answered, folding the letter and putting it back into its envelope. "When I first came to the Widow Everson's I discovered this tree, and it seemed to beckon to me to come up. Look!" She rose and pointed off with a gauntleted hand. "I can stand here and see the fortifications of my two enemies. There is your place and there is Milt McBriar's."

She smiled with unconscious archness. "But I'm not going to let you be my enemy any more," she went on. "I've decided that you have got to be my friend, whether you want to be or not—and what I decide upon must be."

Bad Anse Havey stood looking into her eyes with the disconcerting steadiness of gaze that she always found it difficult to sustain, but his only response was a sober "I'm obleeged to ye."

Perhaps that letter, with its old reminders, had brought back a little of the old self and the old self's innocent coquetry. She stood with her gloved hands in the deep pockets of her sweater jacket with his coat hanging from her shoulders. About her deep-violet eyes and sensitive lips lurked a subtle appeal for friendship—perhaps, though she did not know it—for love.

"I have behaved abominably to you, Mr. Havey," she confessed. "It's natural that you should refuse me forgiveness." For a moment her eyes danced and she looked up, challengingly, into his face. "But it's natural, too, that I should refuse to let you refuse. We are going to be friends. I am going to smash your old feud to splinters and I'm going to beat you, and just the same we are going to be friends."

Again his reply was brief.

"I'm obleeged to ye."

Against the girl who had scorned and denounced him Anse Havey's wounded pride had reared a fortress of reserve, and yet already he felt its walls tumbling. The smile in her eyes was carrying it by assault. It had no defense against the sweetness of her voice.

He had for the most part known only the women who live to work and raise large families; who servilely obey the lordly sex and soon wither. He had in him much of the woman-hater, and he did not realize that it was because he had never before known a woman who was at once as brave and intelligent as himself and as exquisite in charm as the wild flowers on his hillsides. This girl who smiled at him was not the same woman he had resolved to hate and whose friend he had declined to be. She was a new and fragrant being in whose presence he suddenly felt himself unspeakably crude.

"You have been very good to me," she went on, and the note of banter left her voice; "and you refused to let me thank you."

For a moment he was silent, then he replied awkwardly: "I reckon it's pretty easy to be good to you." After that she heard him saying in a very soft voice:

"One of the first things I remembers is being fotched up here by mammy when I was a spindlin' little chap. She used to bring me up here and tell me Indian stories. Sometimes my pappy came with us, but mostly it was just my mammy an' me."

"Your father was a soldier, wasn't he?" she asked.

"Yes. He was a captain in Morgan's command. When the war ended he come on back here an' relapsed. I reckon I'd oughter be right smart ashamed of that, but somehow I'm to'able proud of it. He 'lowed that what was good enough for his folks was good enough for him—"

He broke off suddenly and a smile came to his face; a remarkably naive and winning smile, the girl thought. Striking an attitude, he added in a tone of mock seriousness and perfect lowland English, without a trace of dialect: "I beg your pardon, Miss Holland. I mean that what was sufficiently good for his environment appeared adequate to him."

The girl's laughter pealed out in the cool air and she said with an after-note of surprise: "Why, Mr. Havey, you didn't speak like a mountain man then. I thought I was listening to a 'furriner.'"

He nodded his head and the smile died from his lips. Into his eyes came the look of steady resolve which was willing to fight for an idea.

"I just did that to show ye that I could.



If I wanted to, I reckon I could talk as good English as you. I reckon ye won't hardly hear me do it no more."

"But why?" she inquired in perplexity.

"I reckon it sounds kinder rough an' ign'rant to ye, this mountain speech. Well, to me it's music. It's the language of my own people an' my own hills. I loves it. It don't make no difference to me that it's bad grammar. Birds don't sing so sweet when ye teaches 'em new tunes. To my ears the talk of down below is hard an' unnatural. I don't like the ways nor the speech of the flat countries. I'll have none of it. Besides, I belongs here, an' if I didn't talk like they do my people wouldn't trust me." He paused a moment, then added: "I'd hate to have my people not trust me. So if ye don't mind, I reckon I'll go on talkin' as I learnt to talk."

She nodded her head. "I see," she said quietly.

"What do ye aim to call this school?" he asked suddenly.

"Why, I thought I'd call it the Holland School," she answered, and when he shook his head and said "Don't do it," she colored.

"I didn't mean to name it for myself, of course," she explained. "I wanted to call it after my grandfather. He always wanted to do something for education here in the Kentucky hills."

"I didn't mean to find no fault with the name of Holland," he told her gravely. "That's as good a name as any. But don't call it a school. Call it a college."

"But," she demurred, "it's not going to be a college. It's just a school."

Again the boyish smile came to his face and seemed to erase ten years from his age. His manner of speech made her feel that they were sharing a secret.

"That don't make any difference," he assured her. "Mountain folks are all mighty proud an' touchy. I shouldn't be astonished if some gray-haired folks came to study the primer. They'll come to college all right, but it wouldn't hardly be dignified to go to school. If you want to get 'em ye must needs call it a college."

The girl looked at him again and said in a soft voice: "You are always teaching me things I ought to know. Thank you."

## XX

JUANITA stood as he left her and watched him striding down the slope. On

his part he went back to his house and found it suddenly dark and cheerless and unsatisfying. His retainers noted that he was silent and abstracted, and often when the fingers of the cold rains were drumming at midnight on the roof they heard his restive feet tramping his room.

For into the soul of Bad Anse Havey had come a new element, and the prophet which was in him could see a new menace; a necessity for curbing the grip of this new dream which might easily outgrow all his other dreams and bring torture to his heart. Here was a woman of fine fiber and delicate culture in whose eyes he might at best be an interesting barbarian. Between them lay all the impassable barriers that quarantined the tangled coves of the mountains from the valleys of the rich lowlands. Between their lives and viewpoints lay the same irreconcilable differences.

And yet her image was haunting him as he went his way, and in his heart was awakening an ache and a rapture. He told himself that it would be wiser to stay away. He could no longer think of her as a school-teacher. Her school was nothing to him, but she herself had come and awakened him, and he dreaded what might follow.

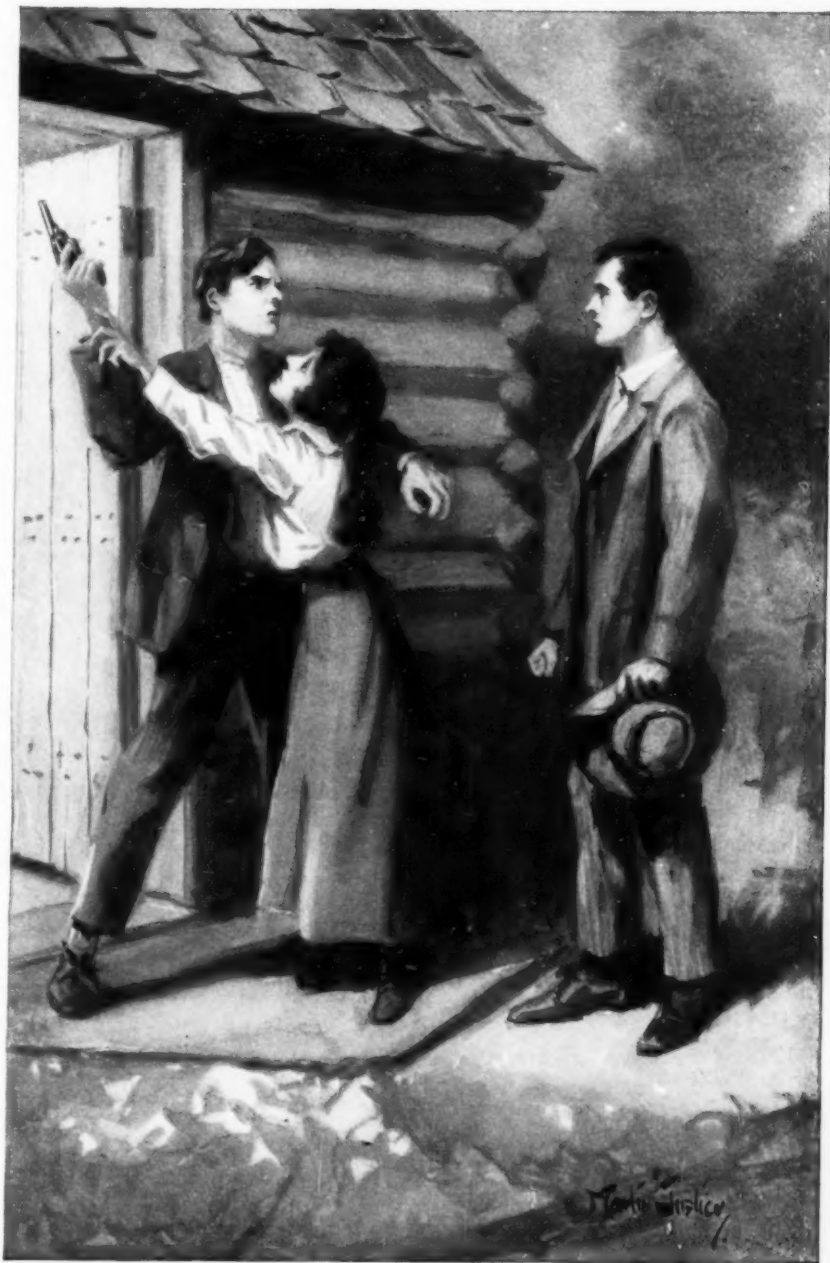
On several of her buildings now the hammers were busy shingling the roofs. Her influence grew and spread among the simple folk to whom she was unostentatiously ministering—an influence with which the old order must some day reckon. It was a quiet and intangible sort of thing, but it was gradually melting the hardness of life, as spring sun and showers melt the austerity of winter.

Anse Havey set his face against crossing her threshold with much the same resolution that Ulysses stuffed his ears against the siren song—and yet with remarkable frequency they climbed at the same time from opposite directions and met by the poplar-tree on the ridge.

"It's the wrong notion," he told her obstinately, when her enthusiasm broke from her. "It's teachin' things that's goin' ter make the children ashamed of their cabins an' their folks. It's goin' ter make 'em want things ye can't hardly give 'em."

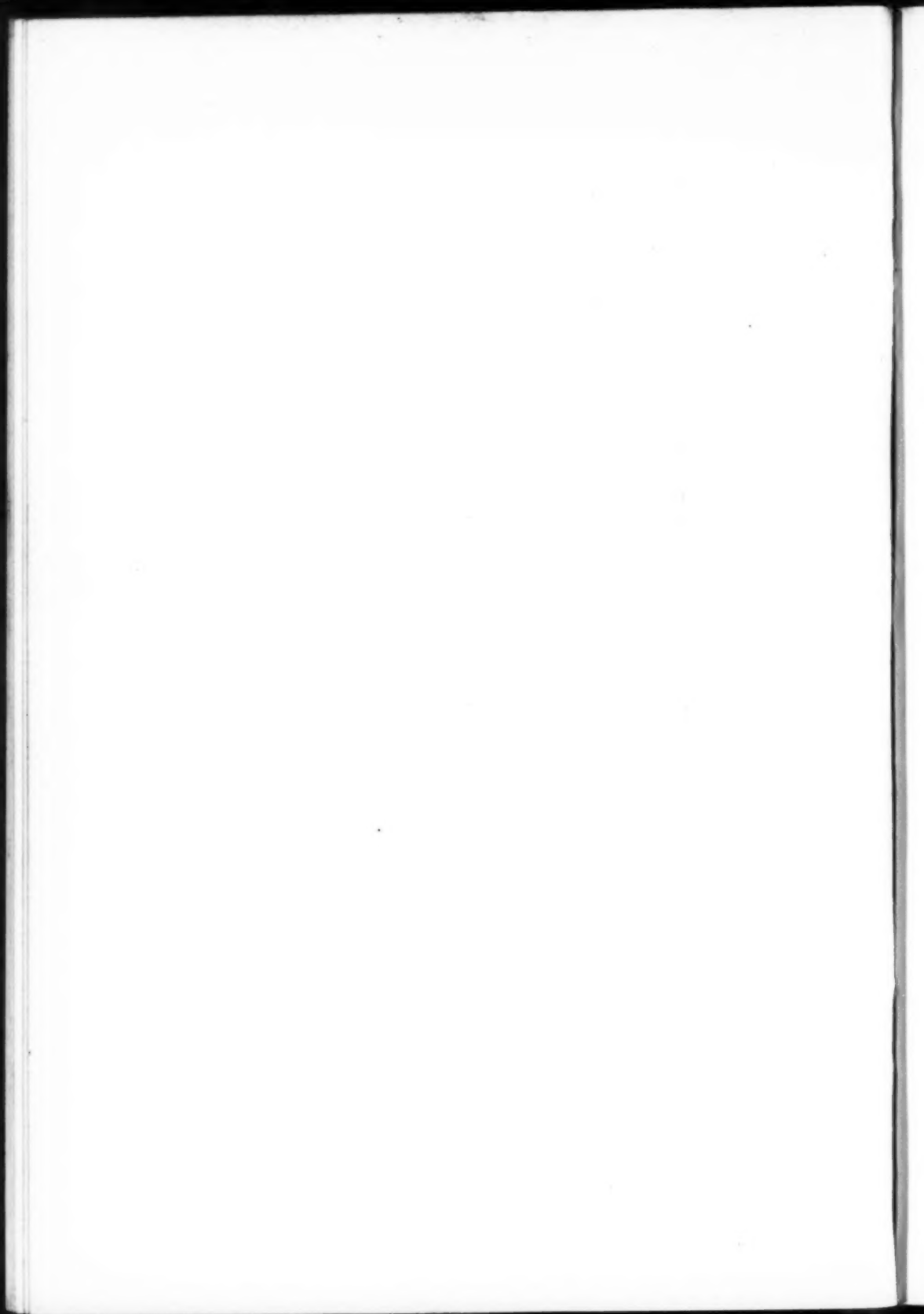
"Go to any cabin in these hills an' ye'll find the pinch of poverty, but ye won't find shame for that poverty in none of 'em. We ain't got so many virtues here maybe,





"DON'T, JEB!" SHE SCREAMED IN A TRANSPORT OF ALARM

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but we've got a few. We can wear our privations like a uniform that we ain't ashamed of—yes, an' make a kind of virtue out of it."

"I'm not out of sympathy with that," she argued; "I think it's splendid."

"All right," he answered; "but after ye've taught 'em a few things they won't think it's splendid. Ye'll breed discontent an' then ye'll go away, an' all ye'll have done will be to have knocked their one simple virtue down 'round their ears."

"How many times do I have to tell you I'm not going away?" demanded the girl a little hotly. "Just watch me."

Again he shook his head, and into his eyes came a look of sudden pain. "I reckon ye'll go," he said. "All good things go. The birds quit when winter comes an' the flowers go."

So, in an impersonal way, they kept up their semblance of a duel and mocked each other.

"When the Crusaders went to Jerusalem," she told him smilingly, "and Richard the Lion-hearted met the Saracen, he admitted that he had come to know a gallant enemy—but a heathen none the less, and war went on." She paused, and her challenge was a thing that danced in her eyes and at her lips, all tangled up with the banter of cordial friendliness. "Now, Mr. Havey, I admit that you are a brave enemy, but you stand for the heathen order, and I'm going to wipe out that order. You'd better surrender to me while you still have a chance to do it with the honors of war."

The naive smile came to his lips again for a moment and made him seem a boy.

"I'm much obleeged, ma'am," he acknowledged. "It's right well-favored of ye to offer me so much mercy, but if I remembers rightly, them Crusaders didn't take Jerusalem away with 'em, did they?"

He looked down at her and indolently stretched the long arms in which the sinews were like rawhide thongs and the ripple of muscles like those of a race-horse on the very edge of his training.

"I may be foolish," he said slowly, "but I could pick ye up like a doll. Somehow hit's right hard fer me ter realize thet ye're a goin' ter smash me."

"Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just," she flashed at him.

"Yes'm, a poet said that." She was now quoting from one of the few writers he

knew as well as she did herself. "But a soldier once said: 'God's on the side of ther heaviest battalion.' When the battle's all over the poet comes in handy, but whilst it's still goin' on I'd ruther take the evidence of the soldier."

It was very easy for him to think of her as supreme in the conquest of love, but very difficult to take her seriously as a force for altering the conditions that had stood so long.

"Before the march of civilization the wild order always goes down," she informed him with confidence. "It's history's lesson."

"Well, now, I'm not so sure ye ain't kinder doin' hist'ry an injustice," he denied. "The lesson I reads is that whenever civilization gets drawn too fine, an' weakens, it's a barbarian race that overruns it. It's the strong blood. Some day soon there won't be no pure American blood in America except right here in these mountains. That's still a few of us left here."

Bad Anse Havey was raw material. He treasured on his book-shelf a half-dozen volumes. These he knew as a wise man knows his own soul. Through them he had had the companionship of a few great minds, and besides them he had scant erudition. There lay in his life the materials for a human edifice of imposing lines and proportions—and the question was whether life, the builder, would rear them or leave them lying in unformed piles of possibility.

Once Judge Sidering rode over from Peril to visit the school and express his gratification at its building. Judge Sidering presided over the "high court" of the circuit, and with him came Anse Havey.

Juanita knew that his honor had gone down to the State's metropolis and had sat as chairman in a convention to name a Governor. She knew that he had proven himself the most astute, the most audacious, and the most successful of politicians. He had written a chapter into State history, not admirable, perhaps, but admirably bold. Such a man must have iron in his make-up, and yet when he was in the presence of Bad Anse Havey his attitude was that of vassal to overlord, and she knew that he wore his judicial ermine at the behest and will of Anse Havey and that he performed his duties subject to Anse Havey's orders.

In an office which overlooks the gray stone court-house in Louisville sat a youngish man of somewhat engaging countenance. In the small anteroom of his sanctum was a young woman who hammered industriously on a typewriter and told most of the visitors who called that Mr. Trevor was out. That was because most of those who came bore about them the unmistakable hall-mark of creditors. Mr. Trevor's list of creditors would have made as long a scroll as his list of business activities.

Yet for all these cares Mr. Trevor was just now sitting with his tan shoes propped on his broad desk, and his face was untroubled. He was one of those interesting gentlemen who give a touch of color to the monotony of humdrum life. Mr. Trevor was a soldier of fortune who sold not his sword, but the very keen and flexible blade of his resourceful brain.

Roger Malcolm, of Philadelphia, knew him only as the pleasant chance acquaintance of an evening spent in a New York club.

He had impressed the Easterner as a most fascinating fellow who seemed to have engaged in large enterprises here and there over the face of the globe. So when Mr. Malcolm presented his card in the office anteroom the young woman at the machine gave him one favoring glance and did not say that Mr. Trevor was out.

"So you are going to penetrate the wilds of the Cumberlands, are you?" inquired Mr. Trevor in his pleasing voice, as he grasped his visitor's hand. "Tell me just where you mean to go and I'll tell you how to do it with the least difficulty. The least difficult down there is plenty."

"My objective," replied Mr. Malcolm, "is a place at the headwaters of a creek called Tribulation, some thirty miles from a town called Peril."

"I know the places—and their names fit them. I'd offer to go with you, but I'm afraid I wouldn't prove a benefit to you. I'm *non grata* with Bad Anse Havey, Esquire, and Mr. Milton McBriar, who are the local dictators."

Mr. Malcolm laughed.

"In passing," he said, "I dropped in to talk over the coal development proposition which you said would interest me."

Mr. Trevor reached into his desk and brought out several maps.

"The tentacles of the railroads are

reaching in here and there," he began with the promoter's suave ease of manner. "It is a region which enterprise can no longer afford to neglect, and the best field of all is as yet virgin and untouched."

"Why did you drop the enterprise yourself?" inquired his visitor.

"I didn't have the capital to swing it. Of course, if it interests you and your associates it can be put through."

Malcolm nodded. "I am going primarily by way of making a visit," he said. "I meant to go before you roused my interest in your proposition, and it occurred to me that I might combine business with pleasure."

The promoter looked up with a shade of surprise.

"You have friends out there in that God-forsaken tangle?" he inquired. "God help them!"

"A lady whom I have known for a long while is establishing a school there."

With the mention of the lady Malcolm's voice took on an uncommunicative note, and Mr. Trevor at once changed the topic to coal and timber.

## XXI

THE girl from Philadelphia had for some days been watching the road which led in tortuous twists from Peril to the gap. She herself hardly realized how expectantly she had watched it. Her lips fell into a wistful droop and the little line between her eyes bespoke such a poignancy of pain that she seemed to be all alone in the world.

She was thinking of the man she had sent away and wondering what their meeting would be like. And the girl of the hills sitting near by would look on, her fingers gripping themselves tightly together and an ache in her own heart. Deep in Dawn's nature, which had been coming of late into a sweetly fragrant bloom, crept the rancor of a fierce jealousy for the man from "down below" whom she had never seen, but whose letter could make Juanita forget present things and drift away into a world of other days and other scenes—a world in which Dawn herself had no part.

Juanita was wondering if, after all, she had not misjudged Roger Malcolm. She wanted to think she had, because her heart was hungry for love. She had written to him, sternly forbidding his coming, and if he obeyed that mandate he would, of course, prove himself still weak and lack-

ing in initiative. So she was waiting with a fluttering heart.

But on the day that he came she was not watching. He had pushed on at a rate of speed which mountain patience would not have countenanced and had arrived in two hours less than the journey should logically have required. The heaving sides of his tired horse told almost as much of the eagerness that had driven him as did the frank worship of his face.

At the front fence he hitched his mount and walked noiselessly up to the larger house. Two feminine figures sat sewing in the hall as he silently opened the unlatched door and let himself in. One of them was a figure he knew even with its back turned—a figure which, because of something distinctively subtle and wondrous, could belong to no one else. The other was a mountain girl of undeniable beauty, but, to him, of no interest.

It was Dawn who saw him first and, with a glance that brought a resentful flash to her eyes, she rose silently and slipped out through a side door. Then, as Juanita came to her feet with a little gasp and held out both hands, the man's heart began to hammer wildly, and he knew that the fingers he held were trembling.

He would have taken her at once in his arms, but she held him off and shook her head.

"I told you not to come," she rebuked him in a voice that lacked conviction.

"And I flagrantly disobeyed you," he answered. "As I mean henceforth to disobey you. Once I lost you because I played a weak game. You want a conqueror, and I have always been a suppliant. Now I have changed my method."

"Oh!" said Juanita faintly. For just an instant she felt a leap at her heart. Perhaps, after all, he had grown to her standard. That was how she must be won, if ever won, and she wanted to be won.

She saw him draw out of his pocket a small box which she had once given back to him and take from it a ring she had once worn, but again she shook her head.

"Not yet, dear," she said very softly. "You haven't proven yourself a conqueror yet, you know. You've just called yourself one."

Then her heart misgave her, for, after gazing into her eyes with a hurt look, the man masked his disappointment behind a smile of deference and replied: "Very

well, I can wait, but that's how it must be in the end."

In the end! Juanita knew that, after all, he had not changed.

He was still the man of brave intents and words—still the man who stood hesitant at the moment for a blow.

It was while Malcolm was Juanita's guest that Anse Havey broke his resolve and for the first time came through the gate of the school. She saw him come with a pleased little sense of having broken down his reserve and a feeling of feminine victory.

It was a brilliant night in early November, with a moon that had lured the girl and her guest out on the cold porch. The hills stood up like everlasting thrones through the glitter of moon and stars and frost, and both of them were silent, both steeped in the wizardry of the night and the sense of mountain mystery. Suddenly the girl heard a familiar voice calling from the road:

"Can I come in? It's Anse Havey."

A moment later the mountaineer was standing on the steps and shaking hands with Roger Malcolm, whom he greeted briefly and with mountain reserve.

"I was down at Peril with a couple of teams," he said, turning to Juanita, "an' I found a lot of boxes at the station for ye. I 'lowed ye d'dn't hardly have any teams handy, so I fotched 'em back to my house. I'll send them over in the mornin', but I thought I'd ride over to-night an' tell ye."

She had been wondering how, at a time of mired roads, she was to have those books, which she would soon need, brought across the ridge. Now he had solved the problem for her. Anse Havey stood leaning against a porch-post, his broad shoulders and clear-cut profile etched against the moonlight as he studied the Philadelphian. Suddenly he asked abruptly:

"Have ye found anything that interests ye in the coal an' timber line?"

Roger Malcolm glanced up and knocked the ash from his pipe against the rail of the porch. He had not suspected that his rambles about the hills with a set of maps and a geologist's hammer had been noted. He had not even mentioned it yet to Juanita, because he hoped to surprise her with the record of his activities when he had accomplished more.

But he showed no surprise as he answered with perfect frankness: "Yes and



no. I came primarily to see how Miss Holland was progressing with her work. It's true I have thought something of investing in mountain resources, but that lies in the future."

Havey nodded and said quietly: "I hope ye decides to invest elsewhere."

"So far as a casual inspection shows, this country looks pretty good to me," rejoined Malcolm easily. "I may buy here—provided, of course, the price is right."

"This country's mighty pore," said the head of the Haveys slowly. "About all it can raise is a little corn an' a heap of hell, but down underneath the rocks there's wealth."

"Then the man who can unlock the hills and get it out ought to be welcome as a benefactor, ought he not?" inquired the Easterner with a smile.

"He won't be," was the short response.

"Why?"

"The men from outside always aim to get the benefit of that wealth an' then to move us off our mountains, an' there ain't nowheres else on earth a mountain man can live. Developin' seems pretty much like plunderin' to us. We gen'rally asks benefactors like that to go away."

"And do they usually go?"

"No; not usually. They always goes."

"Do you expect me to believe that, Mr. Havey?" queried Malcolm, still smiling.

"I don't neither ask ye to believe it nor to disbelieve it," was the cool rejoinder. "I'm just tellin' it to ye, that's all."

Malcolm refilled his pipe and offered the tobacco-pouch to Havey. Anse shook his head with a curt "Much obleeged," and the visitor said casually: "Well, we needn't have any argument on that score yet, Mr. Havey. My activities, if they eventuate, belong to the future, and when that time comes perhaps we shall be able to agree, after all."

"I reckon we won't hardly agree on no proposition for despoilin' my people, Mr. Malcolm."

"Then we can disagree, when the time comes," remarked the other man with a trace of tartness in his voice.

"Then ye don't aim to develop us just now?"

Malcolm shook his head, the glow of his pipe-bowl for a moment lighting up a face upon which lingered an amused smile.

"Not this time. Another time, perhaps."

"All right, then." Havey's voice carried

a very masked and courteous, but very unmistakable warning. "Whenever ye get good an' ready—we'll argue that."

He bowed to the girl and turned into the path which led down to the gate.

It was one of those nights under whose brooding wings vague things and influences are astir and in the making. Dawn had gone back for a few days to her brother's lonely cabin on Tribulation to set his house in order and do his simple mending. Perhaps in her own heart there was another reason—an unconfessed unwillingness to stay at the bungalow while she must feel so far away from Juanita and see Roger Malcolm seemingly so near.

In her heart vague things were stirring, too, and in another heart. The fact that she had not been allowed to see young Milt McBriar had given him an augmented importance which had kept the boy in her mind despite her denunciations. Once she had met him on the road and he had stopped her to say: "Dawn, do ye know why I don't come over thar no more?"

The girl had only nodded, and the boy went on:

"Well, some day when ye're at Jeb's cabin I'm a comin' thar. I hain't a goin' ter come slippin', but I'm comin' open an' upstandin', an' Jeb an' me are goin' ter talk about this business."

"No! No!" she had exclaimed, genuinely frightened and in a voice full of quick dissent. "Ye mustn't do it, Milt; ye mustn't. Ef ye does, I won't see ye."

"We'll settle that when I gits thar. I jest 'lowed I'd tell ye," persisted the boy stubbornly. "I reckon I mustn't talk ter ye now—I'm pledged," and without another word he shook up the reins on his horse's neck and rode away.

So to-night, while the moon was weaving its spell over several hearts, the son of the McBriar leader was riding with a set face over into the heart of the Havey country, openly to visit the daughter of Fletch McNash.

Jeb was sitting before the fire with a pipe between his teeth and Dawn plunked on a banjo—not the old folk-lore tune that had once been her repertoire, but a newer and sweeter thing that she had learned from Juanita Holland.

Then, as a confident voice sang out from the darkness, "I'm Milt McBriar an' I'm a comin' in," the banjo fell from the

girl's hands and her fingers clutched in panic at her breast.

She saw her brother rise from his chair and heard his voice demand truculently: "What ther hell does *you* want hyar?"

## XXII

THOUGH Anse Havey strode up the steep trail to the crest that night with long, elastic strides, seeking to burn up the restlessness which obsessed him, he found himself at the top with no wish for sleep and no patience with the idea of confining his thoughts between walls. It was better out here under the setting moon and the twinkling stars, even though he wore no overcoat and rims of ice were forming along the edges of the watercourses.

His mind traveled back in review over the past—a past that had never been lighted with cheer or happiness. His whole life heretofore had sought satisfaction in a fierce devotion to one passionate ideal—his people. It had been a sum of stern days, and not since his mother had told him Indian stories under this same tree did he remember a single clear note of tenderness or sweetness in its tune.

Down in Frankfort he had walked silently with his chin in the air and a challenge in his eye. About him had been the suave and tricky politicians of the cities and the high-headed, aristocratic sons of the Blue-Grass, and there among them, but not of them, he had felt like a poor boy at a frolic. His assumption of arrogant aggressiveness had really been only a mask for a painful diffidence, so that if any lip felt an inclination to curl at this tall, saturnine lawmaker from the far hills, no lip gave rein to the impulse.

He had stood apart at the inaugural ball, looking out on the flash and color of the evening dress and the uniformed staff with a feeling of contempt. A beautiful woman with pearls sparkling softly on her neck had whispered to her escort as they passed him: "What a splendid savage! He looks like a wild chief at a durbar."

But to-night Anse Havey felt that something was missing from his life; something of the barbarian order had become suddenly hateful to him. Into the gray eyes crept a suffering, and the brows came together in helpless perplexity.

Juanita was a woman of an exotic race who chose to think that life comes to perfection only under glass. He was a leader

of a brier-tangled and shaggy clan—men who were akin to the eagles. No menace or threat of death had ever made him deviate from his loyalty to that people. But now a foreign woman had come and he was comparing himself with the well-dressed, soft-voiced man who was her visitor and feeling himself a creature of uncouthness.

He found himself wishing that he, too, was smothered. Then he flung the thought from him with bitter self-contempt and a low oath broke from his lips. Was he growing ashamed of his life? Was he wishing that his eagle's talons might be manicured and his pinions combed?

"If ye've done come down to that, Anse Havey," he said aloud, "it's about time ye kilt yourself."

No, he protested to his soul, he had disliked Roger Malcolm because Roger Malcolm had spoken of a project of plunder and stood for his enemies of the future; but his soul answered that he thought little of that, and that it was because of the obvious understanding between this man and Juanita Holland that a new hatred had been born in his heart.

After Anse had gone, Malcolm and the girl turned back to the firelit hall and sat a while in silence. When from her lips came something very like a sigh Roger took the pipe from his mouth with a quick, instinctive movement.

"What is it, dear?" he whispered as he bent closer to her, longing to take her in his arms.

"Why didn't you tell me," she inquired with a note of reproach, "that, aside from seeing me, you had another mission here?"

"The other mission was nothing," he declared. "I came to see you. I didn't tell you that I was also representing an Eastern syndicate because I wanted first to form a more definite opinion. I thought you'd be pleased. You came down here, against all our protestations, with one idea in your dear head. You were bent on development in a country that has stood still for two centuries. You are spending the best of your youth and enthusiasm and vitality in that effort."

He broke off, and his eyes told her *how* he wanted to see her spend her youth and enthusiasm and vitality, but she met his gaze with troubled eyes and said only: "Well?"

"Well, I wanted to work to the same

end: to be, in a fashion, your partner in endeavor. Don't you know that before civilization can go into any place where it has not been it must have roads over which to go? Civilization has only one great agency—highways. The Roman ditch and wall have long ago crumbled, but the Roman roads are still her monuments. That was my ambition. I should be a road-builder doing a man's work and doing it at your side."

"It seems," she said a little wearily, "that we can't even understand each other without explanations. I have no right, of course, to argue with you against the profitable investment of your money, but don't let's call it by glittering and misleading names."

Roger Malcolm stiffened and his voice was aggrieved.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand you either. I spoke sincerely."

"I don't mean to be nasty-tempered and unsympathetic," she assured him in a softer tone. "I had the same ideas a year ago. I believed in civilizing people by force, too—then. But I don't now. I know that out of all this the native men and women will reap no benefit—that they will be nothing better than evicted creatures. And you see, Roger"—her voice now became tender—"it's not just the rocks and fagots of the eagle's aerie that I'm interested in—it's the old eagles and the little fledgling eagles themselves."

"My plan means building a symmetrical structure in place of a pile of fagots," he argued, "a structure that shall endure."

"I know," and she nodded her head. "Some centuries hence the world will see only that, and praise you. But I'm thinking of this century, Roger dear. Your structure must rise on ruins and the ashes of conquest. Your march of civilization must be predatory, as such marches always have been. It will mean driving people who can only be led. What manner of men will come at your front?"

"Decent young chaps with transit and chain," he assured her. "The sort of fellows who are always at the front of marching progress; the sort of men who do the world's work."

"You forget the men that go ahead of them—the real vanguard," she retorted. "They are purchasable natives; hangers-on at the dirty fringe of things; the native shyster will be fighting your battles in

court; the native assassin who does not kill from distorted sense of honor, but for the foreign dollar, will be disposing of enemies whom your shysters can't handle."

"Surely," said the man, "you don't think I'd countenance such damnable methods as that?"

"No," she responded in a low voice; "you'll just light a fire that you can't control, that's all."

"If you feel that way, I'll draw out of it," he declared.

"I'm afraid it's too late. You must report back to your colleagues. Perhaps you'd better stay in and try to control them."

At the scant welcome of his greeting young Milt McBriar stiffened a little from head to foot, though he had not anticipated any great degree of cordiality.

He climbed the stile and walked across the moonlit patch of trampled clay to where the girl stood leaning, weak-kneed with fright, against the lighted frame of the door.

"Jeb," he said slowly to the boy, who had stepped down into the yard, "how air ye?" Then, turning to Dawn, with his hat in his hand, he greeted her gravely.

But the son of the murdered man stood still and rigid and repeated in a hard voice: "What ther hell does ye want hyar?"

"I come over hyar ter see Dawn," was the calm response, and then, as the girl convulsively moistened her dry lips with her tongue, she saw her brother's hand sweep under his coat and come out gripping a heavy revolver.

Jeb had never gone armed before that night when Fletch fell. Now he was never unarmed.

"Don't, Jeb!" she screamed in a transport of alarm, as she braced herself and summoned strength to seize the hand that held the weapon.

Jeb shook her roughly off and wheeled again to face the visitor with the precaution of a sidewise leap. He had expected that the other boy would use that moment of interference to draw his own weapon, but the young McBriar was standing in the same attitude, holding his hat in one hand while he reassured the girl.

"Don't fret, Dawn; thar hain't nothin' ter worry about," he said; then, facing the brother, he went on in a voice of cold and almost scornful composure.

"Thet hain't ther first time ye've seed me acrost the sights of a gun, is it, Jeb?"

"What does ye mean?" The other boy's face went brick-red, and he lowered his muzzle with a sense of sudden shame.

"Oh, I heered about how old Bob McGreigor told ye a passel of lies about me, an' how ye come acrost ther ridge one day. I reckon I kin guess the rest."

"Well, what of hit?" Jeb stood with his pistol now hanging at his side, but in his eyes still glowed the fire of hatred.

"Jest this," young McBriar went on; "I ain't got no gun on me. I ain't even got a jack-knife. I 'lowed that ye mought be right smart incensed at my comin' hyar an' I come without no weapon on purpose. Ef ye hain't skeered of me when I'm unarmed, I reckon ye kin put yore own gun back in ther holster."

Jeb McNash slowly followed the suggestion, and then coming forward until the two boys stood eye to eye, he said in deliberate accents: "I reckon ye don't 'low I'm skeered of ye."

"I reckon not." Young Milt's tone was almost cheerful. "I reckon ye air jest about as much skeered of me es I am of you—an' that ain't none."

"What does ye want hyar?" persisted Jeb.

"I wants first to tell ye—an' I hain't never lied ter no feller yit—thet I don't know nothin' more about who kilt Fletch then *you* does. If I did, so help me God Almighty, I'd tell ye. I hain't tryin' ter shield no murderers."

There was a ring of sincerity in the lad's voice that carried weight even into the bitter skepticism of Jeb's heart—a skepticism which had refused to believe that honor or truth dwelt east of the ridge.

"I reckon, ef that's true," sneered the older boy, "thar's them in yore house thet does know."

At that insult it was Young Milt whose face went first red and then very white.

"Thet calls fer a fight, Jeb," he said with forced calm. "I can't harken ter things like thet. But first I wants ter say this: I come over hyar ter tell ye thet I knowed how ye felt, an' thet I didn't see no reason why you an' me had ter quarrel. I come over hyar ter see Dawn, because I promised I wouldn't try ter see her whilst she stayed down at the school—an' because I wants ter see her—an' 'lows ter do hit. Now will ye lay aside yore gun an'

go out thar in ther road whar hit hain't on yore own ground, an' let me tell ye thet ye lied when ye slurred my folks?"

The two boys stripped off their coats in guarantee that neither had hidden a weapon. Then, while the girl, who was really no longer a girl, turned back into the firelit cabin and threw herself face downward on her feather bed, they silently crossed the stile into the road and Milt turned to repeat: "Jeb, thet war a lie ye spoke, an' I wants ye ter fight me fa'r, fist an' skull, an' when we gits through, ef ye feels like hit, we'll shake hands. You an' me ain't got no cause ter quarrel."

And so the boy in each of them, which was the manlier part of each, came to the surface, and into a bitter and long-fought battle of fists and wrestling, in which both of them rolled in the dust, and each of them obstinately refused to say "enough," they submitted their long-fostered hostility to one fierce debate. At last, as the two lay panting and bloodied there in the road, it was Jeb who rose and held out his hand.

"So fur es the two of us goes, Milt," he said, "unless ther war busts loose ergin, I reckon we kin be friendly."

Together they rose and recrossed the stile and washed their grimed faces. Dawn looked from one to the other, and Jeb said: "Milt, set yoreself a cheer. I reckon ye'd better stay all night. It's most too fur ter ride back."

And so, though they did not realize it, the two youths who were to stand some day near the heads of the two factions, had set a new precedent and had fought without guns, as men had fought before the feud began.

Jeb kicked off his shoes and lay down, and before the flaming logs sat the Havey girl and the McBriar boy talking.

### XXIII

WHEN winter has come and settled down for its long siege in the Cumberlands human life shrinks and shrivels into a shivering wretchedness, and a spirit of dreariness steals into the human heart.

The gaunt, gray hills reek and loom sticky and deformed between the snows and thaws. Roads become impassable mires and the total quarantine has begun. In dark cabins hearts given to brooding do little else, and nature herself has no clarion of outer cheer with which to break the dangerous soul-cramping monotony.



The house of old Milt McBriar was not so dark and cheerless a hovel as the houses of his lesser neighbors, but as that winter closed in his heart was bitter and his thoughts were black. In a round-about way he had learned of Young Milt's visit to the McNash cabin. His son was the apple of his eye, and now he was seeing him form embryonic affiliations with the people of his enemy.

Young Milt had visited Dawn; he had watched with Anse Havey. The father had always taken a natural pride in the honesty that gleamed from his son's alert eyes, and the one person from whom he had concealed his own ways of guile and deceit most studiously was the lad who would some day be leader in his stead. There were few things that this old intriguer feared, but one there was, and now it was tracing lines of care and anxiety in the visage that had always been so mask-like and imperturbable. If his son should ever look past his outward self and catch a glimpse of the inner man, the father knew that he would not be able to sustain the scorn of those younger eyes. So, while the lad, who had gone back to college in Lexington, conned his books, his father sat before the blaze of his hearth, his pipe tight clamped between his teeth, his heart festering in his breast, and his mind dangerously active.

The beginnings of all the things which he deplored, and meant to punish, went back to the establishment of a school with a "fotched-on" teacher. Had Dawn McNash not come there, his boy's feet would not have gone wandering westward over the ridge, straying out of partizan paths. The slimness of her body, the lure of her violet eyes, and the dusky meshes of her dark hair had led his own son to guard the roof that sheltered her against the hand of arson the father had hired.

But most of all, Anse Havey was responsible: Anse Havey who had persuaded his son to make common cause with his enemy. For that Anse Havey must die.

Heretofore Old Milt had struck only at lesser men, fearing the retribution of too audacious a crime, but now his venom was acute, and even such grave considerations as the danger of a holocaust must not halt its appeasement.

Still the mind of Milt McBriar, the elder, had worked long in intrigue, and even now it could not follow a direct line.

Bad Anse must not be shot down in the road. His taking off must be accomplished by a shrewder method, and one not directly traceable to so palpable a motive as his own hatred. Such a plan his brain was working out, but for its execution he needed a hand of craft and force—such a hand as only Luke Thixton could supply—and Luke was out West.

It was not his intention to rush hastily into action. Some day he would go down to Lexington and Luke should come East to meet him. There, a hundred and thirty miles from the hills, the two of them would arrange matters to his own satisfaction.

Roger Malcolm had gone back, and he had not, after all, gone back with a conqueror's triumph. He was now discussing in directors' meetings plans looking to a titanic grouping of interests which were to focalize on these hills and later to bring developments. The girl's school was gradually making itself felt, and each day saw small classes at the desk and blackboard—small classes that were growing larger.

Now that Milt had laid the groundwork of his plans, he was making the field fallow by a seeming of general beneficence. His word had gone out along the creeks and branches and into the remote coves of his territory that it "wouldn't hurt folks none ter give their children a little l'arnin."

In response to that hint they trooped in from the east, wherever the roads could be traveled. Among those who "hitched an' lighted" at the fence were not only parents who brought their children, but those who came impelled by that curiosity which lurks in lonely lives. There were men in jeans and hickory shirts; women in gay shawls and linsey-woolsey and calico; people from "back of beyond," and Juanita felt her heart beat faster with the hope of success.

"I hear ye've got a right plentiful gatherin' of young barbarians over there at the college these days," said Anse Havey one afternoon, when they met up on the ridge.

Her chin came up pridefully and her eyes sparkled.

"It has been wonderful," she told him. "Only one thing has marred it."

"What's that?" he asked.

"Your aloofness. Just because I'm going to smash your wicked régime," she laughed, "is no reason why you should remain peeved about it and sulk in your tent."



He shook his head and gazed away. Into his eyes came that troubled look which nowadays they sometimes wore.

"I reckon it wouldn't hardly be honest for me to come. I've told ye I don't think the thing will do no good."

He was looking at her and his hands slowly clenched. Her beauty, with the enthusiasm lighting her eyes, made him feel like a man whose thirst was killing him and who gazed at a clear spring beyond his reach—or, like the caravan-driver whose sight is tortured by a mirage. He drew a long breath, then added:

"I've got another reason an' a stronger one for not comin' over there very often. Any time ye wants me for anything I reckon ye knows I'll come."

"What is your reason?" she demanded.

"I ain't never been much interested in any woman." He held her eyes so directly that she felt a warm color suddenly flooding her cheeks, then he went on with naked honesty and an unconcealed bitterness of heart: "When I puts myself in the way of havin' to love one, I'll pick a woman that won't have to be ashamed of me—some mountain woman."

For an instant she stared at him in astonishment, then she exclaimed: "Ashamed of you! I don't think any woman would be ashamed of you, Mr. Havey," but, recognizing that her voice had been overserious, she laughed, and once more her eyes danced with gay mischief.

"Don't be afraid of me. I'll promise not to make love to you."

"I'm obleeged," he said slowly. "That ain't what I'm skeered of. I'm afraid ye couldn't hardly stop me from makin' love to *you*."

He paused, and the badinage left her eyes.

"Mr. Havey," she said with great seriousness, "I'm glad you said that. It gives us a chance to start honestly, as all true friendship should start. In some things any woman is wiser than any man. You won't fall in love with me. You thought you were going to hate me, but you don't."

"God knows I don't," he fiercely interrupted her.

She laughed.

"Neither will you fall in love with me. You told me once of your superior age and wisdom, but in some things you are still a boy. You are a very lonely boy, too—a

boy with a heart hungry for companionship. You have had friends only in books—comradeship only in dreams. You have lived down there in that old prison of a house with a sword of Damocles hanging always over your head. Because we have been in a way congenial, you are mistaking our friendship for danger of love."

Danger of love! He knew that it had gone past a mere danger, and his eyes for a moment must have shown that he realized its hopelessness, but Juanita shook her head and went on:

"Don't do it. It would be a pity. I'm rather hungry, too, for a friend; I don't mean for a friend in my work, but a friend in my life. Can't we be friends like that?"

She stood looking into his eyes, and slowly the drawn look of gravity left his face.

He had always thought quickly and dared to face realities. He was now facing his hardest reality. He loved her with utter hopelessness. Her eyes told him that it must always be just that way, and yet she had appealed to him—she had said she needed his friendship. To call it love would make it necessary for her to decline it. Henceforth life for Anse Havey was to mean a heartache, but if she wanted his allegiance she might call it what she would. It was hers.

Swiftly he vowed in his heart to set a seal on his lips and play the part she had assigned to him. He would not even let her know how near he had been to sweeping aside falsehood and telling her that for him to come to her, except as a lover, would be to come under false pretenses. Instead, he slowly forced a smile, a boyish smile, as though all his fears had been wiped away, and the old general in the blue and buff could not have lied more like a gentleman.

"I'm right glad ye said that," he assured her. "I reckon ye're right. I reckon we can go on fightin' and bein' friends. Ye see, as I said, I didn't know much about womenfolks, an' because I liked ye I was worried."

She nodded understandingly.

Suddenly he bent forward and his words broke impetuously from his lips.

"Do ye 'low to marry that man Malcolm?" He came a step toward her, then raising his hand swiftly, he added: "No—don't answer that question! That's your business. I didn't have no license to

ask. Besides, I don't want ye to answer it."

"It's a bargain, isn't it?" she smiled. "Whenever you get lonely over there by yourself and find that *Hamlet* isn't as lively a companion as you want, or that Alexander the Great is a little too fond of himself, or Napoleon is overmoody, come over here and we'll try to cheer each other up."

"I reckon," he said with an answering smile, "I'm right liable to feel that way to-night, but I ain't a comin' to learn civilization. I'm just comin' to see you."

On a ranch out West Luke Thixton was riding range. While his pony drifted at night with the herds under the starry sky he fretted bitterly for the crags and heights of his home and cursed the eternal flatness of the plains. To ride all day on an unbroken level irked his soul until it grew bitter within him, and he waited with feverish impatience for the letter from Milt McBriar which should end his exile.

Anse Havey knew nothing of the McBriar plans, but he surmised that Milt was planning a *coup*. He needed no revelation to divine the bitterness rising out of young Milt's fondness for Dawn. That was a thing that was in embryo now, but some day it would inevitably grow to the proportions of a feud problem. Against that day of crisis, which might come in years or might come to-morrow, it behooved him to prepare—and he was preparing.

#### XXIV

ONCE, when Anse Havey had been tramping all afternoon through the wintry woods with Juanita, he had pointed out a squirrel that sat erect on a branch high above them with its tail curled up behind it. He had stopped her with a touch on the arm; then, with a smile of amusement, he handed her his rifle with much the same manner that she might have handed him a novel in Russian, and his eyes said banteringly: "See what you can do with *that*."

But to his surprise she took the gun and leveled it as one accustomed to its use. Bad Anse Havey forgot the squirrel and saw only the slim figure in its loose sweater; only the stray wisps of curling hair and the softness of the cheek that snuggled against the rifle-stock. Then, at the report, the squirrel dropped.

She turned with a matter-of-fact nod and handed back the gun.

"I'm rather sorry I killed it," she said, "but you looked so full of scorn that I had to show you. You know, they do have a few rifles outside the Cumberland Mountains."

"Where did you learn to shoot?" he demanded, and she answered casually: "I used to shoot a rifle and pistol, too, quite a good bit."

He took the gun back, and unconsciously his hand caressed the spot where her cheek had laid against its lock. He had fallen into a reverie out of which her voice called him. They had crossed the ridge itself and were overlooking his place.

"Why are they clearing that space behind your house? Are you going to put it in corn?"

"No," he laughed shortly. "Corn would be just about as bad as laurel."

He was instantly sorry he had said that. He had not meant to tell her of the plans he was making—plans of defense and, if need be, of offense. He had not intended to mention his precautions to prevent assassination at his own door or window.

But the girl understood, and her voice was heavy with anxiety as she demanded: "Do you think you're in danger, Anse?"

"There's never a day I'm not in danger," he replied casually. "I've got pretty well used to it."

"But some day," she broke out, "they'll get you."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe," he said.

"Oh, don't you see the horrible futility of all this?" she protested, her cheeks flushing with her vehemence. "Don't you see that it all ends in nothing but an endless chain of bloodshed—the sacrifice of useful lives?"

"I've seen that all along." His tone was grave. "What I don't see is how to help it."

They turned and walked for a time in silence, then she heard him talking, and his voice was that of pleading from a bruised heart.

"What do ye reckon I'm gainin' by it all? Do ye 'low that I like being a man the world belittles as a blood-spiller? Don't ye suppose I'd like to be able to raise my eyes to a woman like you without looking across a space I can't never come over? My God! do ye reckon that's pleasin'? Every time I starts across there to see ye in the night-time I knows that

maybe I won't get there, because of the enemies that's plannin' in the blind dark. I like it like hell."

At the oath which had come quite unconsciously from his lips he saw Juanita draw away from his side with a little gesture of repulsion, and his own features stiffened.

"I asks your pardon," he said. "We mountain men are just barbarians, ye know. Ye can't hardly expect much of us. Nobody didn't ever teach me that cussin' was impolite. Ye see, I ain't learned manners."

"It isn't because it's bad manners," she said quietly, "but because there isn't any sense in your making a virtue of mountain faults. You aren't as little as that."

"I asks your pardon," he repeated humbly. "If ye don't like it, that's reason enough for me, I reckon."

"What were you saying?" she prompted, and he went on:

"Much as I hates the McBriars, I know that a day's comin' when them and us have got to stand together against another enemy."

"What enemy?" she asked.

"I don't know; I only know he's comin'. Maybe it'll be your friend Malcolm, maybe somebody else, but whoever it is, I want to be here to fight him. I'm hopin' to last that long."

As Juanita's influence grew with Bad Anse Havey, so it was growing at the school. She had to turn away pupils who had come across the mountains on wearisome journeys because as yet she had only limited room and no teachers save herself and Dawn to care for the youngest.

At the front of the hall which led into the main school building was a rack with notches for rifles and pegs for pistols. She told all who entered that she made only one stipulation, and that was that whoever crossed the threshold must leave his armament at the door.

At first some men turned away again, taking their children with them, but as time went on they grudgingly acquiesced, and at last, with a sense of great victory, she persuaded three shaggy fathers, who were coming regularly with their children, to ride back home unarmed.

Disarmament was her idea for the great solution, and when Bad Anse came over—as he came every night now—she led him with almost breathless eagerness to

the rack and showed him two modern rifles and one antiquated squirrel gun.

"What's the idea?" he asked with his skeptical smile. He found it very difficult to listen always to talk about the school in which he felt no interest and to regard his vow of silence as to herself whom he dumbly worshiped.

"Look around you, Anse," she commanded. "Dō you see any dirt or dust anywhere? No; we are teaching cleanliness and sanitation, but there is just one place here where the spiders are welcome to come and spin their webs unmolested. It's that rack of guns. Did you ever hear of the shrine at Lourdes?"

"I reckon not," he confessed uneasily. Of late he had become a little ashamed of the things he did not know.

"Well, this is going to be like it, Anse. It is told that when the lame and halt and blind came to Lourdes to pray they went away straight and strong and clear of vision. There hang at the shrine there numberless crutches and canes, discarded because the men who were carried there went away needing them no more. Some day your old order of crippled things here in the mountains is going to become straight and strong, and these guns will be the discarded crutches."

He looked at her, and if no response was elicited for her prophecy, at least he could not contemplate without a stirring of enthusiasm the flushed face and glowing eye with which she spoke. It was all worth while if it could bring that sparkle of delight to her countenance.

"It's right pretty, but it won't hardly work," he said. "These men will leave them guns just so long as they don't need 'em. I'm glad to see ye pleased—but I don't want to see ye disappointed."

"We'll see."

"It's the same old mistake ye're makin'," he told her, as they sat before the blaze of her fire. "Ye're seekin' to grow a poplar in a flower-pot. You're overlookin' the fact that these people are human."

"No; I'm insisting that they're human. I'm trying to give them human privileges. Sanitation and soap are more powerful than guns."

Dawn passed the door at the side, pausing to nod to Anse Havey. She was very straight with her head raised and her delicate features thrown into relief in the firelight. Her carriage was as free and grace-

ful as some wild thing's that is young and instinct with the joy of living.

"Look there!" exclaimed the man, leaning forward. "Have you got girls back there in the cities straighter or sweeter than her? She's one of my people. Is anything the matter with her? Is that a weed or a flower?"

"She's a flower. So was her mother once. Do you remember the old woman—old at forty—inciting her son to go out and do murder? Shall Dawn come to that, too? All flowers were once weeds, and without cultivation all flowers will be weeds again."

He sat silent, and the girl went on:

"Look at yourself. What is to become of your splendid heritage of body and brain and manhood? What will you be in twenty years, if they let you live that long? You will have nothing left but courage."

"You stand for the law of the wolf-pack, and the law of the wolf-pack is that when a younger and stronger rises you must go down. Why should you be the camp-follower of a worn-out idea? Why shouldn't you be captain of your own soul?"

He rose and looked down on her with a face suddenly drawn.

"Ye're upsettin' everything," he said almost harshly. "Ye're upsettin' me as well as the rest."

"That," she declared, with a note of triumph in her voice, "is what I came for. Unrest is divine."

Her face was alight with the pleasure of her fancied triumph. She was smiling up at him and fondly imagining that she was changing him, too; bringing out what was finest in him, and her woman nature was very happy.

He said nothing as his hands were clasped behind his back and his lips set against the flood of words which rose to them and clamored for outlet. He wanted to tell her of the wild unrest that had come into his soul and which had carried away in its swirling torrent the wreckage of all that had before been fixed and constant. He wanted to tell her that, if she asked it, he would lay at her feet the ruins of his own deep loyalty to his people, and that for this weakness he hated himself bitterly.

He wanted to tell her that his life would never again know the quiet of satisfaction because he loved a woman hopelessly, and

since she chose to take him as a concrete example in her arguments, he stood for a man as dissatisfied and wretched as any man could be—a man whose soul was crying for what it could never have.

But she chose to let him be her friend—and nothing more—so he must bite back those words, and finally, when he was able to speak again, he only repeated after her in a low voice: "Captain of my own soul!"

A little before Christmas old Milt McBriar went to Lexington, and there he met a heavily bearded man in rough clothes who had arrived that morning from the West. They conferred in a cheap eating-house which bears a ragged and unwholesome appearance and is kept by an exile from the mountains.

"Now tell me, Milt," suggested Luke Thixton briefly, "what air this thing ye wants me ter do. I'm done with these hyar old flat lands thet they talks so much erbout."

But Milt McBriar's eyes had been vacantly watching the door. It was a glass door, with its lower portion painted red and bearing in black letters the name of the proprietor.

"Damn!" he exclaimed violently, but under his breath.

"What's bitin' ye?" asked his companion, as he bolted his food.

"I jest seed Breck Havey pass by that door," explained the chief. "But I reckon he couldn't hardly recognize you this fur back. I don't want no word of yore comin' ter go ahead of ye."

"What is it I'm a goin' back ter do?" insisted the exile doggedly.

"Oh," commented Milt McBriar, "we've got ter talk thet over at some length. Ye're a goin' back ter git Anse Havey, but ye hain't a goin' jest yit."

## XXV

NATURE is a profound old trickster, versed in every *nuance* of deceit with her children. Say to a woman: "Would you marry this man?" and straightway she would wither you with her scorn for the question.

Yet so long as the man understands that she is enthroned and pedestaled and that he looks up at her from the sweating hurly-burly of the ground level, she will consent to drift into dependence on his companion-



ship and to take a place in his life which must always be a void without her.

As regularly as the sun went down in a wintry flare of sullen color and the stars came out, so regularly did Anse Havey set his face across the ridge at nightfall to sit there before Juanita's hearth and watch the carmine and lake and orange flecks that played on her cheek in the leaping of the blaze. She thought he was interested in her talk and arguments, but the man was really hardly conscious of them. He listened and fought with her over abstract philosophies only to keep her interested, so that he might watch her face and devour her with his eyes.

Had he been a great mastiff lying on her hearth-rug and gazing up at her, he might have been equally absorbed in her mission. He would have loved her perhaps in something of the same mute way, except that the dog might have let his honest eyes speak for him, and Anse was under the necessity of keeping a screen over his. The arrogance he wielded as his right became humbleness with this woman, because she wielded over him love's tyranny of weakness over strength. Some day, he felt, the control he had set on himself would slip and she would know how he felt—and then she would send him away. But as yet her serene eyes looked at him across the hearth, where she had grown accustomed to seeing him, with no suspicion that he was a man with a tortured and aching heart, and the affection in her own eyes was as little like the passion of mating love as it might have been for the mastiff. It never occurred to her that she was putting an irremediable crimp into the soul of a man. To her it was splendid comradeship.

Sometimes she was the girl again and he the boy, and they laughed and were drawn closer by nonsensical things—such nonsensical things as make life tolerable. But always, when a new gun came to her rack, she led him proudly to see it and demanded obeisance, as a conquering princess might have done. With the mock humility of a captive in the arena, the man would bend low and say: "We, who are about to die, salute thee!"

But his mocking eyes showed no apprehension. He did not regret her success—because it was hers.

But little Dawn, who at first had stayed in the room when Anse was there, no longer

remained. Soon after his arrival she would rise and step out, though she went with no trace of the sullen jealousy she had felt for the Eastern man.

"Dawn," Juanita asked one day, "why don't you sit with us any more in the evenings? Don't you like Mr. Havey?"

The girl looked up and for a long time studied the face of her deity, then her eyes danced and her face broke into a smile.

"When two fellers comes to a cabin sparkin' the same gal on the same night," she said with unvarnished directness, "hit's the rule hyarabouts fer 'em to make her say which one she wants to stay—an' the other one goes home. I reckon it's the same thing with gals as with men. I reckon if we asked Anse Havey which one of us must go away it wouldn't take him long to make up his mind."

"Dawn!" exclaimed Juanita. "That's absurd. Anse Havey doesn't come here 'sparkin',' as you call it. He simply comes as a friend. Why, I don't think of him in that other light any more than I do any other mountain man."

Between these two girls there had never been a note of friction or any lack of harmony, yet now the native-born flushed and her voice held a hint of hardness.

"What's the matter with Anse Havey? What's the matter with mountain men?" she demanded quickly. "Ain't they good enough?"

"Good enough?" echoed Juanita. "Why, dear, if I didn't think he was good enough I wouldn't let him come here. But friendship is one thing and—well, the other is quite another. With us it's just friendship, and nothing can be better than true friendship."

Dawn laughed with a silvery peal that carried a trace of mockery and a wisdom that belied her seeming childishness.

"Sometimes a man or a woman is the only person that don't know what's in their own hearts," was her cryptic response.

But after having guarded himself all evening, and sometimes after having forgotten, in the pure delight of the present, that the future held only a blind alley for his life, Anse would tramp back to the brick house, and on these long walks would taste the dregs of the wine he had been drinking. Then he would realize starkly what hopeless love means and would think of the days when she should be gone until he sickened at the desolation of the pic-



ture. It takes the plummet of a deep pain to reveal the depths of one's soul, and on these homeward journeys Bad Anse Havey was casting the plummet.

Sometimes, in sheer self-defense against the misery of such thoughts, he would permit himself wild dreams as the logs died to embers on his hearth, but always when he arose at dawn and looked out on the cold mists of the gaunt ridges he shook his head and set his teeth.

"I reckon I ain't hardly good enough," he would tell himself, and as he would turn back to the dark room with an almost despairing groan, his outstretched hands would seek the battered copy of Plutarch or Shakespeare. In a low voice he would confess brokenly: "I reckon, old friends, we'll have to get along together somehow. I reckon a man's just got to be glad when he can an' sad when he must."

For her part, when he had gone, Juanita would sit alone, studying the fire, her brow drawn in deep perplexity. She was thinking of what Dawn had said.

"If I thought he misunderstood," she would tell herself, "I wouldn't let him come. That sort of thing between us would be ridiculous; it would spoil everything."

Then she would rise and shake her head and laugh.

"But of course he understands," she assured herself. "He said so himself. Dawn is only an ignorant child."

After which she would go to bed with this illogical postscript to her musings: "Besides, I can't send him away. I can't spare him; the loneliness would kill me."

One morning, as he sat over his breakfast at the kitchen-table, Anse's cousin, Breck Havey, rode up in hot haste to rouse him out of apathy and remind him that he must not shirk his rôle as leader of the clan.

The Havey from Peril came quickly to the point while the Havey of the backwoods listened.

"I was down ter Lexin'ton yesterday, an' as I was passin' Jim Freeman's dead-fall I happened ter look in. Thar war old Milt McBriar an' Luke Thixton, thar heads as close tergether as a pair of thieves. Luke hes come back from the West, an' I reckon ye kin figger out what thet means."

Anse grew suddenly rigid and his face blackened. So his destiny was crowding him!

"What air ye goin' ter do?" demanded Breck with a tone of anxious and impotent pleading. Anse shook his head.

"I don't know—quite yet," he said. "Let's see, is the high cote in session?"

Breck Havey nodded his head in perplexed assent. He wondered what the court had to do with this exigency.

"All right. Tell Sidering to have the grand jury indict Luke for the McNash murder an' Milt McBriar as accessory—"

"Good God, Anse!" burst out the other Havey. "Does ye realize what hell ye turns loose when ye tries ter drag Old Milt ter cote in Peril?"

"Yes, I know that." The answer was calm. "I'll give ye a list of witnesses. Tell Sidering to keep these true bills secret. I'll ride over and testify myself, an' I'll 'tend to keepin' the witnesses quiet. I don't know whether we'll ever try these cases, but it's just as well to be ready along every line."

Breck Havey stood gazing down at the hearth with a troubled face. At last he hazarded remonstrance.

"Anse," he said, "I hain't never questioned ye. I've always took yore counsel. Ye're the head of the Haveys, but next to you I'm the man they harkens to most. If any man has got ter dispute yer, I reckon ye'd take it most willin'ly from me."

"What is it, Breck? I'm plumb willin' to listen to your counsel."

"Then I'll talk outspoken. Ter try ter convict these men in cote means to take a desperate chance. Ye can't hardly succeed, an' if ye fails ye've lost yore hold on the Haveys—ye're plumb, eternally done for."

"I don't aim to fail."

"No; but ye mought. Anse, no man hain't never questioned yore loyalty till now. I mought as well tell ye straight what talkin's goin' round."

Anse stiffened. "What is it?" he demanded.

"Some folks 'low that ther Haveys don't mean as much ter ye now as ther furrin' school-teacher does. Them folks'll be pretty apt ter think ye ain't tryin' ter please them so much as her—if yer attempts this."

Anse stood for a long minute silent, and his bronzed features grew taut. At last he inquired coolly:

"What do *you* think, Breck?"

"I'd trust ye till hell froze."

"All right. Then do as I tells ye, an' if I fails I reckons *you'll* be head of the Haveys in my place."

Down at the school there was going to be a Christmas tree that year. Never before had the children of the "branch-water folks" heard of a Christmas tree. The season of Christ's birth had always been celebrated with moonshine jug and revolver. It was dreaded in advance and mourned over in retrospect.

Now in many childish hearts large dreams were brewing. Eager anticipations awaited the marvels. The honored young fir-tree which was to bear a fruitage of gifts and lights had been singled out and marked to the ax. Anse Havey and Juanita had explored the woods together, bent on its selection. Perhaps Juanita and Dawn were as much excited as the children, but to Dawn it meant more than to any one else. She was to accompany Juanita to Lexington to buy gifts and decorations and would have her first wondrous glimpse of the lights and crowds of a city.

Milt was there at college and would be returning about the same time, so the mountain girl secretly wrote him of her coming. And even facing so grave a crisis, Anse Havey thought of that tree and hoped that Luke would not come back before Christmas.

That night, while he was sitting with Juanita and the fire was flashing on her cheeks, he said moodily: "I'm afraid ye'll have to start despisin' me all over again."

She looked up in astonishment.

"Why?" she asked.

"I've got to kill a man."

She rose from her chair, her face pallid.

"Kill a man?" she echoed.

"God knows I hate to do it." He rose, too, and stood before the hearth. "But I reckon it had better be me than Jeb."

"Do you mean—" she broke off and finished brokenly, "that Fletch's murderer is back?"

"He's comin'. He's comin' to kill somebody else. Most likely me. It's a question of settlin' scores with a murderer that kilt Fletch for a ticket West and a hundred dollars—or lettin' young Jeb McNash go crazy an' startin' the feud all over again. I reckon ye sees that I ain't got no choice."

She came nearer and stood confronting

him so close that he felt her breath on his face. She broke out in a low, tense voice: "Suppose he kills you?"

"He'll have his chance," said Anse Havey shortly. "I ain't 'lowin' to shoot him down from ambush."

The girl leaned forward and clutched his hands in both her own. Under the tight pressure of her fingers he felt every nerve in his body tingle and leap into a hot ecstasy of emotion, while his face became white and drawn.

"Don't risk your life," she pleaded. "Your people can't spare you; I can't spare you. Not now, Anse; I need you too much."

The man's voice came in a hoarse whisper.

"Ye needs *me*?"

"Yes, yes," she swept on, and for an instant he was on the verge of withdrawing his hands and crushing her to him, but something in his face had warned her. She dropped the hands she had been holding and said in an altered tone: "It's not just me; it's bigger than that. It's my work. We've come to be such good friends that I couldn't go on without you. My work would fail."

For a while he was silent, then he said very slowly and very bitterly. "Oh, it's just your work that needs me?"

"But, Anse," she argued, "my work is all that's biggest and best in me. You understand, don't you?"

He shook his head.

"I don't hardly know whether I understands ye or not," he said, "but I'm kinder afraid I do."

He had been so close to the brink, had fancied for an intoxicated moment that he saw the gates of heart's desire opening, that now he felt too dead to argue. He turned away, fearing that she would read his face.

"I reckon," he said dully, "Luke won't hardly kill me."

Suddenly an idea leaped into the girl's brain, and she demanded: "Anse, you can prove this man's guilt, can't you? He ought to die. Civilization would be as inflexible about that as feud vengeance. Why not give him a legal trial? You could convict him."

Bad Anse Havey smiled, but with mirthless irony.

"I can prove it, I reckon, to the satisfaction of a jury drawn from my own

country," he said. "Takin' its orders from me."

"Then," swept on the girl, "why not do that? Instead of murder, that would be justice. Instead of breaking the law it would be setting a precedent of law."

"As to its bein' murder," he commented dryly, "I don't see much difference whether I shoot him down and end it or whether I go through the form of havin' twelve men sit and pretend to listen to evidence an' then hang him."

"Try it," she pleaded. "Try it because I ask you. You've said that if you could accomplish the same ends lawfully you would rather do it. Now prove it to me."

Anse Havey made no immediate reply. He went to the door and opened it to let the cold air blow for a time on his face. When he came back and stood before her his features were all set and masklike and he spoke with a voice that he held to a dead level.

"I'm goin' to do what ye asks," he said, "but I ain't goin' to lie about it. I ain't doin' it from no motive of civilization. It's just hypocrisy to use a court of law like you'd use a gun. If ye can delude yourself into thinkin' that forms of right an' wrong make right an' wrong, I can't. I'm doin' it just because ye asks it. I ain't doin' it in the interest of your work."

For a moment his voice got away from him and rose fiercely:

"I don't give a damn for your work!" he blazed out. "It's *you* I'm interested in. That's the sort of friend I am."

She looked up at his gleaming eyes, a little amazed, and he went on, quietly enough now:

"If I fails to hang Luke Thixton I'll be right now what ye prophesied for me twenty years hence—the leader of the wolf-pack that goes down an' gets trod on. I ain't never put no such strain on my influence as this is goin' to be. I've got to hold back the Haveys an' the McBriars whilst this court foolishness dawdles along, an' if I falls down Jeb is goin' to kill Luke anyway. I'm doin' this because ye asks it; an' now I'll say good night to ye."

Juanita Holland stood looking at the door he had closed behind him, a wild sense of tumult and uneasiness in her heart.

"That's the sort of friend I am," she repeated to herself.

What did he mean? For a moment she wanted to rush out and call him back.

Was Dawn right, after all, and had he trodden under foot the safe friendship to which he had pledged himself—the only basis on which they could meet in unrestrained comradeship?

No, she argued with the sophistry of refusing to believe what she did not wish to believe, it was simply the old clash of viewpoint and will—the old duel of personalities, and lay quite apart from any question of their personal relations.

## XXVI

THERE still remained the task of winning young Jeb's assent to his plan, and Anse Havey foresaw a stubborn battle there. Jeb had been reading law that winter; reading by the light of a log fire through long and lonely evenings in a smoke-darkened cabin.

When Anse Havey called from the stile one night, the boy laid a battered Blackstone on his thin knee and called out: "Come in, Anse, and pull up a cheer!"

Anse had been rehearsing his arguments as he rode through the sleet-lashed hills, and he was deeply troubled.

The man and the boy sat on either side of the fireplace. Penetrating gusts swept in at the broken chinking and up through the warped floor until old Beardog, lying at their feet, shivered as he slept with his fore paws stretched on the hearth and the two men hitched their chairs nearer to the blaze. By the bed still stood the rifle that had been Fletch's; the rifle upon which the boy's eyes always fell and which to him was the symbol of his duty.

As Bad Anse Havey talked of the future with all the instinctive forcefulness that he could command, the boy's set face relaxed, and into his eyes came a glint of eagerness, because he himself was to play no small part in these affairs.

Into his heart crept the first burning of ambition, the first reaching out after a career. He saw a future opening before him, and his grave eyes were drinking in pictures in the live embers.

Then, when ambition had been kindled, the older man broached the topic which was the crux of his plea.

"The man that can do things for the mountains must be willin' to make a heap of sacrifices, Jeb," he said.

Jeb laughed, looking about the bare room of his cabin.

"Mek sacrifices?" he repeated. "I

hain't never knowed nothin' else but that. I reckon I hain't skeered of it."

"I didn't mean that way, Jeb." Anse spoke slowly, holding the boy with his eyes, and something of his meaning sank in so that the lad's lean face again hardened. The lines that had come around his mouth in these last months traced themselves stiffly like parentheses about his lips. His eyes turned to the gun and he shook his head.

"Nothin' kain't stand between me an' what I've got ter do, Anse," he said slowly. He did not speak now with wild passion, but calm finality. "I've done took ther oath."

For a while Anse Havey did not reply. At last he said quietly: "I reckon ye've got rid of the idea that I was aimin' to deceive ye, Jeb. I told ye that when Fletch's assassin came back to the mountains I'd let ye know. I'm goin' to keep my word."

Jeb rose suddenly from his chair and stood with the fire lighting up his ragged trousers and the frayed sleeves of his coat.

"Air he back now?" he demanded.

Anse shook his head.

"Not yet, Jeb; but he's coming." He saw the twitch that went across the tight-closed lips which made no comment.

"Jeb," he continued, "I want ye to help me. I want ye to be big enough to put by things that it's hard to put by."

The boy shook his head.

"Anse," he replied slowly, "ask me ter do anything else in God Almighty's world, but don't ask me *thet*, 'cause ef ye does I've got ter deny ye."

"I ain't askin' ye to let the man go unpunished. I'm only askin' you to let me punish him with the law."

Astonishment was writ large in every feature of Jeb's face. He stood in the wavering circle of light while the shadows swallowed the corners of the cabin, and wondered if he had heard rightly. At last his voice carried a note of deep disappointment, and he spoke as though unwilling to utter such treasonable words.

"I reckon, Anse," he suggested, "ye wouldn't hardly hev asked a thing like *thet* afore"—there was a hesitating halt before he went on—"afore a furrin woman changed yore fashion of lookin' at things."

Anse Havey felt his face redden, and an angry retort rose to his lips. But the charge was true.

He went on as though Jeb had not spoken.

"All I ask is that when that man comes ye'll hold your hand until the cote has acted."

"Does ye reckon Milt McBriar aims ter let Sidering try kin of his?" was the next incredulous question.

Anse Havey's voice broke out of its quiet tones and his eyes woke to a fire that was convincing.

"By Heaven, I aims ter have him do it! I ain't askin' leave of Milt McBriar." Then he added: "I aims to hang the man that kilt your daddy in the jail-house yard at Peril, an' if the McBriars get him they've got to kill me first. Will you hold your hand till I'm through?"

The boy stood there, his fingers slowly clenching and opening. Finally he said: "Hit ain't a goin' ter satisfy me ter penitentiary *thet* feller. He's got ter die."

"He's goin' to die. If I fail, then"—the clansman raised his hands in a gesture of concession—"then he's yours. Will you wait?"

"I don't hardly believe," said Jeb McNash with conviction, "any man livin' kin keep Milt's hired assassin in no jail-house long enough ter try an' hang him. But I'm willing ter see. I'll hold my hand *thet* long, Anse, but—"

Once more a spasmodic tautening of muscles convulsed the boy's frame and his voice took on its excited note of shrillness: "But I warns ye, I'm goin' ter be settin' *thar* in *ther* high cote. I hain't never a goin' ter leave *hit*, an' ef *thet* jury clars him—or ef they jest penitentiaries him—I'm going ter kill him as he sets *thar* in his cheer—so help me God!"

Loyal in their stubborn adherence to feud obedience, the judge and grand jury secretly returned two indictments bearing the names of Luke Thixton as principal and Milton McBriar, Sr., as accessory to the crime of murder "against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Kentucky, and contrary to the statute in such case made and provided." Also, they withheld their action from public announcement.

Surreptitiously and guardedly a message traveled up the watercourses to the remotest Havey cabin. Bad Anse bade his men be ready to rise in instant response to his call, and they made ready to obey.



One day Juanita Holland and Dawn set out for Lexington to do their Christmas shopping.

Anse Havey rode with them across to Peril and waved his hat in farewell as they stood in the vestibule of the rickety passenger-coach. It was a very shabby car of worn and faded plush, but to Dawn it seemed a fairy chariot.

As she sat by the window and looked out, saying little and repressing with mountain reserve all the gasps of delight and astonishment that came bubbling up from her heart, Juanita smiled with a glow in her own veins. The parted lips and sparkling eyes of her first and most beloved protégée were lips and eyes joyously drinking in a panorama of wonder, seeing the great world she had never seen before. At last the foot-hills fell behind and a country spread out where the trees grew far apart in smooth lawns, and now she was in the promised land that her ancestors had missed—in the rich culture of the Blue-Grass.

About her were the marvels of mansions and metaled roads, white instead of clay-red. But, while her heart thumped with the wonder of it all, she bore herself, because of her mountain blood, with no outward show of surprise, and looked at each new thing as though she had known it from the cradle.

As they entered the lobby of the Phoenix Hotel, in Lexington, a tall youth rose from a chair and came forward. If the boy was cruder and darker and less trim in appearance than his Blue-Grass brethren, he carried his head as high and walked as independently. He came forward with his hat in his hand and said: "I'm mighty glad ter see ye, Dawn."

The girl looked about the place, and breathed rather than asked: "Isn't the world wonderful, Milt?"

Two days followed through which Dawn passed in transports of delight. There were the undreamed sights of shop-windows decked for the holiday season, and the crowds on the streets, and the gaiety and merriment of Christmas everywhere. She had never heard so much laughter before, and she found it infectious, and laughed, too.

Young Milt waylaid her in a dozen shops, and the sight of him coaxed a brighter color into her cheeks despite her gay dismissals.

"Go on away, boy," she would tell him. "Don't you see I'm too busy to be bothered with you?"

Once he said, as he stood at her elbow in the crush of a toy-store: "I hain't a goin' ter be much surprised ef Santa Claus puts somethin' on the tree fer you, Dawn. I met up with him just now an' named hit ter him."

At last she found herself again in a faded plush car beside Juanita, with Young Milt sitting opposite. In the racks overhead and piled about them were a mysterious litter of gaily tied packages.

Of course, they had bought much more than two pairs of saddle-bags could carry, but Young Milt would help them, and Anse Havey would be at the station to meet them. Old Milt was on that train, too, but he paused only to nod before disappearing into the shabbier smoking compartment, where he had business to discuss. A man was waiting for him in there whom old acquaintances might have passed by without recognition. It was the hope of Milt McBriar that when they left the train at Peril, any acquaintances who might be about would do just this.

Luke Thixton bore an altered appearance. Always he had been ragged and unkempt of person. His black beard had ambushed his features until, save for cheek-bones and nose and eyes, men had forgotten what the face itself was like. His hair had always fallen long and straggly under the brim of his hat.

But now he had been shaved and his hair was closely cropped. He wore a suit of new clothes that came near to fitting him. A disguise of cleanliness enveloped him.

While the Christmas shoppers laughed in the day coach, Luke received final instructions in the empty smoker.

He was to pass as swiftly and unobtrusively as possible through Peril and go direct across the ridge.

He and Milt would leave the train without conversation or anything to mark them as companions. After that Luke knew what he was to do, and no further conference would be necessary until he came to report success and collect his wage.

## XXVII

It was noon when the train rumbled again over the trestle near the town, and all morning a steady, feathery snow had



been falling, veiling the sights from the windows and wrapping the mountains in a cloak of swan's-down.

At last the trucks screamed, the old engine came puffing and wheezing to a tired halt, and the two girls, with Young Milt at their heels, made their way out, burdened with parcels.

On the cinder platform Juanita looked about for Anse Havey, and she saw him standing in a group with Jeb and several other men whom she did not know—but Anse's face was not turned toward her, and it did not wear the look of expectancy that the thought of her usually brought there. Jeb's countenance, too, was white and set, and a breathless tensity seemed to hold the whole group in fixed tautness.

There were several clumps of men standing about, all armed, and every face wore the same expression of waiting sternness.

A gasp of premonition rose to Juanita's lips as she caught the sinister spirit of suspense in the atmosphere. Then Milt McBriar stepped down from the smoker vestibule, followed by another man.

As the two turned in opposite directions on the snow-covered platform, one of the men who had been standing with Bad Anse Havey laid a hand on the shoulder of the clean-shaven arrival and said in a clear voice: "Luke Thixton, I want ye fer ther murder of Fletch McNash."

Old Milt McBriar, for once startled out of his case-hardened self-control, wheeled, and demanded angrily: "What hell's trick is this?" His eyes were blazing and his face worked with passionate fury.

A deputy answered him: "An' Milt McBriar, I wants you, too, on an indictment fer accessory ter murder."

Juanita felt Dawn's spasmodic fingers clutch her arm and her own knees grow suddenly weak. She heard a clatter of parcels as Young Milt dropped them in the snow and leaped forward, his eyes kindling and his right hand frantically clawing at the buttons of overcoat and coat. But before he could draw, Jeb McNash had wheeled to face him, bending forward to a half crouch. The younger McBriar halted and bent back under the glint of the revolver which Jeb was thrusting into his face.

Haveys, armed and grim of visage, now began drawing close about the captives.

Dawn clung with bloodless lips and

white cheeks to Juanita as she watched Jeb holding his weapon in the face of the boy whom she suddenly realized she loved more than her brother.

Then the sheriff spoke again.

"Thar hain't no use in makin' no trouble, Milt. Ther grand jury hes done acted, an' I reckon ye'd better let the law take its course."

"Why don't ye take me, too?" demanded Young Milt in a tense, passionate voice. "I'm a McBriar. That's all ye've got against any of these men."

"The grand jury didn't indict ye, son," responded the sheriff calmly.

Then the elder McBriar became suddenly quiet again and self-possessed. He turned to his son.

"Milt," he said sternly, "*you* keep outen this. Ride over home an' tell every man that calls hisself a McBriar"—his voice suddenly rose in the defiant crescendo of a trapped lion—"tell every man that calls hisself a McBriar thet ther Haveys hev got me in their damned jail-house—an' ask 'em ef they aims ter let me lay thar."

Young Milt turned and went at a run toward the livery stable. Over his shoulder as he went he flung back at Jeb, who stood looking after him with lowered pistol: "I'm goin' now, but I'll be back ter reckon with you!"

And Jeb shouted, too: "Ye kain't come back none too soon, Milt. I'll be hyar when ye comes."

Then the group started on their tramp toward the court-house and the little jail that lay at its side.

Juanita suddenly realized that she and Dawn were standing as if rooted to the spot. The older girl heard an inarticulate moan break from the lips of the younger, and then, as though waking out of sleep, she looked absently down at a litter of beribboned parcels which lay about her feet. That message which Old Milt had flung back to his people on the lips of his son would send tumbling to arms every man who could carry a rifle!

And the Haveys were grimly waiting for them. The Haveys were already there. The two girls could not ride across the ridge now. They could only sit in their room at the wretched hotel and wait, too.

Juanita was glad Dawn could cry. She couldn't. She could only look ahead and see a procession of hideous possibilities.

It had been a few minutes after noon when Young Milt had rushed into the livery-stable and ordered his horse. In that one instant all his college influences had dropped away from him, and he was following the fierce single star of clan loyalty.

His father, who had never been any man's captive, was back there in the vermin-infested little jail-house, a prisoner to the Haveys. And when Young Milt came back, the one Havey he had marked for his own was the Havey under whose pistol-muzzle he had been forced to give back—young Jeb McNash.

The stroke had taken the McBriars completely by surprise. The boy must reach his own territory and rally them to their fullest numbers, even from the remotest coves. This battle was to be fought in the enemy's own stronghold and against a force which was ready to the last note of preparedness.

So nothing could happen until to-morrow. Nothing would happen, in all likelihood, until the day after that, and meanwhile the two girls in the hotel must sit there thinking.

The little town itself lay dismal and helpless, with its shacks scattered over its broken and uneven levels. Here and there a shaggy-coated horse shivered at a hitching-rack; here and there men, in twos and threes, stood scowling. On the chocolate-colored mountains the snow was still spitting.

Dawn, perhaps, found it hardest; for in this one day Dawn had grown up, and to-morrow would bring the boy whom she now confessed to loving, though she confessed it with self-contempt, leading a force to meet that of her own people, fighting to avenge her father. Juanita, whose eyes could not escape ironical reminders when she glanced down at the Christmas packages, seemed to hear over and over the voice of Anse Havey saying: "I'm doin' it because ye asks it."

She had sought to avert an assassination, and it seemed that the effort would precipitate a holocaust.

Anse was very busy, but he found time to come to her that afternoon. In the bare little hotel lobby the firelight glinted on many rifles as their owners lounged about the hearth.

And in Dawn she saw once more the stern side. His face was unsmiling, and

in his eyes was that expression which made her realize how inflexibly he would set about the accomplishment of the thing he had undertaken. Then, as he spoke to her, a sudden softness came into his eyes.

"God knows I'm sorry," he said, "that this thing broke just now. I didn't aim that ye should be no eye-witness."

Juanita smiled rather wanly. Old Milt, he told her, would soon be released. "We ain't even goin' to keep him in the jail-house no longer than mornin'. We couldn't convict him, an' it would only bring on more trouble."

"Why was he arrested?" she asked blankly.

"Just to keep him out of mischief over-night," he smiled. "Even the law can be used for strategy."

"What will happen when the McBriars come back?" she demanded in a shaken voice.

He shook his head. "I can't hardly say," he replied.

But the next morning Anse Havey came again and cautioned the two women not to leave their rooms and not to keep their shutters open. All that day the town lay like a turtle, tight drawn into its shell. Streets were empty. Doors were locked and shutters barred. But toward evening, to the girl's bewilderment, she saw Haveys riding out of town instead of into it. Soon there were no more horses at the racks. By night the place which was to be assaulted to-morrow seemed to have been abandoned by its defenders.

Old Milt McBriar had ridden out in the morning, freed but wrathful, to meet the men who were hurrying in. The figure of Bad Anse Havey she saw often from her window, but for the most part the force of Haveys had evaporated.

Then followed another wretched night, and with forenoon the snow-wrapped town settled down to the empty silence of a cemetery, but with early afternoon the new procession began to come in. A long and continuous stream of McBriar horsemen, each armed to the teeth, rode past the hotel and went straight to the court-house. The girl had seen Anse Havey alone and seemingly unarmed going that same way an hour before.

A wild alarm seized her. Where were all the Havey forces now? Was Anse trying to hold his prisoner alone against his enemies? Had all his clan deserted him?

The girl sat down to wait. She was very faint, and it seemed to her that she sat there for eternity, and all she saw was a spot on the wall where the dirty paper had been patched.

Slowly a shaft of pale light came through the window at an angle. The sun was sinking through the yellow ghost of a glow. Then she heard again the sound she had heard on her first night in the mountains, only now it came from a hundred throats.

It was the McBriar yell, and after it came a scattering of rifle and pistol shots. The clan was going away again and shooting up the town as they went, but what had happened down there at the court-house?

The girl rose to her feet and raised her hands to her lips to stifle a scream.

## XXVIII

LATER she heard the story. The McBriars had come expecting battle. They had found every road open and the town deserted. For a time they had gone about looking for trouble, but found no one to oppose them. Then Old Milt and his son had ridden to the court-house to demand the keys of the jail. They found Judge Sidering sitting in the little office, and with him, quite unarmed and without escort, sat Bad Anse Havey. When the two McBriars, backed by a score of armed men, broke fiercely into the room, others massed at their backs, crowding doorway and hall.

Judge Sidering greeted his visitors as though no intimation had ever reached him that they were coming with a grievance.

"Come in, Milt, and have a chair," he invited.

"Cheer, hell!" shouted Milt McBriar. "Give me the keys ter that jail-house, an' give 'em ter me quick!"

Opening the drawer of his desk as if he had been asked for a match, Judge Sidering took out the big iron key to the outer door and the smaller brass key to the little row of cells. He tossed the two across to Milt in a matter-of-fact fashion.

Five minutes later the McBriar chief was back trembling with rage. He had found the jail empty.

"If you're lookin' for Luke Thixton, Milt," said the judge calmly, "the high sheriff took him to Louisville yesterday for safe-keepin'."

The answer was a bellow of rage. Old Milt McBriar threw forward his rifle.

Anse looked up and spoke slowly: "I reckon it wouldn't profit ye much to harm us, Milt. We ain't armed, an' it would bring on a heap of trouble."

Outside rose an angry chorus of voices. The news that the jail was empty had gone through the crowd.

For a time the McBriar stood there debating his next step. The town seemed at his mercy. Seemed! That word gave him pause. The way home lay through Havey territory which might mean twenty miles of solid ambush. Anse Havey sat too quietly for Milt's ease of mind. Was he baiting some fresh trap?

The old intriguer felt baffled and at sea. He had grown accustomed to weighing and calculating with guileful deliberation. He balked at swift and impulsive action. Moreover, if he debated long, he might not be able to control his men. He looked up—to see little Milt, who was fighting back the crowd at the door and locking them out. Beyond the panels could be heard loud swearing and the impatient shuffling of many feet.

"What shall we do, son?" inquired the older man of the younger. His voice held a note of appeal and breaking power.

When Young Milt had ridden out of Peril no feudist in the hills had borne a heart fuller of hatred and hunger for vengeance, but that was because of his father. Now his father was free. For Luke Thixton he had a profound contempt. He saw in the situation only a game of wits in which Anse Havey was winner.

"Well," he replied with a grin he could not repress, "hit looks right smart ter me like thar hain't nothin' to do but ride on back home an' try again next time."

"Ride home an' leave things standin'?" questioned the father blankly. Already he was reaching the period of his stormy life where he was very weary of having to settle every question for himself. He wanted to be able to lean a little on the judgment of some one else.

Young Milt seemed quite philosophical.

"I don't hardly reckon we kin take him outen ther Looeyville jail-house, kin we? I reckon they've got ter fetch him back hyar *some time*. Let's just bide our time."

That counsel in the end prevailed. Outside there had been a short, sharp struggle with a mutinous spirit. These men had

come for action and they did not want to ride back foiled, but the word of Old Milt had stood unchallenged too long to fail now. Yet he led back a grumbling following and bore a discounted power. They could not forget that a Havey had worsted him.

So the spirit of the men who had come to fight vented itself in the yell and the random shots to which there was no reply, and again a train of horsemen were on their way into the hills.

When it was all over and Juanita sat there in her empty school she was realizing that, after all, the desperate moment had only been deferred and must come with absolute certainty. Christmas was only two days off and her gun-rack was empty. When she had come home there had not been a single weapon there.

There would be no Christmas tree now! The beribboned packages lay in a useless pile. Had school been in session, she knew that the desks would have been as empty as the gun-rack. The whole turtlelike life had drawn in its head and the countryside lay as though besieged.

On Anse Havey's book-shelves were new volumes, for Juanita was feeding his scant supply, and a softer type of poetry was being added to his frugal and stern repertoire. A number of men left the mountains and went into exile elsewhere. These were the witnesses who must testify against Luke Thixton and whose lives would not have been worth a nickel had they stayed at home.

Then came Christmas Day itself, bleak and soggy with the thaw that had set in and the moody dreariness of the sky. The sun seemed to have despaired and made its course spiritlessly from dawn to twilight, crawling dimly across its daily arc.

Brother Anse Talbott came over to the school and found both women sitting apathetically by an untrimmed fir-tree amid a litter of forgotten packages. The children of Tribulation were having the sort of Christmas they had always had—a day of terror and empty cheerlessness.

"Hit seems like a right smart pity fer them children ter be plumb teetotally disapp'inted," mused the old preacher. "S'pose now ye put names on them gew-gaws an' let me jest sorter ride round an' scatter 'em."

"You dear old saint!" cried Juanita, suddenly roused out of her apathy. "But

you'll freeze to death an' get drowned in some ford."

"Thet's all right," the preacher answered briefly. "I reckon I kin go ther route."

It took Good Anse Talbott three days of battle with quicksand and mire to finish that mission. But for three days he rode torrent-flushed trails, the one man who could go unchallenged alike into the houses of McBriars and Haveys. Impartially the ragged and drab-colored Santa Claus crossed and recrossed the line which was now a dead-line, pausing to leave cheering trinkets under many dark roofs and smiling in his bushy beard as he carried away the remembrance of many childish smiles; and because at each house he told them that Juanita Holland had sent him, the girl was canonized afresh in hearts old and young, back in roadless coves and on bleak hillsides.

Once, on that Christmas Day, Juanita spoke of Young Milt, and she saw Dawn's face change from tear-stained distress to hard bitterness.

"I wonder when he's going back to Lexington?" suggested the older girl, and the younger, unconsciously lapsing into dialect, flashed quickly at her: "Don't never name him ter me. I hates him! He's a McBriar!"

Later in the day, as they stood in the sodden air by the fence, Young Milt himself rode by and started to draw rein. He slipped one hand into a pocket which was bulging with some sort of package. But Dawn, though her eyes met his in direct gaze, raised her chin and looked through him as though he had no existence.

For an instant the boy's lips moved as if to speak, then they tightened, and without a word he rode on, his shoulders stiff and his own head as high as the girl's had been.

That night, though, when the lad sat moodily in his own room, his hand slipped once more into his pocket. Slowly it came out bearing a small box. Inside was a gold locket he had bought in Lexington and a slender gold chain. He turned the thing over and looked at it, then he rose and went out of the house and down to the slowly freezing creek and tossed the thing away in the inky water.

Every evening found Anse Havey seated before Juanita's hearth, studying the



flicker of the firelight on her face. Every detail of her expression became to him as something he had always known and worshiped. The little, troubled lines between her brows, the changefulness of her eyes through a varied scale of blues—each of them, to his thinking, more beautiful than the others—the exquisite chiseling of her lips and the crisp tendril-like curl of her hair on her forehead and neck; these were all things that he saw when he was alone.

Some day Malcolm would come back—and marry her—and then—at that point Bad Anse Havey refused to follow his trend of thought farther. He only ground his teeth.

"Ye damn fool," he told himself. "That ain't no reason why ye shouldn't make the most of to-day. She's right here now, an' she's sun an' moon an' star shine an' music an' sweetness."

She did not know, and he gave her no hint, that in these times, with plots and counter-plots hatching on both sides of the ridge, he never made that journey in the night without inviting death. He was walking miles through black woodland trails each evening to relieve for an hour or two her loneliness and to worship with sealed lips and a rebellious heart.

She accepted his tribute as a thing taken for granted, never looking deep enough into his eyes to read the depth of pain they mirrored. It was a comfort to have him there, even if for an hour at a time she would seem to forget his presence and gaze at the embers with eyes that told of thoughts wandering far away; and since that was all he could have, he accounted it well worth its cost in risk and weariness of foot, and made no complaint.

One night, as he turned from the hill trail into the road, a rifle-shot rang out and he heard the zip of a bullet in the naked bush at his back. With ingrained caution he sank out of sight and crouched, listening, but his lips broke into a contemptuous smile as the wild shout from the darkness told him that it was only a drunken rider in the night. That, too, he did not mention.

On the night before he was to go to Peril to attend the trial of Luke Thixton he came with a very full and heavy heart. He knew that it might be a farewell. Tomorrow he must put to the test all his hold on his people and all his audacity of

resolution. He stood at the verge of an Austerlitz or a Waterloo, and he had undertaken the thing for no reason except that it had pleased her to command it.

He knew that among his own followers there were smiles for the power which a "furrin" woman had come to wield over him, and if one failure marred his plans those smiles would become derisive. It was weakness to go on as he was going, gazing dumbly at her with boundless adoration he dared not voice. To-night he would bluntly tell her that he was doing these things because he loved her; that, while he was glad to do them, he could not let her go on misunderstanding his motives. He feared, and the thought galled him with self-contempt, that to please her he would throw down his whole régime in ruins and let her walk over his own body lying across it. But she must know, too, that that disloyalty to his people and mission had cost him his self-respect. So he would tell her that he loved her hopelessly and would not see her again.

But when he reached the school she rose to receive him, and he could see only the slimness of her graceful figure and the smile of welcome on her lips, and the man who had never been recreant before to the mandate of resolution became tongue-tied.

She held out a hand, which he took with more in his grip than the hand-clasp of friendship, but that she did not notice.

"Anse," she laughed, "I've had a letter from home to-day urging me to give up and come back. They don't realize how splendidly I am going to succeed, thanks to your help. I want you to go with me soon and mark some more trees for felling. It won't be long now before they can begin building again."

"I wonder," he said, looking at her with brows that were deeply drawn and eyes full of suffering, "if ye'll ever have time to stop talkin' about the school for a little spell an' remember that I'm a human bein'."

"Remember that you're a human being?" she questioned in perplexity.

She stood there with one hand on the back of her chair, her face puzzled. He decided at once that this expression was the most beautiful she had ever worn, and he sturdily held that conviction until her eyes changed to laughter, when he swore his allegiance to the first fascination for the second.



"Are you sure you *are* a human being?" she teased. "When you wear that sulky face you are only half human. I ought to make you stand in the corner until you can be cheerful."

"I reckon," he said a little bitterly, "if ye ordered me to stand in the corner I'd just about do it. I reckon that's about how much manhood I've got left."

But he laughed, too, in the next moment. It pleased her majesty this evening to be a capricious child, and how can a man talk sternly with a beautiful child? He, who was to-morrow to imperil his whole future in obedience to her wish, sat silent, gazing at her and totally unable to say the things he had meant to say.

After a while she picked up a sewing-basket and drew from it some filmy and gossamer thing, Anse Havey did not know what. He felt vaguely that it was some detail of woman's gear, belonging to the world of dainty things with which he had no familiarity.

For a long while she plied her needle, her slender fingers moving in quick, graceful little gestures and her brow bent over her work. She was an exquisite picture. Her profile, the neck that rose so splendidly from her straight shoulders, the fingers that flashed back and forth, and the slender foot that rested on the hearth, all these proclaimed her almost exotic refinement and aristocracy.

Anse Havey cast a glance down at his own mud-splashed boots and coarse clothing—he, the leader of the wolf-pack! A great sense of contrast and remoteness seized him, and a passionate hunger gnawed at his heart. The far-away look came again to her eyes, and he knew that he was for the moment forgotten; that between them lay measureless distances, and that she was living in a world to which he was a stranger. At last he rose.

"I reckon I'll be goin'," he said bluntly. "I've got to start for Peril at sunup."

"What's going on at Peril?" she absently inquired.

"They're goin' to try Luke Thixton."

At that the far-away look left her, and for an instant again the man saw that panic in her eyes which made him hope that she did care something.

"Anse," she pleaded, "take care of yourself. I shall be so horribly anxious—"

He found himself taking a quick step forward. Now he would tell her. He

would break his silence and make a clean breast of it.

"Why will ye be anxious?" he demanded harshly. "What diff'rence would it make?"

"You are my very best friend, and I can't spare you," she answered innocently. "Wouldn't it make a difference to you if I were in danger?"

What could a man say to such artless ignorance and blindness to true conditions? He brought his teeth together with a grating clasp. Once more she had made him helpless by a note of appeal, and once more he was silent.

"I reckon I won't be in much danger to-morrow," he said. "But it would be a God's blessin' if I was dead."

These swift changes of mood were part of his mountain nature, she told herself, where storms come quickly and go quickly. Such outbursts she ignored.

The morning of the trial dawned on a town prepared to face a bloody day. Long before train-time crowds had drifted down to the station.

As though by common consent, the McBriars stood on one side of the track and the Haveys on the other.

For an hour they massed there, lowering of face, yet quietly waiting. Then the whistle shrieked across the river and each crowd moved a little forward, hands tightened on rifles, awaiting the supreme moment. The deputy sheriffs came out of the depot and stood waiting between the two groups with a strained assumption of unconcern. But when the train arrived it carried an extra coach, and at sight of it the McBriars groaned and knew once more they were defeated.

They had come to wrest a prisoner from a sheriff's posse and encountered trained soldiery. Behind the opened sashes of the coach they saw a solid mass of blue overcoats and brown service-hats. Every window bristled with rifle-barrels and fixed bayonets. Then, while the train was held beyond its usual brief stop, and while those rifle-barrels were trained impartially on Haveys and McBriars, a line of soldiers began pouring out into the road-bed and forming cordons along each side of the track. Both lines moved slowly but unwaveringly forward, pressing back the crowds before their urgent bayonets.

Two wicked-looking Gatling guns were unloaded from the baggage-car, and, tend-

ing them as men might handle beloved pets, came squads whose capes were faced with artillery red.

Shortly a compact little procession in columns of fours, with the Gatling guns at its front and a hollow square at its center, was marching briskly to the court-house. In the hollow square went the defendant, handcuffed to the sheriff. Without delay or confusion the Gatling guns were put in place, one commanding the court-house square and one casting its many-eyed glance up the hillside at the back.

Then, with the bayonets of sentries crossed at the doors, the bell in the cupola rang while Judge Sidering walked calmly into the building and instructed the sheriff to open court.

His honor had directed that every man save officials who sought admission should be disarmed at the door.

Luke Thixton bent forward in his chair and growled into the ear of old Milt McBriar, who sat at his left.

"I've got as much chanst hyar as a fish on a hilltop. Hain't ye goin' ter do nothin' fer me?"—and Milt looked about helplessly and swore under his breath.

One onlooker there had not been searched. Young Jeb bore the credentials of a special deputy-sheriff, and under his coat was a holster with its flap unbuttoned. While the panel was being selected; while lawyers wrangled and witnesses testified; while the court gazed off with half-closed eyes, rousing only to overrule or sustain a motion, young Jeb sat with his arms on the table, and never did his eyes leave the face of the accused.

## XXIX

It was a very expeditious trial.

Judge Sidering glanced at the faces of Old Milt and young Jeb, and had no desire to prolong the agony of those hours. The defense half-heartedly relied upon the old device of a false alibi, which the State promptly punctured. Even the lawyers seemed in haste to be through, and set a limit on their arguments.

At the end his honor read brief instructions, and the panel was locked in its room.

Then the McBriars drew a little closer around the chair where Old Milt waited, and the militia captain strengthened his guard outside and began unostentatiously sprinkling uniformed men through the

dingy court-room until the hoddens-gray throng was flecked with blue.

The lawyers rose and stretched their arms and stood chatting and chewing tobacco about the rusty stove. Milt McBriar and the accused whispered together, wearing faces devoid of expression, but through and over this affectation of the casual brooded the spirit of the portentous.

The militia officers who stood charged with the duty of curbing these dangerous potentialities made no attempt to conceal their anxious earnestness, and Jeb McNash, in whose eyes dwelt the fierce intentness of a cat at a mouse-hole, was not dissembling either.

At length there came a rap on the door of the jury-room, and instantly the low drone of voices fell to a hush. His honor poured a glass of water from the chipped pitcher at his elbow, while Luke Thixton and Milt McBriar, for all their immobility of feature, braced themselves. Like some restless animal of many legs, the rough throng along the court-room benches scraped its feet on the floor.

Young Jeb shifted his chair a little so that the figure of the defendant might be in an uninterrupted line of vision. His right hand quietly slipped under his coat, and his fingers loosened a weapon in its holster and nursed the trigger.

Then, with a dragging of shoe-leather, the twelve "good men and true" shambled to a semicircle before the bench, gazing stolidly and blankly at the rows of battered law-books which served his honor as a background.

There they stood awkwardly in the gaze of all. Judge Sidering glanced into the beetling countenance of their foreman and inquired in that bored voice which seems a judicial affectation even in questions of life and death: "Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The foreman nodded. The sheet of paper, which he passed to the clerk, had been signed by more than one juror with a cross because he could not write.

"We, the jury," read the clerk in a clear voice, "find the defendant, Luke Thixton, guilty as charged in the indictment—" There, although he had not yet reached the end, he indulged in a dramatic pause, then read on the more important clause in the terms of the Kentucky law which leaves the placing of the penalty in

the hands of the jurors—"and fix his punishment at death."

As though relieved from a great pressure, young Jeb McNash withdrew his hand from his holster and settled back in his chair with flexed muscles. Judge Sidering's formal question broke in on the dead quiet, "So say you all, gentlemen?" and twelve shaggy heads nodded wordless affirmation.

Soldiers filed in from the rear. In less than thirty seconds the prisoner had disappeared. Outside the Gatling guns remained in place, and the troops patrolled the streets.

For two days the McBriars stayed in town, but the troops lingered longer, and in that time Luke had again been taken back to Louisville. Neither of the clans was foolhardy enough to defy the warning scowl of Gatling guns that could rake hills and puncture walls as fast as a man could turn a crank.

Once more Old Milt led back a disgruntled faction with no more spirited a program than to go home and bide its time again. When they brought Luke back to hang him, his friends would have one final chance.

A seeming of quiet, under which hot wrath smoldered, settled over hill and cove, but a new note began to run through the cabins of the McBriar dependents. It was a note of waning faith and loyalty for their chief.

In every recent clash of brains and efficiency, the younger man west of the ridge had been the victor. Old Milt had been a lion once, but now men said: "It sorter seemed like he'd done lost his gump-tion." So the lesser McBriars, with cooling military ardor, began sending their children back to school. Twice Milt had called his clan out to battle and twice they had responded with no faltering or hesitation.

Twice he had ordered them home again with nothing done. When next he called there would be men among them who would not stir from their hearths at his bidding. Meantime their children might as well be learning their rudiments, for in spite of all the quick reversion to type at the call of battle, that spirit which Juanita Holland had planted was growing, and many old and acknowledged ideas were being subtly undermined and replaced by the new.

Juanita's spirit began to revive again. Her children were coming back to her and elders came with the children. There were guns again in her rack now, and some of them were guns on which the pale, wintry light had glinted that day just before Christmas when the McBriars had made their primitive attack on the bastille.

Old Milt read the signs and felt that his dominion was now a thing upon which decay had set its seal, and under his grave face he masked a breaking heart. His star was setting, and since he was no longer young and utterly incapable of bending, he sickened slowly through the wet winter, and men spoke of him as an invalid.

With Milt "ailin'," there was no one to take up the reins of clan government, and those elements that had been held together only by his iron dominance began drifting asunder.

One mill day when a group of McBriars met with their sacks of grist at a water-mill, some one put the question: "Who's a goin' ter go down thar an' take Luke Thixton away from ther Haveys now thet Old Milt's down an' out?"

There was a long silence, and at last a voice drawled: "Hit hain't a goin' ter be me. What's Luke Thixton ter me, anyhow? He didn't niver lend me no money."

"I reckon thar's a heap o' sense in thet," answered another. "'Pears like, when I come ter reecollect, mos' of ther fightin' an' fursin' I've done in my time hain't been in my own quarrels nohow." And slowly that spirit spread.

When Anse Havey went over to the school one day Juanita took him again to the rifle-rack, now once more well filled. "Have a look, my lord barbarian," she laughed. "Mars is paying me tribute. So shall it ever be with tyranny."

Slowly, and one by one, Anse Havey took up the pieces and examined them.

"It ain't only Mars that's paying ye tribute," he thought, but he only said: "That's all right. I seem to see more McBriar guns there than Havey guns. It would suit me all right if ye got the last one of 'em."

"Hain't you as well hang yours there, too?" she teased. "I'm still willing to give you the honors of war."

But he only smiled. "I'll hang mine up last of all, I reckon. Luke Thixton ain't hung yet, and there's other clouds a brewin' besides that."

"What clouds?" she asked.

"There was a bunch of surveyors through here lately," he replied slowly. "They just sort of looked 'round and went away. Some day they'll come back."

"And then?"

Anse Havey shrugged his shoulders. "I may need my gun," he said.

Not until it became certain that he must die did Old Milt send for his son, or even permit him to be told of his illness. But just as the winter's siege was ending Young Milt came home, and two days later the mountains heard that the old feudist was dead. When that news reached Luke Thixton in the jail at Louisville he turned his face to the wall of his cell, for he knew that his last chance had died with the old McBriar. Now without doubt he must hang.

The father could not force himself to make a full confession to his son. Soon he must face a court where he could no longer dissemble, but he wanted to die without forfeiting Young Milt's respect.

Brother Anse Talbott and Juanita and a doctor who had come from Lexington were witnesses to that leave-taking. They saw the old man beckon feebly to the boy. Young Milt came and sat on the edge of the bed, schooling his features as he awaited the final injunctions which, by his code, would be mandatory for life.

They all waited to hear the old lion break out in a final burst of vindictiveness, to see him lay upon his boy's young shoulders the unfinished ordeals of his hatreds. But it was the eye of the father, not the feudist, that gazed up from the pillow. His wasted fingers lay affectionately on his son's knee and his voice was gentle.

"Son," said the old man, "I'd love ter hev ye live at peace ef ye kin. I've done tried ther other way an' hit's kilt me. I'd rather ye'd let my fights be buried along with my body. Anse Havey's goin' ter run things in these mountings. He's a smarter man than me. I couldn't never make no peace with Anse Havey, but the things that's always stood betwixt us lays a long way back. Mebby you an' him mought pull tergether an' end ther feud. I leaves thet with you; but hit took death ter make me see hit—"

Here he broke off exhaustedly, and for a time seemed fighting for breath. At last he added: "I've knowed all along thet

Luke killed Fletch McNash. I thought I'd ought ter tell ye."

A week after the death of the old leader Young Milt rode over to the house of Anse Havey, and there he found Jeb McNash. The two young men looked at each other without expression. Just after the death of his father Jeb would not willingly have renewed their quarrel, and as for Young Milt, he no longer felt resentment.

"Anse," said the heir to McBriar leadership, "I rid over here ter offer ye my hand. I've done found out that Luke is es guilty es hell. I didn't believe hit afore. So fur es I'm concerned, he kin hang, an' I'm goin' ter tell every McBriar man that will harken ter me ther same thing. So fur as I'm concerned," went on the lad, "I'm against the shootin' of any man from the la'el."

Just as the earliest flowers began to peep out with shy faces in the woods, and the first softness came to the air, men began rearing a scaffold in the court-house yard at Peril.

One day a train brought Luke Thixton back to the hills, but this time only a few soldiers came with him, and they were not needed. Juanita tried to forget the significance of that Friday, but she could not, for all the larger boys were absent from school, and all day Thursday the road had been sprinkled with horses and wagons. She knew with a shudder that they were going to town to see the hanging. A gruesome fascination of interest attached to so unheard of an event as a McBriar clansman dying on a Havey scaffold with his people standing by idle.

But Luke Thixton, going to his death there among enemies, went without flinching, and his snarling lips even twisted a bit derisively when he mounted the scaffold, as they had twisted when he declined Good Anse Talbott's ministrations in the jail.

Now he gazed for the last time about the jumbled levels of the town. Off among the mountains there was just a suggestion of coming green. The sky was full of the amber light that glows ahead of spring. A week later there would be vividly tender little leaves where now there were only buds, but for him, of course, that would be too late.

Nearer at hand about the square, and farther away, even on the roofs of houses, stood and perched and sat his audience.



There were women in gay shawls and men on whose faces was only the curiosity of beholding an unusual spectacle. It was different from the type and temper of the crowd which he would have wished to see there. There were no grim faces and glinting rifle-barrels, no implacable resolve to save him. Since he must die among enemies, he would give them no weakness over which to gloat in memory.

He raised his head, and his snarl turned slowly and unpleasantly into a grin of contempt, and his last words were a picturesque curse called down alike on the heads of the foes who put him to death and on the false friends who had failed him.

Afterward Young Milt and Bad Anse shook hands, and the younger man said to the older:

"Now that I've proved to ye that I meant what I said, I reckon we can make a peace that'll endure a spell, can't we?"

And Anse answered: "Milt, I've been hopin' we could ever since the day we watched for the feller that aimed to burn down the school."

### XXX

THAT spring new buildings went up at the school and brave rows of flowers appeared in the garden.

At first her college had been a kindergarten in effect, but now as Juanita stood on the porch at recess she wondered if any other schoolmistress had ever drawn about her such a strange assortment of pupils. There were little tots in bright calico, glorying in big bows of cotton hair-ribbon—but submitting grudgingly to the combing of the hair they sought to adorn. There were larger boys and girls, too, and even a half-dozen men just now pitching horseshoes and smoking pipes—and they also were learning to read and write.

Off to himself, as morose as though he would brook no kindness or companionship, sat a bony lad of seventeen with a hermit visage, forbidding and sour. He had come to the school almost slinking, from some "spring-branch" back in the hills where his people lived like cattle. He walked with a scowl on his face and a chip on his shoulder, and sat apart in the schoolroom, but he studied passionately, with a grim tenacity of purpose, and his mind drank up what came to it like a sponge.

In the afternoons women rode in on mules and horses or came on foot, and Juanita taught them not only letters and figures, but lessons looking to cleaner and more healthful cabins.

May came with smiles and songs in the sky from sunrise to sunset, and in the woods, where the moisture rose and tender greens were sending out their hopeful shoots, the wild flowers unfolded themselves. Then Juanita Holland and Anse Havey would go together up to the ridge and watch the great awakening across the brown and gray humps of the hills, and under their feet was a carpet of glowing petals.

Blue clusters of wild phlox were everywhere in little patches of cerulean, and those demurest of blossoms, the "Quaker ladies," lifted timid dew-drenched faces to the sun.

They would stroll, too, down into the hollows where the earth was damp and the "wind-flowers" came to snowflake blossom, and the violets were little fallen stars and the wild columbine sprang from the angles of the rocks. The white cups of the May-apple hid there under their umbrella-like leaves. The dogwood soon came to dash the greening woods with white spray and take the place of the pioneer redbud and the frail snow of the wild plum. The leafage was all delicate and young and very bright.

Overhead were tuneful skies and gallantly riding clouds. In the bottom-lands the lark sent out his single-noted call and his silvery trill, while the blackbird and his brilliant cousin, the yellow-winged starling, were flitting everywhere.

Even the ache in Anse Havey's heart, the ache of premonition, gave way to the spirit of the spring. These blossoms and sap-fed trees must know that the future held for them the coming of winter and sleet and snow and death, yet they were joyous now with the fulness and richness of the present. He would make their bright philosophy his own. He was walking these woods with her, and in their silences together she smiled on him, even if she smiled out of unawakened eyes.

Was there any woman born here who could leap as lightly over rocky trails or dip as lithely under hanging ropes of vine, or whose voice was more akin to the wood-thrush pouring out his soul in happiness and music back there in the timber?



Anse Havey had never had such a companionship, and hidden things began to waken in him.

So when she stood there, with the spring breeze caressing the curling tendrils at her temples, and blowing her gingham skirt about her slim ankles, and pointed off, smiling, to his house, he dropped his head in mock shame.

"Only the castle moodily gloomed to itself apart," she quoted in accusation, and the man laughed boyishly.

"I reckon ye haven't seen the castle lately," he said. "Ye wouldn't hardly know it. It's gettin' all cleaned up an' made civilized. The eagle's nest is turnin' into a sure-enough bird-cage."

"Who's changing now?" she bantered. "Am I civilizing you or?"—her eyes danced with badinage—"are you preparing to get married?"

His face flushed and then became almost surly.

"Who'd marry me?" he savagely demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know," she teased. "Whom have you asked?"

He bent a little forward and said slowly:

"Once ye told me I was wasting my youth. Ye 'lowed I ought to be captain of my soul. If I found a woman that I wanted and she wouldn't have me—what ought I to do about it?"

"There are two courses prescribed in all the correspondence schools, and both are perfectly simple," she announced with mock gravity. "One is simply to take the lady first and ask her afterward. The other is even easier; get another girl."

"Oh," he said. He was hurt because she had either not seen or had pretended not to see his meaning. She had not grasped the presumptuous dream and effrontery of his heart.

His voice for a moment became enigmatical as he added: "Sometimes I think ye've played hell in these mountains."

Usually on their rambles she carried a small book, and now it pleased her to ignore his surly comment and to perch herself on a high and mossy rock and open her little volume. He stood down below, his elbows propped on the top of the boulder, wearing such a face as *Pygmalion* may have worn before his marble *Galatea* turned to flesh and stepped down from her pedestal.

"Now listen and I'll tell you what Mr.

Browning once had to say on the subject," she ordered, and, opening the book, she began to read from "The Statue and the Bust."

Slowly the man, at first impatient of so impersonal a thing as a poet's abstractions, found his interest chained, and a fire began to burn in his eyes. Was she reading him that old romance as any woman to any man or as one woman giving a soul-deep hint to one man? When she reached the moral of the story of the duke who delayed too long in taking what he wished, the man's breath was coming fast and his fingers were clenched.

"Be sure that each renewed the vow,  
No morrow's sun should arise and set  
And leave them then as it left them now."

She let the book drop for a moment and her eyes strayed. The man felt his body stiffen, and after a while she took up the little volume and began to read once more, he fancied with a little sigh:

"But next day passed, and next day yet,  
With still fresh cause to wait one day more  
Ere each leaped over the parapet."

He was sure this time that from her half-parted lips a sigh had broken, and that there was personal wistfulness in the little line between her brows. He bent closer and prompted in a voice which he knew came hoarsely, "Go on."

"So! While these wait the trump of doom,  
How do their spirits pass, I wonder,  
Nights and days in the narrow room?"

"I hear you reproach, 'But delay was best,  
For their end was a crime.'—Oh, a crime will do  
As well, I reply, to serve for a test,

"As a virtue golden through and through,  
And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost . . .  
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

She shook her head as one who would shake off a thought that carries a deep hurt, and then, looking up at Anse Havey, she gave a little start and forced a smile.

Suddenly it had come to the man that, perhaps, after all, he, too, had repeated the duke's mistake. He, too, had one youth which was passing and could not be renewed. He could not even set up a statue in the square in memory of its love.

Slowly the veins of his temples swelled into cords. His eyes caressed and devoured the face of the girl perched there

above him on the rock. One of her hands rested on the moss, and toward it his own hand crept. Then it was that she looked at him with a start and smiled.

The man's hand came back, and in his chest rose a groan which did not reach his lips. Though she had been reading at him, she had not been reading to him. She had been thinking all the while of another—of Roger Malcolm, he supposed—and when she had looked up and realized after her reverie that he was there, it had been almost as if he had come suddenly and had surprised her.

"So you see," she said blithely enough, "Mr. Browning seems to favor the first course recommended by the correspondence schools, rather than the second."

"The case ain't just the same sort, I reckon," he answered with an effort. "The lady loved him, too, ye see—and besides, he was a king—or pretty nigh a king."

"Every man can be a king if he will," she declared, and the furrow came back. "I knew a man once who was like the duke. He waited."

Anse Havey gripped his teeth together.

"I'm obleeged to ye for the advice," he said. "Will ye lend me that book? I reckon I'll read that thing over again some time."

That spring silent forces were at work in the hills; as silent and less beneficent than the stirring sap and the brewing of showers.

Three men in the mountains were now fully convinced that what the world needs the world will have, and they were trying to find a solution to the question which might make their own people sharers in the gain, instead of victims. These three were Anse and Milt and Jeb, and their first step was the effort to hold landowners in check, and make them slow to sell and guarded in their bargaining.

Jim Fletcher, a mountain man who had for years drifted between Tribulation and Winchester trading in cattle and timber, made a journey through the hills that spring, and was everywhere received as "home folks." For him there were no bars of distrust, and he was able for that reason to buy land right and left. Though he had paid for it a price above the average, it was a price far below the value of the coal and timber it contained—and Jim had picked his land.

Anse Havey and his associates knew that Jim Fletcher had been subsidized; that the money he spent so lavishly was not his own money; and that he came as a stalking-horse, but they did not know that he had been to Louisville and had conferred there with Mr. Trevòr. Neither did they know at once that he had visited the cabins of every malcontent among both the former factions, and that he was a mischief-maker adroitly laying here in the hills the foundations for a new feud.

Jim had a bland tongue and a persuasive manner, and he talked to the mountain men in their own speech, but he was none the less the advance agent of the new enemy from down below: the personal fulfilment of Juanita's prophecy to Roger Malcolm.

At the school things were going on actively and hopefully, with now and then a marring note of discouragement.

One Friday afternoon the sullen boy came in. His face was flushed and his appearance hinted of drinking. He said no word, made no apology, but with his manner of defiance for any question, went to the rack and took down his rifle and his revolver.

The next day was Saturday, and that afternoon Bad Anse Havey was walking with Juanita.

The girl had anxiously told him about the coming of the sullen boy to withdraw his rifle from her shrine.

"What does it mean, Anse?" she demanded. He had laughed.

"I reckon," he retorted, "it means that ye can't change nature in a day nor grow a poplar-tree in a flower-pot."

Then while they still talked there was a yell from the road and a clatter of hoofs. They looked out to see one of those old mountain demonstrations that used to punctuate Saturday afternoons.

A party of drunken horsemen were galloping with their bridle-reins in their teeth and firing off rifles and pistols into the air with both hands. They were "ridin' about huntin' trouble." They were attacking no one, unless some one should venture to smile or frown at them. They were showing themselves free-born citizens and a law to themselves, and they were all full of whisky and quarrel.

They passed the school, and their shots and shouts went around the turn of the road. At their head rode the sullen boy

who studied with such passionate ardor and zest.

Juanita sighed, but Bad Anse only smiled.

"Let 'em be," he said philosophically. "They'll sober up after a while. Just be right glad at the progress ye've made—"

"Anse," she suddenly exclaimed, "you must counsel your people not to take their guns away."

"Me?" he exclaimed. "Ain't ye pushing our contract right far? When did I ever stand for clippin' an eagle's claws?"

And yet the feud leader did cause a word to go from cabin to cabin to the effect that the public bearing of arms was now unnecessary and showed a lack of confidence in young Milt McBriar, who was no longer an enemy but a friend.

"Take your rifles and hang 'em up at the school, boys," he suggested to a group one day on the roadside. "As long as they're there they'll be out of mischief."

After he had ridden on several heads shook dubiously.

"Looks like Anse is changin' right smart," said one. "Beats me how some fellers lets a woman lead 'em 'round."

"Ef a woman's leadin' him 'round," retorted a more loyal defender, "no one else don't. I reckon hit hain't hardly becomin' fer none of ye folks ter criticize Anse Havey. As fer me, I hangs my old rifle-gun up on the peg this same day, an' ef anybody's got any remarks ter make about hit, I'm ready ter listen."

In a few days the sullen boy returned. He never alluded to his outbreak or breathed a word of apology, but he put the gun back in its place and once more attacked his books.

Sometimes a lad or older man going out would pause irresolute at the rack and eye his weapon covetously, but in the end he harkened to counsel and left it there.

"What are you doing, Bruce?" inquired Juanita one day, as she found a tow-headed lad of twenty standing before her shrine, a look of longing in his face.

"I was jest feelin' kinder lonesome withouten my rifle-gun," was the reply. "Hit used ter be my dad's, an' hit's done some good work in hits day."

Juanita nodded, and it was her smile rather than her words which was disarming. "Yes, I know," she sympathized. "But those days are over. These are days of peace."

The girl did not realize how much she was leaning on the strength of Anse Havey, how she depended on him for counsel and encouragement, which he gave not in behalf of the school, but because he was the school-teacher's slave. She saw the little hospital rise on the hill and thought of what it would do, and she believed that Anse Havey must be, in his heart, converted, even though his mountain obstinacy would not let him say so.

Then, while the hillsides were joyous with spring, came a squad of lads with transit and chain, who began running a tentative line through the land that Jim Fletcher had bought. Anse Havey watched them grimly with folded arms, but said no word until they reached the boundary of his own place.

There he met them at the border.

"Boys," he said, "ye mustn't cross that fence. This is my land, an' I forbids ye." Their foreman argued.

"We only want to take the measurements necessary to complete our line, Mr. Havey. We won't work any injury."

Anse shook his head.

"Come in, boys, an' eat with me an' make yourselves at home," he told them, "but leave your tools outside."

Men from the house patrolled the boundary with rifles and the young men were forced to turn back.

But later they drew near the house of old Bob McGreegor, and he, stealing down to a place in the thicket of rhododendron, saw them perilously near the trickling stream which even then bore on its surface little kernels of yellow corn. Deeply and violently Old Bob swore as he drank from his little blue keg, and when one day he saw them again he asked counsel of no man. He went down and crept close through the laurel, and when his old rifle spoke a schoolboy from the Blue-Grass fell dead among the rocks of the watercourse.

### XXXI

AFTER that death, the first murder of an innocent outsider, the war which Anse Havey had so long foreseen broke furiously and brought the orders of upland and lowland to the grip of bitter animosity.

Old McGreegor's victim had been young Roy Calvin, the son of Judge Calvin, of Lexington, and the name of Calvin in central Kentucky was one associated with the State's best traditions.

It had run in a strong, bright thread through the pattern of Kentucky's achievements, and when news of the wanton assassination came home, the State awoke to a shock of horror. The infamy of the hills was screamed in echo to the mourning, and the name of Bad Anse Havey was once more printed in large type.

Editorial and news column alluded to him as the patron saint of the lawless order which made such outrages possible. Though Anse held his peace, Juanita saw lines of stoical sternness settling around the corners of his lips and knew that he was silently burning with the injustice of reports which he pretended not to hear.

The men whose capital sought to wrest profit from the hills, and whose employee had been slain, were quick to take advantage of this hue and cry of calumny.

They hurled themselves into the fight for gaining possession of coveted land and were not particular as to methods.

Jim Fletcher came and went constantly between the lowlands and highlands. He was all things to all men, and in the hills he cursed the lowlander, but in the lowland he cursed the hills. Milt and Jeb and Anse rode constantly from cabin to cabin in their efforts to circumvent the adroit schemes of the mountain Judas who had sold his soul to the lowland syndicate.

Fletcher sought a foothold for capital to pierce fields acquired at the price of undeveloped land and then to take the profit of development. Anse sought to hold title until the sales could be on a fairer basis, and so the issue was made up.

Capitalists, like Malcolm, who sat in directors' rooms launching a legitimate enterprise, had no actual knowledge of the instrumentalities being employed on the real battle-field. Lawyers tried condemnation suits with indifferent success, and then reached out their hands for a new weapon.

Back in the old days, when Kentucky was not a State but a county, land patents had been granted by Virginia to men who had never claimed their property. For two hundred years other men who settled as pioneers had held undisturbed possession, they and their children's children. Now into the courts piled multitudinous suits of eviction in the names of plaintiffs whose eyes had never seen the broken skyline of the Cumberlands. Their purpose was deceit, since it sought to drag through long and costly litigation pauper land-

holders and to impose such a galling burden upon their property as should drive them to terms of surrender.

Men and women who owned, or thought they owned, a log shack and a tilting cornfield found themselves facing a new and bewildering crisis. Their untaught minds brooded and they talked violently of holding by title of rifle what their fathers had wrested from nature, what they had tended with sweat and endless toil.

But Anse Havey and Milt McBriar knew that the day was at hand when the rifle would no longer serve. They employed lawyers fitted to meet those other lawyers and give them battle in the courts, and these lawyers were paid by Anse Havey and Milt McBriar.

The two stood stanchly together as a buffer between their almost helpless people and the encroaching tentacles of the new octopus, while Juanita, looking on at the forming of the battle-lines, was torn with anxiety.

Once she said: "Anse, Roger Malcolm speaks of coming here."

"Ye'd better warn him not to come," replied Anse grimly, then he added: "Oh, he wouldn't have no call to fear nothin' from me. There's a reason why I ain't licensed to harm him. But there's a spirit in the hills I won't answer for. If he comes he mightn't get back."

Then, after a little: "But maybe ye wants to see him?"

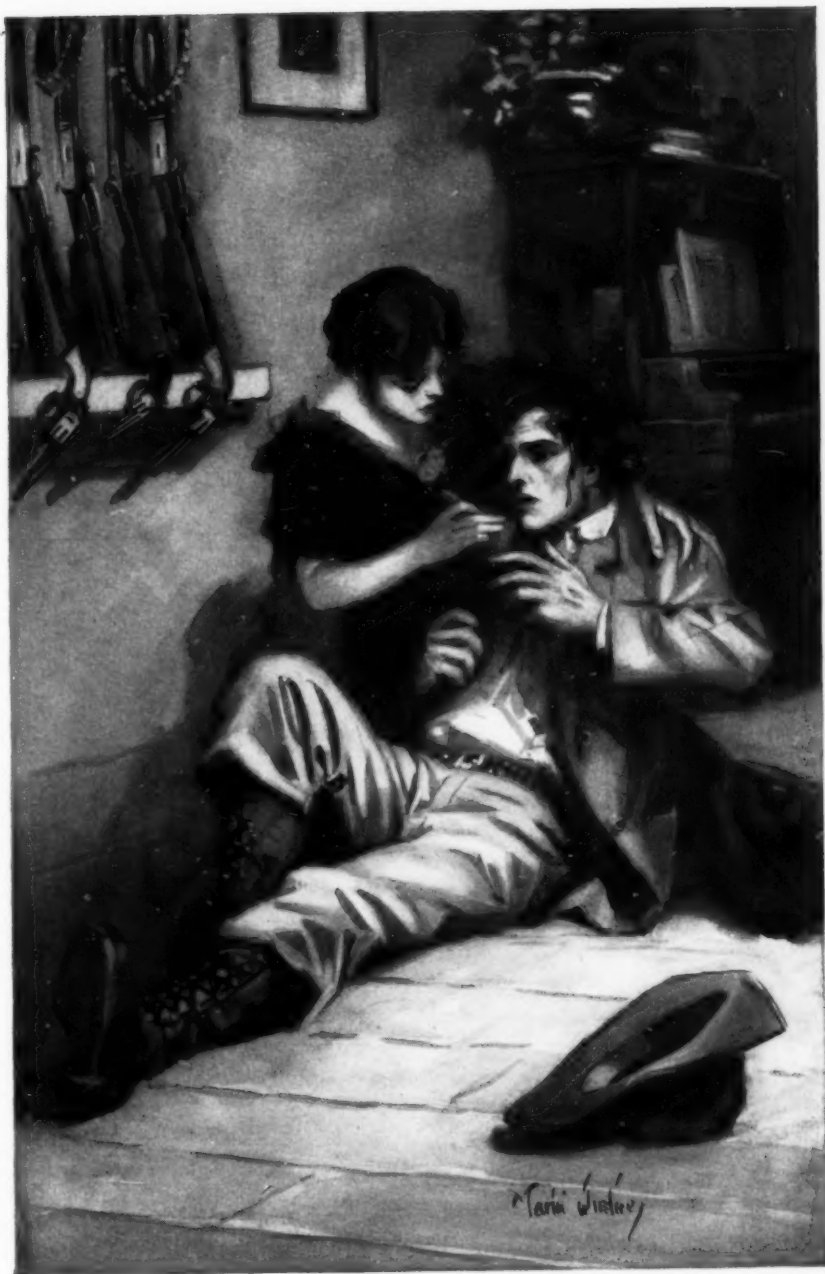
She shook her head a bit mournfully, but with decision.

"No," she said slowly. "Once I wished for him all the time—but that's over now."

In one way, of course, that statement meant nothing. It did not narrow by an inch the breadth of the chasm between them—a chasm of caste and kind. Yet so hungrily does a heart which loves grasp after straws of encouragement, that Anse Havey carried home a lighter spirit and hopes wildly clamoring for recognition.

In Bad Anse Havey the combination of interests recognized its really most formidable foe. In the mountain phrase, he must be "man-powered outen ther way." And there were still men in the hills who, if other means failed, would sell the service of their "rifle-guns" for money.

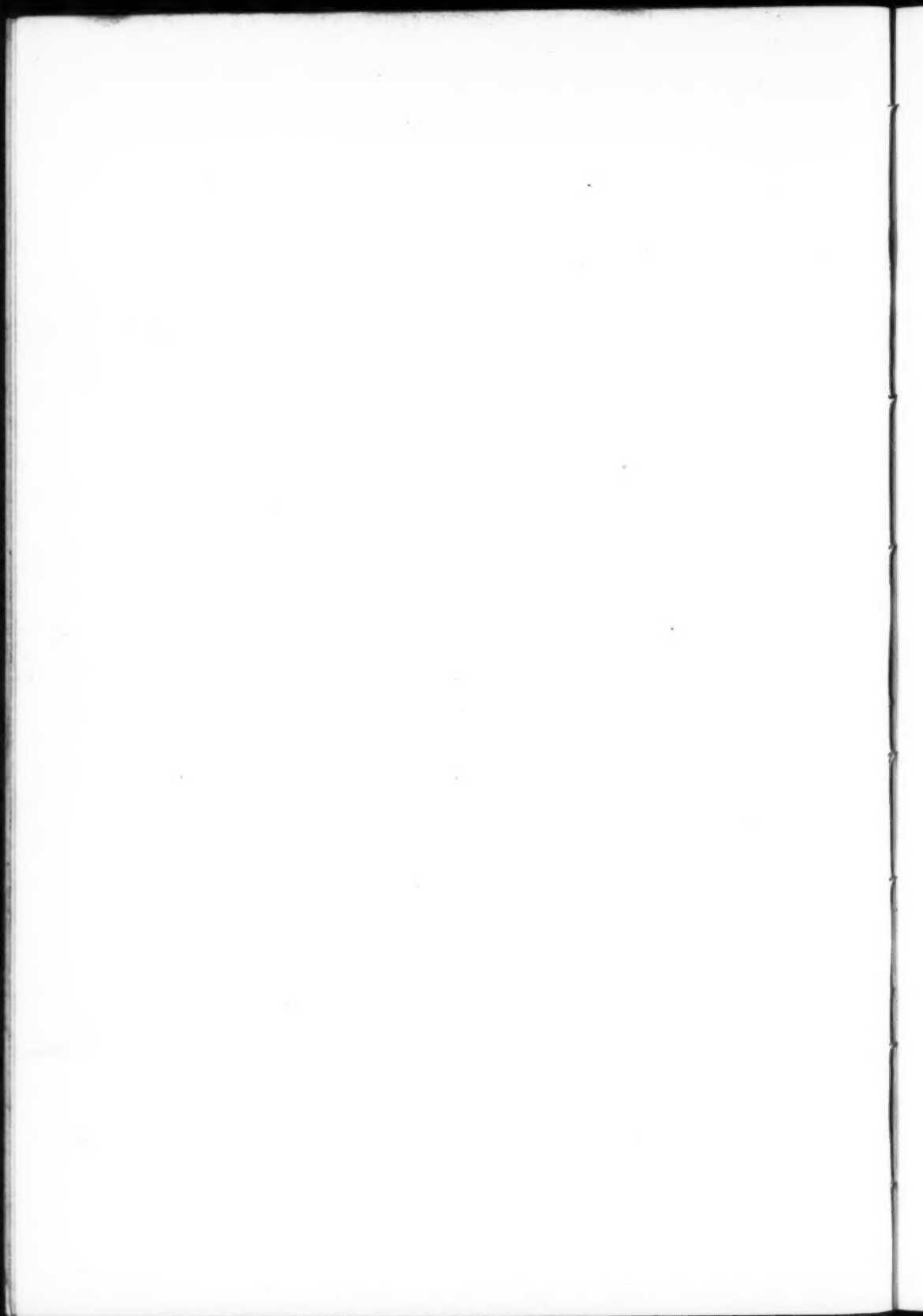
With such as these it became the care of certain supernumeraries to establish an understanding. In the last election a thing



"WHY DID YE SWEAR—YE DIDN'T CARE FOR ME—IN COURT?"

[See page 854]





had happened which had not for many years before happened in Kentucky—a change of parties had swept from power in Frankfort the administration which owed loyalty to Havey influences.

It was only at Juanita's school that any seeming of tranquillity remained. There, while the elements were battling all about, the pupils were learning and the sick were being tended.

The girl did not know that Anse Havey carried in his pocket through these troubled times a small copy of Browning, and that often he read again, or repeated to himself:

"The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost . . .  
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin"

or that in his head and heart were going on a debate more vital even than squatters' rights versus Virginia patents.

A new law had recently been written into the criminal jurisprudence of the State providing that a change of venue might be granted in cases of felony on the motion of the commonwealth as well as that of the defense. It was a good law, making it possible to take a criminal out of a district where the hands of justice were bound by local prejudice or local fear. Now the learned counsel for the syndicate bethought themselves of its possibilities and smiled.

Bad Anse Havey was indicted as an accessory to the murder of young Calvin and he would be tried, not in Peril, but in the Blue-Grass. The prosecution would be able to show that he had warned the surveyors off his own place and had picketed his fence-line with riflemen. They would be able to show that he was the forefront of the fight against innovation and that lesser mountain men followed his counsel blindly and regarded his word as law. But, more than that, the jurors who passed on his question of life and death would be drawn from a community which knew him only by his newspaper-made reputation.

So it was not long before Anse Havey lay in a cell in the Winchester jail. He had been denied bond and fronted a dreary prospect as he quoted to himself:

"The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost . . .  
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

Deep in the heart of the Blue-Grass Kentuckian lies implanted a spirit of justice and fair play, but his nature is passionate. He flashes up hotly to battle

and sometimes sees through eyes blind with prejudice.

When the trial of Anse Havey began there was one spirit in the land. Here was an exponent of the unjustifiable system of murder from ambush. In the cemetery at Lexington, where sleep the founders of the Western empire, lay a boy whose life had just begun in all the blossom and sunshine of promise—and who had done no wrong.

Over that same city of the dead, dominating it from a tall shaft, rose Joel Hart's great figure of Henry Clay.

It stood as the great commoner had often stood in life—with one hand outstretched in earnest plea and head raised in devoted eloquence, arguing against the shedding of fraternal blood. It was the high privilege of the men drawn from that jury-drum to make of the accused such an example as should awe his fellow murderers.

The special term of the court had brought to Winchester a throng of farmer-folk and onlookers. Their horses stood hitched at the racks about the square when the sheriff led Anse Havey from the jail to the old building where he was to face his accusers and the judges who sat on the bench and in the jury-box.

White ribbons of smooth turnpike rattled in the summer drowsiness to the hoofs of trotting horses as the friends of the murdered boy trooped in from mansions and cottages set in woodlands where the blue-grass waved knee-deep. They came to see justice meted out to this archfiend of the wild mountains. Negroes nudged each other and pointed to him with loud guffaws of derision as he walked, passive of mien and erect of shoulder, from his cell to the columned front of the Clark County court-house. It was not his world, but the richer, prouder world of his enemies.

Back in the tiers of benches was no hodge-gray mass of men in butternut and women in calico, but farmers whose acres were rich and young men in clean linen and girls in gaily flapping, flower-trimmed hats and shimmery summer gowns.

He had once before walked among such people as a lawmaker in the State capital. Now they sought to send him back to Frankfort as a convict—unless they could do better and hang him.

He took his seat with his counsel at his elbow and listened to the preliminary formalities of impaneling a jury. His face

told nothing, but as man after man was excused because he had formed an opinion, he read little that was hopeful in the outlook. One old farmer rose belligerently when his name was reached and glared vengefully at the prisoner.

"Have you any bias or prejudice which would prevent you from giving this defendant a fair and impartial trial under the law and the evidence?" came the monotonous question, and almost before it had ended the venireman blazed back: "I've got a prejudice against any man that assassinates his neighbor."

He had voiced the sentiment of his county. He was a little more outspoken than his fellows, but that was the sole difference. Anse Havey's face remained masklike and no expression of anxiety showed in his eyes. He was very tired and sat through the vitriolic denunciation of the commonwealth's statement with none of the desperado's bravado and none of the coward's fear.

He calmly heard perjured witnesses from his own country testify that he had approached them, offering bribes for the killing of young Calvin which they had righteously refused. He knew that these men had been bought by Jim Fletcher and that they swore for the hire of syndicate money, but he only waited patiently for the defense to open. He saw the scowl on the faces in the jury-box deepen into conviction as witness after witness took the stand against him, and he saw the faces in the body of the room mirror that scowl. He felt rather than saw the wilting confidence of his own counsel, and at the recess he was led back to his jail lodgings like a bear on an organ-grinder's chain, while negroes and children followed in little, excited crowds.

Then the prosecution rested, and as a few of its perjuries were punctured, the faces in the box lightened their scowl a little—but very little. The tide had set against him, and he knew it. Unless one of those strangely psychological things should occur which sweep juries suddenly from their moorings of fixed opinion, he must be the sacrifice to Blue-Grass wrath, and on the list of witnesses under the hand of his attorney there were only a few names left—pitifully few.

Then Anse Havey saw his chief counsel set his jaw, as he had a trick of setting it when he faced a forlorn hope, and throw

the list of names aside as something worthless. As the lawyer spoke Anse Havey's face for the first time lost its immobility and showed amazement. He bent forward, wondering if his ears had not tricked him. His attorneys had not consulted him as to this step.

"Mr. Sheriff," commanded the lawyer for the defense, "call Miss Juanita Holland to the stand."

### XXXII

IF in the mountains there was one person of whom the Blue-Grass knew with favor, it was Juanita Holland. She had worked quietly and without any blare of trumpets. Her efforts had never been advertised, but the thing she was trying to do was too unusual a thing to have escaped public notice and public laudation. That she was spending her life and her own large fortune in a manner of self-sacrifice and hardship was a thing of which the State had been duly apprised.

She, at least, would stand acquitted of feudal passion. She stood as a lone fighter for the spirit of all that was best and most unselfish in Kentucky ideals and the ideals of civilization.

If she chose to come now as a witness for Anse Havey, she should have a respectful hearing. The prisoner bent forward and fixed eyes blazing with excitement on the door of the witness-room. He saw it open and saw her pause there, pale and rather perplexed, then she came steadily to the witness-stand and asked: "Do I sit here?"

The man had known her always in the calico and gingham of the mountains. This seemed a different woman who took her seat and raised her hand to be sworn. She was infinitely more beautiful, he thought, in the habiliments of her own world. She seemed a queen who had waived her regal prerogatives and come into this mean court-room in his behalf.

His heart leaped into tumult. He would not have asked her to come; would not have permitted her to submit to the heckling of the prosecutor, whose face was already drawing into a vindictive frown, had he known. She had come, anyway—perhaps, after all, she cared! If so, it was a revelation worth hanging for.

Then he heard her voice low and musically pitched in answer to questions.

"I have known Mr. Havey," she said

quietly, "ever since I went to the mountains. He has helped me in my work and has been an advocate of peace wherever peace could be had with honor."

At the end of each answer the commonwealth's attorney was on his feet with quickly snapped objections. Anse Havey's heart sank. He knew this man's reputation for bullying witnesses, and he had never seen a woman who had come through the ordeal unshaken. Yet slowly the anxiety on his face gave way to a smile of infinite admiration. Juanita Holland's quiet dignity made the testy wrath of the State's lawyer seem futile and peevish.

The defendant saw the subtle change of expression on the faces of the jury. He saw them shifting their sympathy from the lawyer to the woman, and the lawyer saw it, too. They kept her there, grilling her with all the tactics known to artful barristers for an unconscionable length of time, but she was still serene and unconfused.

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Anse Havey to himself, as he leaned forward, "she's makin' fools of 'em all—an' she's doin' it for me!"

Even the judge, whose face had been sternly set against the defense, shifted in his chair and his expression softened. The commonwealth's attorney rose and walked forward, and Anse Havey clenched his hands under the table, while his fingers itched to seize the tormentor's throat.

"You don't know that Anse Havey didn't incite this murder. You only choose to think so. Isn't that a fact?" stormed the prosecutor.

"I know that Anse Havey is incapable of it," was the tranquil retort.

"How do you know that?"

"I know *him*."

"Who procured your presence in this court-room as a defense witness?" Each interrogation came with rising spleen and accusation of tone.

"I asked to be allowed to come."

"Why?"

"Because I know that back of this prosecution lies the trickery of interests seeking to dispose of Anse Havey so that they may plunder his people."

The lawyer wheeled on the judge.

"I must ask your honor to admonish this witness against such false and improper charges—or to punish her for contempt," he blazed furiously.

But the judge spoke without great severity as he cautioned: "Yes, the witness must not seek to imply motives to the prosecution."

If Juanita, however, was sustaining with no outward show of discomfort the savage onslaughts of a man trained in the art of confounding those who sat in the pillory of the witness-chair, she was inwardly feeling need of holding her emotions masked and in check. As the questions became more and more personal, and she recognized in their trend the purpose of making her appear biased, she first flushed a little, then paled a little, but her voice betrayed no hint of annoyance.

The attorney took another step forward with a malicious smile. He paused that the next question and its answer might fall on the emphasis of a momentary silence. Then he pointed a finger toward the girl, with the manner of one branding a false witness, and demanded:

"Is there any sentimental attachment between you and this defendant, Anse Havey?"

There was a moment's dead silence in the court-room, and Anse saw Juanita's face go white. Then he saw her finger-nails whiten as they lay in her lap and a sudden flush spread to her face.

She looked toward the judge, and at once the lawyer for the defense was on his feet with the old objection: "The question is irrelevant."

Then, while counsel tilted with each other, the girl drew a long breath, and the man whose life was in the balance turned pale, too, not because of this, but because the woman he loved had been asked the question which was more to him than life and death—a question he had never dared to ask himself.

"I think," ruled the court, "the question is relevant as going to prove the credibility of the witness."

So she must answer.

The prisoner's finger-nails bit into his palms and he smothered a low oath between his clenched teeth, but Juanita Holland only looked at the cross-examiner with a clear-eyed and serene glance of scorn under which he seemed to shrivel. She replied with the dignity of a young queen who can afford to ignore insults from the gutter.

"None whatever."

The defendant sat back in his chair and

the smile left his lips as though he had been struck by a thunderbolt. He knew that his case was won, and yet as he saw her leave the witness-stand and the courtroom, he felt sicker at heart than he had felt since he could remember. He would almost have preferred condemnation with the hope against hope left somewhere deep in his heart that there slept in hers an echo to his unuttered love.

The question he had never dared to ask she had answered — answered under oath, and liberty seemed now a very barren gift.

When he had been acquitted and was going out he saw a figure in consultation with the prosecutor—a figure which had not been inside the doors during the trial. It was Mr. Trevor, of Louisville, and he was testily saying: "Oh, well, there are more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with butter."

Anse Havey did not require the interpretation of an oracle for that cryptic comment. He knew that the effort to dispose of him would not end with his acquittal.

Juanita was going away to enlist her staff of teachers and arrange for the equipment of the little hospital, and Anse did not tell her of his insecurity.

"You'll promise to be very careful while I'm gone, won't you?" she demanded, as they sat together the night before she left.

"I'll try to last till you get back," he smiled. He was sitting with a pipe in his hand—a pipe which had gone out and been forgotten.

In the darkness of the porch everything was vague but herself. She seemed to him to be luminous by some light of her own. She was a very wonderful and desirable star shining far out of reach of his world.

Suddenly she laughed, and he asked:

"What is it?"

"I was just thinking what a fool I was when I came here," she answered. "Did you know that I brought a piano with me as far as Peril? It's been there over a year."

"A piano!" he echoed, then they both laughed.

"I might as well have tried to bring along the Philadelphia city hall," she admitted. "Just the same, there have been times when it would have meant a lot to me, an awful lot, if I could have had that piano. I don't know whether music means so much to you, but to me—"

"I know," he broke in. "I sometimes 'low that life ain't much else except the summin' up of the things a feller dreams. Music is like dreams—it makes dreams. Yes, I know somethin' about that."

She went away and, though she was not long gone, her absence seemed interminable to Anse Havey. He met her at the train on her return with a starved idolatry in his eyes, and together they rode back across the ridge.

But when she entered the building which had been the first schoolhouse the man drew back a step or two and watched as surreptitiously as a boy who has in due secrecy planned a surprise.

She went in and then suddenly halted and stood near the threshold in amazement. Her eyes began to dance and she gave a little gasp of delight. There against one wall stood her piano.

She turned to find Anse Havey waiting in the door as awkwardly as a green boy. Just how difficult a task it had been to bring that great weight across those roads unharmed she could only guess. He must, in effect, have built the roads before him as Napoleon built them for his armies.

She turned to him, deeply moved, and after the first flush of delight her eyes were misty.

"I wonder how I am ever going to thank you—for everything," she said softly.

But Bad Anse Havey only answered in an embarrassed voice: "I reckon it might be a little jingly, so I had a feller come up from Lexington and tune it up."

She went over and struck a chord, then she came back and laid a hand on his coat-sleeve.

"I'm not going to try to thank you at all—now," she said. "But you go home and come back this evening and we'll have a little party, just you and I—with music."

"Good-by," he said. "I reckon ye haven't noticed it—but my rifle's standin' there in your rack."

It was a night of starlight, with just a sickle moon overhead and the music of the whippoorwills in the air, when Anse presented himself again at the school. He knew that he must break off these visits because while she had been away he had taken due accounting of himself and recognized that the poignant pain of locked lips would drive him beyond control. He could no longer endure "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." Now the sight of her set him



into a palpitating fever and a burning madness. He would invent some excuse to-night and go away.

Then he came to the open door and stood on the threshold transfixed by the sight which greeted his eyes. His hat dropped to the floor and lay there.

He thought he knew Juanita. Now he suddenly realized that the real Juanita he had never seen before, and as he looked at her he felt infinitely far away from her. He was a very dim, faint star in apogee.

She sat with her back turned and her fingers straying over the keys of the piano—and she was in evening dress! The shaded lamp shone softly on ivory shoulders and a string of pearls glistened at her throat. Around her slim figure the soft folds of her gown fell like gossamer draperies and, to his eyes, she was utterly and flawlessly beautiful.

She had followed a whim that night and "dressed up" to surprise him. She had promised him a party and meant to receive him with as much preparation as she would have made for royalty. But to him it was only a declaration of the difference between them, emphasizing how unattainable she was; how unthinkable remote from his own rough world.

Then, as she heard his steps and rose, she was disappointed because in his face, instead of pleasure, she read only a tumult whose dominant note was distress.

"Don't you like me?" she asked, as she gave him her hand and smiled up at him.

"Like you!" he burst out, then he caught himself with something like a gasp. "Yes," he said dully, "I like you."

For a while she played and sang, and then they went out to the porch, where she sank down in the barrel-stave hammock which hung there and he sat in a split-bottom chair by her side.

He sat very moody and silent, his hands resting on his knees, trying to repress what he could not long hope to keep under.

She seemed oblivious to his deep abstraction, for she was humming some air low, almost under her breath.

But at last she sat up and laughed a silvery and subdued yet happy little laugh. She stretched her arms above her head.

"It's good to be back, Anse," she said softly. "I've missed you—lots."

He dared not tell her how he had missed her, and he did not recognize the new note in her voice—the heart note. There was

a strange silence between them, and as they sat, so close that each could almost feel the other's breath, their eyes met and held in a locked gaze.

Slowly, as though drawn by some occult power over which he held no control, the man bent a little nearer, a little nearer. Slowly the girl's eyes dilated, and then, with no word, she suddenly gave a low exclamation, half gasp, half appeal, all inarticulate, and both hands went groping out toward him.

With something almost like a cry, the man was on his knees by the hammock and both his arms were around her and her head was on his shoulder. Then he was kissing her cheeks and lips, and into his soul was coming a sudden discovery with the softness and coolness of the flesh his lips touched.

It lasted only a moment, then she pushed him back gently and rose, while one bare arm went gropingly across her face and the other hand went out to the porch-post for support.

In a voice low and broken she said: "You must go!"

"No!" he exclaimed, and took a step toward her, but she retreated a little and shook her head.

"Yes, dear—please," she almost whispered, and the man bowed in acquiescence.

"Good night," he said gravely, and picking up his hat, he started across the ridge.

But now there were no ghosts in his life, for all the way over that rough trail he was looking up at the stars and repeating incredulously over and over to himself: "She loves me!"

### XXXIII

IN a small room over the post-office in Peril an attorney, whose professional success had always been precarious, received those few clients who came to him for consultation. The lawyer's name was Walter Hackley, but he was better known as Clayheel Hackley, because he never wore socks and his bare ankles were tanned to the hue of river-bank mud.

His features were wizened and his eyes shifty. He was a coward and an intriguer by nature and inclination. It was logical enough that when the verdict of the director's table that Bad Anse Havey was a nuisance filtered down the line the persons seeking native methods for abating the

nuisance should come to Clay-heel Hackley.

One day in August this attorney at law, together with Jim Fletcher and a tricky youth who enjoyed the distinction of holding office as telegraph-operator at the Peril station, caucused together in Hackley's dingy room.

In the death of Bad Anse Havey this trio saw a joint advantage, since the abating of such a nuisance would not go unrewarded.

"Gentlemen," said the attorney, his wizened face working nervously, "this business has need to be expeditious. Gentlemen—it requires, in its nature, to be expeditious. A few more failures and we are done for."

"Well, tell us how ye aims ter do hit," growled the telegraph-operator.

"Jim Fletcher has the idea," replied the lawyer impressively. "Quite the right idea. How many men can you trust on a job like this, Jim?"

"As many as ye needs," was the confident response. "A dozen or a score if they're wanted."

"Enough to make it sure, but not too many," urged Hackley. "We should set a day precisely as the court would set a day for—er—an execution. The force you send out should simply stay on the job until it's done. If Anse Havey can be got alone, so much the better. But above all—" The lawyer paused and spoke with his most forceful emphasis: "Don't just wound this man. See that the thing is finally and definitely settled."

"I'll be there myself," Jim Fletcher assured him. "Now when is this day goin' ter be?"

"This is Monday," reflected the attorney. "There is no advantage in delay. It will take a day or two to get ready. Let the case be docketed, as I might say—for Thursday."

After the evening when Anse Havey had taken Juanita in his arms he had not come again to the school.

Juanita had not understood this strange absence at such a time, but, in a fashion, she welcomed it. The occurrences of that night were still unaccountable to her, and she wanted time to think them all out and to take account of her life.

When she had sworn that there was no sentiment between Anse and herself she

had believed it. While she had been away in the East she had found herself looking about always for a face that she missed, the face of Bad Anse Havey. But she had not diagnosed this as love. That night had been one of unaccountable hypnotism and moon madness. Of that she felt sure, and she would tell him that it must all be forgotten.

If it were a real awakening to love it was still too sudden to be trusted and must be tested by time. Yet, even now, at the thought of his compelling eyes, something new and powerful stirred her.

Anse Havey had gone to Lexington. Never again did he mean to hold against himself the accusation of "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." He knew that she loved him. He knew that there was something out of which resistance would come, because in her voice, after that moment in his arms, there had been a pain and a wistfulness. She had asked him to go, and he had gone, feeling that it would have been unkind to question her. But in his mind had been only one question, and now that was answered. She loved him.

Any other difficulty that the world held he would sweep aside. When next he went back he would not ask her to marry him; he would announce to her that she was going to marry him.

In Lexington he had bought a ring and at Peril he had got a marriage-license. His camp-following days were over. He had one youth, and he knew that if his enemies succeeded in their designs that might at any moment be snapped short with sudden death. It did not seem to him that one of its golden hours should be wasted.

As he came out of the court-house with the invaluable piece of paper in his pocket two men, seemingly unarmed, rose from the doorway of the store across the street and drifted toward their hitched horses.

Young Milt McBriar had ridden over to Peril that day with several companions, and Anse Havey went back with them. So it happened that quite accidentally he made this journey under escort. The men who rode a little way in his rear cursed their luck—and waited. And, though they lurked in hiding all that afternoon near Anse Havey's house, they saw nothing more of their intended victim.

Anse was keenly alive to each day's impending threat, and when he had recog-

nized the face of Jim Fletcher in Peril, as he came through, he had read mischief in the eyes and recognized that the menace had drawn closer.

So, when he was ready to cross the ridge to the school, he obeyed an old sense of caution and left his horse saddled at the front fence that it might seem as if he were going out—but had not yet gone.

He had sent a messenger for Good Anse Talbott, and the preacher arrived while he was at his supper.

"Brother Anse," he said, "I'm goin' to need ye some time betwixt now and mid-night. I want ye to tarry here till I come back."

"What's the nature of business ye needs me fer, Anse?" demanded the missionary. "I hadn't hardly ought ter wait. Thar's a child ailin' up the top fork of little fork of Turkey-Foot Creek."

But Bad Anse only shook his head. "It's the best business ye ever did," he confidently assured the preacher. "But I can't tell ye yet. Is the child in any danger?"

"I reckon not; hit's jest ailin', but—"

The brown-faced man sat dubiously shaking his head, and Anse's features suddenly set and hardened.

"I needs ye," he said. "Ain't that enough? I'm goin' to need ye bad."

"That's a right strong reason, Anse, but—"

For an instant the old dominating will which had not yet learned to brook mutiny leaped into Anse Havey's eyes. His words came in a harsher voice:

"Will you stay of your own free will because I'm goin' to need ye, Brother Anse?" he demanded. "Because, by God, ye're goin' to stay—one way or another."

"Does ye mean ye aims ter hold me hyar by force?"

"Not unless ye make me. I wouldn't hardly like to do that."

For a moment the missionary debated. He did not resent the threat of coercion. He believed in Anse Havey, and the form of request convinced him of its urgency.

So he nodded his head. "I'll be hyar when ye comes," he said.

Anse left his house that night neither by front nor back, but in the dark shadows at one side, and his talisman of luck led his noiseless feet safely between the scattered sentinels who were watching his dwelling to kill him.

It was a brilliant night and the hollows were full of moon mist, but where the shadows fell they fell blackly.

The chorus of whippoorwills and the night music sang to him, because his heart was very full of joy. The air breathed soft passion and the breeze whispered of love as it harped drowsily in the jet plumes of the tree-tops.

A spirit of languorous yet powerful appeal rode with the mother-of-pearl shimmer of the clouds. The silvery luminance of the moonlight seemed as miraculous as the essence of dreams, but the iron-gray ridges paling in the distance to misty platinum were immemorial pledges of permanence.

Juanita Holland was there, and he was going to her, and after to-night she should be Juanita Havey!

No morrow's sun should arise and set

And leave them then as it left them now.

He noticed, as he passed the Widow Everson's cabin, that it was dark and closed, and he remembered that she and her family had gone away to visit friends in town. The McNash children, even, were down at Jeb's place, so Juanita was quite alone.

The school buildings slept in silent shadows, except that from the open door of the room where her piano stood there came a soft flooding of lamplight—a single dash of orange in the nocturne of silver and gray. He went up very quietly, pausing to drink deep of the fragrance of the honeysuckle, and there drifted out to him, as he paused, the music of the piano and the better music of her voice.

She was singing a love-song.

Though he had sent no word of his coming, she was once more in evening dress, all black save for a crimson flower at her breast and one in her hair. But this time the sight of her in a costume so foreign to the hills did not distress him; it was a night that called for wonders.

She rose as the man's footstep sounded on the floor, and then, at memory of their last meeting, the color mounted to her cheeks and he took her again in his arms.

She raised her hands to his shoulders and tried to push him away, but he held her firmly, and while she sought to tell him that they must find their way back to the colorless level of friendship, he could feel the wild flutter of her heart.

"Listen," she protested. "You must listen."

But Bad Anse Havey laughed.

"Ever since the first time I saw ye," he declared, "I've been listenin'. It has been a duel always between you and me. But the duel's over now, an' this time I win."

She looked up and her pupils began to widen with that intense gaze which is the drawing aside of the curtains from a woman's soul, and as though she realized that she could not trust herself to his eyes, she turned her face away. Only in its profile could he read the struggle between mind and heart, and what he read filled him with elation.

"Anse," she said in a very low voice, "give me a truce. For one hour let me think; it involves both our lives for always; let me at least have the chance to be sane. Give me an hour."

The man stepped back and released her, and she turned and led the way out to the porch, where she sank down in the hammock with her face buried in both hands. When at length she looked up she was smiling rather wanly.

"It can't be, dear," she said. But while she argued with words and ostensible reasons, the night was arguing, too—arguing for him with all its sense-steeping fragrance and alluring cadences and appeals to sleeping fires in their hearts!

And while she talked he made no response, but sat there silently attentive. At last he looked at his watch and put it back in his pocket. He rose and said quietly, but with a tone of perfect finality: "Your truce is over."

"But don't you see? You haven't answered one of my arguments."

Anse Havey laughed once more.

"I didn't come to argue," he said; "I came to act." He drew from his pocket the license and the ring.

"Brother Anse Talbott is waitin' over at my house to marry us. Will you go over there or shall I go back an' fetch him here?"

### XXXIV

JUANITA rose from the hammock and stood unsteadily in the blue moonlight—an image of ivory and ebony. The man clasped both hands behind his back and gripped them there—waiting. But despite his seeming of confidence and calm his brain reeled gloriously with an intoxica-

tion of the soul. He saw her standing there, straight and lithe and slender, with the moon-washed sky at her back and the inky shadows of the porch throwing the picture into a vivid relief.

He saw the flower on her breast rise and fall under the quick tumult of her emotion. He saw the lips he had loved so long half parted, and he knew that she must yield to her heart's ultimatum. He saw everything with the steady eagle eyes that held and fascinated her, and that kindled, as she gazed into them, with a flame which burned up from his heart.

He saw the shadow lace of the vines and a tracery of trembling leaves on a drooping maple bough beyond; he saw the distant mountain shoulders melting away into liquid skies, but he saw all these things only as brush-strokes in the background, for she herself was the picture that his soul drank through his eyes. Soon he must crush her to his breast and let her heart beat there against his own, where it belonged.

But while he saw so much, she could see only two eyes that were fascinating, hypnotizing her, until all else faded and they seemed twin stars drawing her to them irresistibly out of space and across the universe, swinging her will as the moon swings the tides.

She took an involuntary step toward him with lifted arms, and then, with a strong effort, as if struggling against a spell, she drew back again, and her voice came very low and broken.

"I can't—I can't!" she pleaded. "But I wish to God I could."

Then Anse Havey began to speak.

"Ye've talked, an' I've listened to ye. Ye've taken my life away from me an' made it a little scrap of your own life—ye've let us both come to needin' each other more than food an' drink an' breath. For me there's no life without ye. In all the earth there's just *you—you—you!* For every true woman in the world a day comes when there's just one man, an' for every man there's just one woman. When that day comes nothin' else counts. That's why all them reasons of yours don't mean anything."

His voice had the ring of triumph as he added: "You're goin' to marry me to-night. Come!"

He raised both arms and held them out, and though for a moment she hung back,



her eyes were still irresistibly held by his and the magnetism that dwelled in them. With a gasping exclamation that was half surrender and half echo of his own triumph she swept into his embrace.

About them the world swam and danced to the harping of the stars. She knew only that she had come home and that, resting here with those arms about her against that strong breast, she felt safe and deliriously happy. He felt her throbbing heart-beat; felt the warmth of her fluttering breath on his cheek; felt the softness of her arms about his neck, and the miraculous touch of her answering lips on his own.

A stray lock fell over her brow and its strands enmeshed his kisses against her face. How could she, who was so frail and yielding in his tight-locked arms, have been so powerful? How could a creature whose touch was as cool and soft as sentient velvet have reduced him to this slavery which made him a king?

Then proudly he answered himself. It was because she was the one woman; because her delicately fibred being had a strength beyond his brawn; because she was the stronger for being weaker.

But after a time she drew back a little so that she could look up again into his face, and with his arms about her and her arms about his neck, she smiled out of eyes that swam as mistily as the moon and as brightly, and lips that no longer held a hint of drooping.

As she locked her fingers caressingly behind his dark head she wished for words fine and splendid beyond the ordinary to tell him of her love. But no phrases of eloquence came. So she found herself murmuring those ancient words of willing surrender that have become trite because they have not been improved upon—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy ways my ways."

Then she felt his arms grow abruptly rigid and he was pressing her from him with a gentle insistence, while his face turned to peer out into the moonlight with the tensivity of one who is listening not only with his ears, but with every nerve of his being.

Slowly he drew back, still tense and alert, and from his eyes the tender glow died until they narrowed and hardened and the jaw angle stiffened and the lips drew themselves into their old line of war-

like sternness. She was looking again into the face of the mountaineer, the feudist, of the wild creature turning to stand at bay.

For a moment they remained motionless, and her fingers resting on his arms felt the strain of his tautened biceps.

"God!" he muttered almost inaudibly.

"What is it?" she whispered, but he replied only with a warning shake of the head.

Once more he stood listening, then gently turned her so that his body was between her and the outside world. He thrust her back into the open door and followed her inside.

His words came slowly, and though they were calm they carried a very bitter note.

"I must go. I hoped they'd let me live long enough to marry ye, but I reckon they're weary of bidin' their time."

He had closed the door and stood looking down at her with a deep hunger in his face.

"What is it, Anse? What did you hear out there?" Her face had gone pallid and she clung to his arms with a grip that indicated no intention of release.

"Nothin' much. Just the crackin' of a twig or two; just some steps in the brush that was too cautious to sound honest; little noises that wouldn't mean much if I didn't know what they *do* mean. They weren't friendly sounds. They're after me."

"Who? What do you mean?"

Her voice came in a low panic of whispering, and even as she spoke the man was listening with his head bent toward the closed door.

He laughed mirthlessly under his breath.

"I don't know who they've picked out to get me. It don't matter much, does it? But I know they've picked to-night. I've been lookin' for it, but it seems like they might have let me have to-night—" His lips smiled, and for an instant his eyes softened again to tenderness. "This was *my* night—our night."

"If they are out there, Anse"—her eye flashed suddenly and her grip tightened—"you sha'n't go. I won't let you go. In this house you are behind walls at least. I can't let you go."

"It's the only way," he told her, and again she read unshakable resolve written in his face. "My best chance is out there. Them mountains'll take better care of me



than any walls—if I can once get to cover.”

Suddenly he wheeled and caught her fiercely in his arms, holding her very close, and now her heart was beating more wildly than before—beating with a sudden and sickening terror.

He bent low and covered her temples and cheeks and lips and eyes with kisses.

“God knows, when I came here to-night,” he declared, talking fast and passionately, “I didn’t aim to ever go away again without ye. Now I’ve got to, but if I come through an’ there’s a breath or a drop of blood left in me, I’ll be back. I’m a comin’ back, dearest, if I live.”

Her answer was a low moan.

He released her at last and went over to the gun-rack.

Standing before her shrine of guns, in her temple of disarmament, he said slowly: “Dearest, I was about the last man to leave my rifle here, an’ I reckon I’ve got to be the first to take it out again. I’m sorry. Will you give it to me or must I take it without permission?”

She came slowly over, conscious that her knees were trembling, and that ice-water seemed to have taken the place of hot blood in her veins.

“If you need it,” she faltered, “take it, dear—nothing else matters—Which one shall I give you?”

“My own!” His voice was for the instant imperious. It was almost as if some one had asked *Ulysses* what bow he would draw in battle. “I reckon my own gun’s good enough fer me. It has been till to-day.”

She withdrew the rifle from the rack herself, and he took it from her trembling hands, but when he had accepted it she threw her arms about him again and clung to him wildly, her eyes wide with silent suffering and dread.

The crushing grasp of his arms hurt her and she felt a wild joy in the pain. Then she resolutely whispered: “Go, dearest, go! Time is precious now. God keep you!”

“Juanita,” he said slowly, “I have refused to talk to you in good speech. I have clung to the rough phrases and the rough manners of the hills, but I want you to know always, most dear one, that I have loved you not only fiercely but gently too. No tenderer worship lives in your own world. If I don’t come back, think of that. God knows I love you.”

“Don’t, Anse!” she cried with a smothered sob. “Don’t talk like a soft-muscled lowlander! Talk to me in your own speech. It rings of strength, and God knows”—her voice broke, and she added with fierce tenderness, “God knows, dear eagle-heart, you need all the strength of wing and talon to-night.”

Then she opened the back door very cautiously on the shadows that slept in inky blackness, and saw him slip away and melt instantly into the murk.

### XXXV

OUT there the moon was setting. Soon, thank God, it would be dark everywhere. The man she loved needed all the chance that the thickening gloom could give him. It was terribly quiet now, except for an occasional whippoorwill call, and the quietness seemed to lie upon her with the oppression of something unspeakably terrifying. The breath of hillside and sky was bated.

At last there came to her ears the sound of heavy feet crashing through the brush, but he had been gone ten minutes then. Perhaps they had just awakened to his escape, and were casting aside stealth for the fury of open pursuit. She even thought she heard an oath once, and then it was all quiet again; quiet for a while, and at the end of the silence, like the punctuation of an exclamation-mark, came the far-away snap of a rifle.

She had dropped to a chair and sat there tensely, leaning forward, her lips parted and her ears straining. Had she heard one shot and its echoes, or had there been several? Her imagination and fears were playing her tricks now, and she could hardly be certain of her senses.

Once she started violently with the sense that she had heard his voice exclaim: “God!” as he had muttered it out there on the porch, but of course that was only a reaction of memory. She closed her eyes, but that made the agonized suspense of her waiting a hundredfold worse, for when the familiar things of the hall were shut out other things came in. In her fancy she saw him lying among the rocks and tangled branches, wounded desperately and seeking to hold back swarms of enemies who drew closer and closer about him their cordon of blazing rifles. She could see the grim doggedness with which he was dying and the grim doggedness with which they—

were killing him. But he would not die alone! He would take his own toll first.

Then she pulled herself together. She must hold on to her faculties. In the way of such imaginings lay madness! After all, he was the strongest of them all and the most consummate woodsman. He would elude them. They were like crows badgering and hectoring a great hawk in flight, and only succeeding in annoying him. The hawk had only to alight and face them and they would fly wildly away.

And yet an insistent little advocate of despair kept whispering to her heart: suppose there were so many crows that the hawk could not alight? It would not do to follow that train of thought, either. She and Anse had once stood together on the crest watching the darting attack of several of the black pests as they hovered about the spread pinions of an eagle, until the eagle fled high into the sky.

"Why doesn't he kill one or two?" she had irritably demanded, and the man only laughed.

"Have the mountains got into your blood? Have ye got the killin' instinct, too?"

She had been indignant at the question. Yet now she was praying that he, her mate of the windy crests, should kill and conquer. If any one had fallen under that shot she heard, God grant that it might be one of his assailants. Yes, for the first time she knew now that in her heart, too, had awakened a germ of that killing instinct that heights and desolation breed and breathe into the human breath. Mixed and tangled with her fear and grief was something of the ecstasy of war, propheticness of peace and disarmament though she was.

The passage of time was a thing of which she had lost count. Each moment was a century. Her eyes wandered absently about the room and fell upon the piano. He had brought it for her from Peril. She turned her glance away from that reminder only to have it rest on the spread-eagle wings above the mantel. He had told her how many years that bird had preyed and pillaged and how long he had hunted it before it fell at last under his rifle. Now he, too, was out there, being hunted. She groaned horribly and fell to trembling.

She knew that she hungered for this man. Why had she waited too long? Why

had she been so tardy in discovering her own heart? At least she might have had memories.

Her thoughts ran into pictures of what life together might mean for them, their companionship in the high, wild places, where each had work to do. She wanted her "hunter home from the hill."

A great oak table, fashioned in keeping with the massiveness of the house, stood before her. On its top was a littered array of papers and heavy volumes, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and a copy of Fox's "Book of Martyrs." These things all seemed to be an accusation now. They were as much the symbols of what she had done in the mountains as the rood over a steeple is the symbol of a church.

And what had it all come to? The last act of the drama she had staged was playing itself out in the dark woods where the man she loved was being trailed by human bloodhounds, set on the chase by captains of progress.

Then, with a violent start, she sat up. Now she knew she heard a sound—there could be no doubt this time. It came from out beyond the front door, and she bent forward, listening.

It was a strange sort of sound which she could not make out, but in a subtle way it was more terrifying than the clatter of rifles. It was as if some heavy, soft thing were being dragged up the steps and rolling back.

She rose and took a step toward the door, but halted in doubt. The sound died and then came again, always with halting intervals of silence between, as though whoever were dragging the burden had to pause on each step to rest. Then there was a scraping as of boot-leather on the boards and a labored breath outside—a breath that seemed to be agonized.

She bent forward with one hand outstretched toward the latch, and heard a faint rapping. It was seemingly the rap of very feeble fingers, but that might all be part of a ruse. Was it friend or enemy out there, just beyond the thickness of the heavy panels? At all events, she must see.

She braced herself and threw the door open. A figure which had been leaning against it lurched forward, stumbled over the threshold and fell in a heap, half in and half out. It was the figure of Anse Havey.

How far he had hitched himself along,

foot by foot, like a mortally wounded animal crawling home to die, she could not tell, but for one horrified instant she stood gazing down on him in stupefaction.

He had gone out a splendid vital creature of resilient strength and power. He had come back the torn and bleeding wreck of a man, literally shot to pieces, as a quail is shattered when it rises close to a quick-shooting gun.

In the next moment she was stooping with her arms around his body, striving to lift his weight and bring him in. She was strong beyond all seeming of her slenderness, but the man was heavy, and as she raised his head and shoulders a sound of bitten-off and stifled agony escaped his white lips, and she knew that her efforts were torturing him.

It was an almost lifeless tongue that whispered, "I was skeered—that I—wouldn't get here."

Then as she staggered under his inert bulk he tried to speak again. "Jest help—drag me."

The few yards into the hall made a long and terrible journey, and how she ever got him in, half hanging to her, half crawling, stopping at every step, she never knew. Still it was done at last, and she was kneeling on the floor with his head on her breast.

No wonder they had left him for dead and gone away content. He looked up and a faint smile came to his almost unrecognizable face. The blood which had already dried and caked with the dust through which he had crawled was being fed by a fresher outpouring, and, as she held him close to her, her own bosom and arms were red too, as red as the flower pinned in her hair.

She must stanch his wounds and pour whisky down his throat before the flickering wisp of life-flame burned out.

"Wait, dearest," she said in a broken voice. "I must get things you need."

"It ain't"—he paused a moment for the breath which came very hard—"scarcely—worth while—I'm done."

But she flew to the cupboard where there was brandy. She tore linen from her petticoat and brought water from the drinking bucket that stood with its gourd dipper on the porch.

But when she pressed the flask to his lips he closed them and shook his head a little.

"I ain't never touched a drop in my life," he said, "an' I reckon—I might's well—finish out—'twon't be long. It's too late to begin now."

For a while he lay gasping, then spoke again, weakly:

"Just kiss me—dearest—thet's what I come for."

After a pause he spoke again.

"There's one thing—I've got to ask ye: Why did ye swear—ye didn't care for me—in court?"

Her head came up and she answered steadily:

"Dearest, I'd never asked myself that question until the lawyer asked it. I didn't know the answer myself, but if I *did* love you, I meant to tell *you* first; it was our business, not his. I was there to help you, and it wouldn't have helped you to tell them that I was fighting for my own heart. And, besides, I didn't know then, quite."

She went on bathing and stanching his wounds as best she could, but a spirit of despair settled on her. There were so many of them, and they were so deep and ragged!

"I didn't—come for help," he told her, and through the grime and blood flashed a ghost of his rare and boyish smile. "I'm past mendin' now. I came because—I'm dyin'—an' I wanted to die in your arms!"

"You sha'n't die," she breathed fiercely between her teeth. "My arms shall always be around you."

But he shook his head and his figure sagged a little against her knees.

"I know—when I'm done," he said slowly. "It's all right now—I've done got here. That's enough—I loves ye."

For a time she wondered whether he had lost consciousness, and she laid him down slowly and brought cushions with which to soften his position. It was almost day-break now.

She sat there beside him, and as her heart beat close to him he seemed to draw from it some of its abundant vitality, for he revived a little, and though his eyes were closed and she had to bend down to catch his words, his voice grew somewhat stronger.

"I ain't never felt lonesome—before. But out there—dyin' by myself—the last of my family—I had to come. Dyin' ain't like livin'—I couldn't die without ye."

"You aren't dying," she argued desperately. "You sha'n't die."

"Yes," he said, "I'm dyin'—an' now the sooner—the better—I reckon."

She bent lower and held him very gently, close to her heart. "You are suffering horribly, dearest," she groaned.

"It ain't that—" His breath came with great difficulty. "They'll come back here. They'll get me yet—an' I'd ruther die first."

She laid his head very gently on the pillows and rose to her feet. In the instant she stood transfigured. Deep in her violet eyes blazed such a blue fire as that which burns at the hottest heart of a flame. Around her lips came the grim set of fight and blood-lust.

The crushed flower on her bosom rose and fell under a violent tempest of passion. The skirt of her evening gown had been torn in her effort to carry him. Somehow one silk stocking was snagged above her slipper. His blood reddened her white arms and bosom. She drew a deep breath and clenched her hands. The disciple of peace was gone, and there stood there in its stead the hot-breathed incarnation of some valkyr hovering over the din of battle and urging on the fight.

Yet her voice was colder and steadier than he had ever heard it. She pointed to the door.

"Get you!" she exclaimed scornfully. "No man but a Havey crosses that threshold while I live. I'm a Havey now and we live or die together. Get you!" Her voice broke with a wild laugh. "Let them come!"

No bitterly bred daughter of the hills was ever so completely the mountain woman as this transformed and reborn girl of the cultured East. She moved about the place with a steady, indomitable energy. With strength borrowed of the need, she upset the great oaken table and barricaded the door, laughing as she heard the clatter of pedagogic volumes on the floor. Fox's "Book of Martyrs" fell at her feet, and she kicked it viciously to one side.

She went and stood before her rack of guns, and her lips curled as she caught up a heavy-calibered repeater with all the fierce desire of a drunkard for his drink. She stood there loading rifles and setting them in an orderly line against the wall. She devastated her altar of peace with the untamed joy of a barbarian sacking a temple.

Then she turned and saw in the man's

eyes a wild glow of admiration that burned above his fever, and she said to him once more, "Now let 'em come."

He shook his head, but strangely enough her love and awakened ferocity had strengthened and quickened him like brandy, and he pleaded: "Drag me over where I can get just one shot."

Then Juanita blew out the lamp and stood silent in the hush that comes before dawn. She did not have to wait long, for soon she heard hoof-beats in the road, and they stopped just at the turn.

"Hello, stranger!" she shouted, and it took all her strength to command her voice. "Halt where you are."

There was an instant's silence in the first misty gray that was bringing the veiled sunrise.

A stifled murmur of voices came from the road, and she caught the words, "He's in thar all right." A moment later some one called out sullenly from the shadows:

"We gives ye three minutes ter leave thet house. We're a comin' in, an' we'd rather not ter harm ye. Git out quick."

### XXXVI

"YE can't save me, dearest. It's too late. For God's sake, go out," pleaded Anse Havey tensely.

Her answer was to cry out into the dawn in a voice that could not be misunderstood, "Anse Havey's in here. Come and get him," and for added emphasis she crouched behind the overturned table and fired a random shot out toward the voice that had offered her amnesty.

From the earlier happenings of the evening the men out there knew that the school property was empty save for the man and the girl, and they knew that the man was terribly wounded.

Their peering eyes, in the dim gray, could just make out an empty door. Back of it was one woman, and they were five men. Ordinarily they would have moved slowly, coming up from several sides, but now every minute was worth an hour at another time. It behooved them, when full daylight came, to be well away from sure vengeance. The obvious demand of the exigency was to rush the place.

Killing women was, even to them, distasteful, but they had offered her immunity, and she had declined.

At a whispered word they started forward.



They had only fifty yards of clearing to cross, and the girl, crouching behind the overturned table, did not know how strong their numbers were. She knew only that through every artery ran a white fire of passion and a longing to avenge. She meant to make her shrine of disarmament a crater of death under whose lava no human life could endure. She remembered the caution of a man with whom she had once shot quail: "Take your time when they rise and pick your birds." Now Juanita Holland meant to pick her birds.

She saw figures climbing the fence in shadowy, almost impalpable shapes, and as the first dropped inside and started on at a crouching trot she aimed quickly but steadily and fired.

A little cry of primitive and savage joy sprang from her lips as she saw the man plunge forward in the half light and lie there rolling on the ground. Once an English army officer had told her in a drawing-room that a soldier feels no sense of compunction when an enemy goes down under his hand in battle. She had raised her chin a little and turned coolly away, feeling for such a man only distaste. Now she understood.

But at that warning the others leaped down and came on at a run. The tempo quickened and became confusing. They were firing as they ran and their answering bullets pelted against her barrier and over her head on the walls. She heard window-panes shivering and glass falling, and yet her elation grew—two more advancing figures had crumpled into inert masses. Unless there were reinforcements, she would stem their oncoming tide. Even a mountain marksman cannot target his shots well while he is running and under fire. It takes championship sprinting to do fifty yards in five seconds—on the smoothness of a cinder path.

Up-hill in a constant spit of fire and lead it requires a little longer.

There were only two left now, and one of them suddenly veered and made for the cover of a hickory trunk off to one side—he was in full flight. But the other came on, throwing the rifle away and shifting his heavy magazine pistol to his right hand.

It was easy now, thought the girl—she could take her time and be very sure.

Yet she shot and missed, and the man came on with the confidence of one who wears a talisman and fears no harm. Now

he was almost at the steps and his pistol was barking viciously—then suddenly something in the mechanism of Juanita's rifle jammed and it lay useless and dead in her hands. She struggled with it, frantically jerking the lever, but before she had conquered its balking obstinacy she saw the oncoming figure leap up the steps at one stride and thrust his weapon forward over the table. She even caught the glitter of his teeth as a snarling smile parted his lips.

Then a rifle spoke behind her—a rifle in the hands of the man who had dragged himself to the firing-line, and with his foot on the threshold Jim Fletcher reeled backward and rolled lumberingly down the steps to the ground.

"You got him!" she screamed. "You got him, Anse!"

It had been perhaps five minutes since she had called out to the men in the road, but it seemed to her that she had sustained a long siege. She saw the man who had fled crossing the fence and disappearing. Then very slowly she rose and turned to the room again.

Anse Havey was lying on his face and the gun with which he had killed Jim Fletcher lay by his side, but his posture was so rigid and his limbs so motionless that the girl caught at her breast and reeled backward. She would have fallen had she not been supported by the table. Had the fight been lost, after all?

Slowly, and in a daze of reaction and fright, she moved forward and turned his body over and laid her ear to his heart.

It was still beating. The rifle had only jolted his weak and pain-racked body into unconsciousness, and as she held his head to her breast her eyes went about the room where the pallid light was stealing now and by the mantel she saw hanging the horn that Jerry Everson had given her.

Why had she not thought of that before? she asked herself accusingly. Why had she not sent its call for help out across the hills long ago? Then there came back to her mind the words of the mountain man when he had brought it over and had imitated the Havey battle-call.

"Don't never blow thet unlessen ye wants ter start hell. When them calls goes out acrost the mountains every Havey thet kin tote a gun's got ter git up an' come."

If ever there had been a time when every Havey should come it was this time.



She laid Anse's head once more on the cushions and went to the mantel. Then, standing in the door, she drew a long breath.

The ridges were vague apparitions now along whose slopes trailed shreds of mist. A gray world of ghostlike dawn spread out with shapes that lost themselves in shapelessness and a deathlike chill hung in the air.

She set the horn to her lips and blew. Out across the melting vagueness of the dim world floated the three long blasts and the three short ones. She waited a little while and blew again. That signal could not reach Anse Havey's own house, because the ridge would send it echoing back in a shattered wave of sound. It would be better heard to the east, and after a time there came back to her waiting ears, very low and distant, yet very clear, an answer.

It came from the house of Milt McBriar, and Juanita's heart, torn and anxious as it was, leaped, for she knew that for the first time in the memory of man the Havey call to arms had been heard and was being answered by a chief of the McBriars, and that as fast as horses could carry them he and his men would bring succor.

An hour later, when the mountain slopes were unveiling in miracles of iridescence and tender color, young Milt McBriar and his escort flung themselves from their steaming mounts.

The girl was weeping incoherently over an insensible figure and crooning to it as a mother sings to quiet a wakeful child, and on the floor at her side lay a piece of paper reddened and spotted with blood—a marriage license.

"Milt," she cried out, "get Brother Anse; get him quick!" and she waved the piece of smeared paper in the boy's face.

Kneeling with her on the floor, Milt took the license from her hand, and when he saw what it was he shook his head.

"I'm afraid," he told her gravely, "I'm afraid it's too late. He kain't hardly live."

"Get Brother Anse," she insisted wildly. "Get him quick. I'm going to be his wife." Her voice broke into a deep sob as she added: "If I can't be anything else, I'm going to be the Widow Havey."

And when Brother Anse came he found Anse still alive, smiling faintly up into the face of the woman who sat with his head in her lap.

"I'm sorry," said the missionary simply, "thet ye hain't got a preacher thet kin marry ye with due ceremonies, but I reckon I hain't never been gladder ter do nothin' in my life—ef only he kin git well."

"Brother Anse," Juanita Havey told him, as she put a hand on each rough shoulder, "I had rather it should be you than the archbishop of Canterbury."

People in the mountains still talk of how, while Anse Havey lay on a white cot in the little hospital, young Milt McBriar set out toward Peril. He stopped for a moment at the house of Bad Anse Havey, and within twenty minutes the hills were being raked. Young Milt killed a horse getting to Jeb McNash's cabin on Tribulation and Jeb killed another getting to Peril. Then from Lexington came two surgeons as fast as a special train could bring them and, thanks to a dogged life spark, they found Anse Havey still lingering on the margin.

When they removed him from the operating-table back to his cot, and he opened his eyes to consciousness, the sun was coming through the shaded window, but even before he knew that, he saw her face bending over him and felt cool fingers on his forehead.

As his eyes opened her smile greeted him, and she brushed his lips with her own. Then, in a tone of command, she said: "You mustn't talk. The doctors say you may get well if you obey orders and fight hard. It's partly up to you, Anse."

Once more there hovered around the man's lips that occasional boyish smile.

"I reckon," he said slowly, "they'll have the hell of a time killin' me *now*!" Then he added in a tone of more grimness: "Besides, there's a score or two to settle."

The girl shook her head and smiled. Her fingers rested caressingly on the dark hair that fell over his forehead.

"No, Anse," she told him. "I settled most of them myself."

Even the detachment of the murder squad that had played its part in the woods and started for Peril before the five turned back did not reach their destination, but scattered into the hillsides. When morning brought the news of their attempt they tried to make their escape across the mountains to Virginia.

But there was a grim and relentless sys-

tem about the movement of two posses that set out to comb the timber. Daring to approach no house for food, the fugitives united and took up their stand in a stanch log cabin which had been deserted and died there, grimly declining to surrender.

Of course the railroad came up Tribulation and crossed through the notch in the mountains at the gap, but the railroad came on terms quite different from those which Mr. Trevor and his ilk had planned.

One day there rode away from the college a gay little procession on its way to the McBriar domain. At its head rode Young Milt, and on a pillion behind him, as mountain brides had always ridden to their own houses, sat Dawn McBriar. That was some years ago, and at the big log-house there is a toddling, tow-headed young person now whose Christian name is Anse Havey, though his father insists he is to be ultimately known as "Bad Anse" McBriar.

One autumn day, when the air was as full of a sparkle as champagne, and the big sugar-tree just outside the hospital window was flaming in an ecstasy of color, Miss Dawn Havey opened her eyes on the world and found it acceptable.

Jeb McNash was riding through the country that October seeking election to the Legislature.

He drew his horse down by the fence.

"Anse," he said in his slow drawl, "it's a pity she's a gal now, hain't it?"

Anse shook his head. "I reckon," he said, "she's got more chance to be like her mother. Her mother made these hills better for being here, and besides—"

He looked cautiously about and dropped his voice, as if speaking of a forbidden subject, yet into it crept a note of pride, "Besides, young feller, have you got any more notches on the stock of your gun than *she* has?"

THE END

## NEXT MONTH'S NOVEL

Next month, February, we shall give you another fine novel—a complete long book—entitled:

### "NONE ARE SO BLIND"

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

In the opinion of our editors this is an exceptionally clever novel. It is a tremendously strong piece of dramatic fiction, having for its prime motive one of the deepest of all human attributes—faith. "NONE ARE SO BLIND" is not a preachment but a novel in its best sense, in which there is a fine note of sincerity.

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